TOWN APPROPRIATION

DATE August 1934

36
g

MASTERS IN ART

Romney

ENGLISH SCHOOL

Not in SCh or RA

759
M42
vol. 4
copy 3

STACK

ROMNEY
EMMA, LADY HAMILTON
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

OTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ROMNEY
MRS. CARWARDINE AND CHILD
OWNED BY LORD HILLINGDON, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH

ROMNEY
PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARK CURRIE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ROMNEY
THE STAFFORD CHILDREN DANCING
DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S COLLECTION, TRENTHAM

ROMNEY
LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE
OWNED BY TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE, ESQ.

ROMNEY
PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBINSON
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

[15]

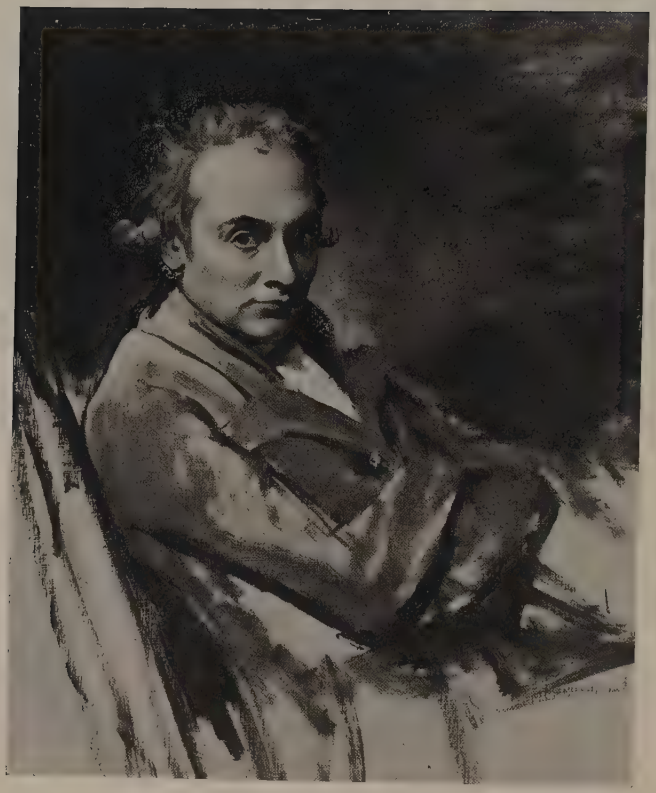
ROMNEY
'THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER'
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

ROMNEY
PORTRAIT OF MRS. TICKELL
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

ROMNEY
PORTRAIT OF LADY POULETT
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

ROMNEY
STUDY OF LADY HAMILTON
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF ROMNEY BY HIMSELF
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

In person Romney was tall, and, although slightly round-shouldered, strongly built. His face was intelligent, but betrayed a certain indecision of character and lack of self-confidence. His complexion was dark, his mouth sensitive, and his eyes large and singularly penetrating. The most interesting as well as the most characteristic portrait of him is the unfinished one here reproduced, which he painted when forty-eight years old. At the sale of the effects of his granddaughter, Miss Romney, in London, in 1894, it was purchased for the English nation.

George Romney

BORN 1734: DIED 1802
ENGLISH SCHOOL

DUTTON COOK 'ART IN ENGLAND'

GEORGE ROMNEY was born at Beckside, near Dalton, Lancashire, England, on December 15, 1734. He was the son of John Romney, a carpenter and cabinet-maker, who, above his station in taste and knowledge, is alleged to have introduced into the county various improvements in agricultural engineering, and of whose marriage with Ann Simpson, the daughter of a Cumberland yeoman, eleven children were born. George was the second son.

Of a sedate disposition, and somewhat dull and backward at his books, George Romney was taken from school in his eleventh year, and until he arrived at twenty-one was employed in his father's workshop. The lad manifested skill as a carver in wood; constructed a violin for himself, and read with interest Da Vinci's 'Treatise on Painting,' making copies of the engravings. His natural talent soon developed itself further. His father had a business acquaintance in the neighboring town of Kendal, whose sister, having chanced to see some of young Romney's drawings, encouraged him to persevere, and to make his first essay in portraiture by taking her likeness. The boy produced a drawing that was much extolled; further evidences of his enthusiasm for art were forthcoming; and eventually John Romney was induced to take his son to Kendal and apprentice him to an itinerant painter named Christopher Steele, a showy gentleman, who had been in Paris, aped French manners, wore fantastic clothes, and was popularly known as "Count Steele." Articles of apprenticeship were duly signed. George Romney was bound, for a term of four years, to serve his master faithfully, to obey his reasonable commands, and keep his secrets; John Romney was to provide his son with "suitable and necessary clothes"; and Christopher Steele, in consideration of twenty-one pounds, covenanted to instruct his apprentice in the art or science of a painter, and to find him meat, drink, washing, and lodging during the said term.

Steele was no great artist, though he had studied under Carlo Vanloo, of Paris. He troubled himself little enough as to his pupil's progress, employing

him for the most part in grinding colors and in the drudgery of the studio. But Romney made the best of his opportunities; and he was not unhappy. He had fallen in love with Mary Abbott, one of two sisters living in humble circumstances with their widowed mother in Kendal. But soon Steele, bent on quitting Kendal, made up his mind to move to York, and directed his pupil to prepare to accompany him. The lovers were in despair at the thought of separation, and secured their mutual fidelity by a hasty marriage. Reproved for his precipitancy, Romney replied that his marriage would surely act as a spur to his application: "My thoughts being now still and not obstructed by youthful follies, I can practise with more diligence and success than ever." While at York he zealously devoted himself to his art. His wife, left at Kendal, assisted him with such small sums as she could spare, sending him half a guinea at a time, hidden under the seal of a letter.

After nearly a year in York, Steele and his apprentice moved to Lancaster. Meeting with little encouragement there, Steele, always restless, determined to try his fortune in Ireland. The pupil was now anxious to quit his preceptor, and longed to practise on his own account. He had at different times lent Steele small sums of money, amounting altogether to ten pounds, and he now proposed that both debt and articles of apprenticeship should be canceled. Steele consented, and Romney became his own master.

His prices until he went to London were certainly not high; two guineas for a three-quarter portrait and six for a whole figure. The only way of making this poor tariff remunerative was by extreme rapidity of execution; and few men have ever painted so rapidly as Romney. But this rapid manner had its disadvantages, and became a distinct vice in his later work. To this were in part attributable the crowd of incomplete canvases the painter left behind him at his death, and the characteristic sketchiness traceable even in his most esteemed pictures.

At York Romney disposed of twenty of his paintings by a lottery, which produced little more than forty pounds. Among these works was a scene from 'Tristram Shandy,' upon which he had bestowed some pains; for at York he had attracted the notice of Laurence Sterne the author, whose portrait Steele had painted, and had received at his hands marks of friendship.

Twenty-seven years old, Romney now began to long for the wider field and more enlightened recognition that he could find only in London. A son and daughter had been born of his marriage, yet his domestic ties could not bind him to the north. He managed to raise one hundred pounds, and taking seventy for his traveling expenses, left the balance for the support of his wife and children, and without a single letter of recommendation or introduction, set forth to try his chances in London. He started southward on the fourteenth of March, 1762, in company with two other Kendal gentlemen, on horseback. After much alarm from highwaymen—for in those days country banks were not, and every traveler was his own purse-bearer—Romney and his friends arrived safely at the Castle Inn, London, where the painter remained for a fortnight until he was able to settle down comfortably in lodgings in Dove Court, Mansion House, where he was soon hard at work.

In the following August he quitted Dove Court for Bearbinder's Lane. Here he executed several portraits, and painted his 'Death of Wolfe,' to which a prize of fifty guineas was awarded by the Society of Arts—a decision which was afterwards reversed, however, and the premium given to John Hamilton Mortimer, a gratuity of twenty-five guineas being bestowed upon Romney. The painter's friends at once charged Sir Joshua Reynolds with an active share in effecting this result. They averred that, aware that the 'Death of Wolfe' was the work of a portrait-painter, he could not bear the thought of a rival near his throne, and moreover would not permit an obscure artist from the country to divert the prize from a student of Mortimer's pretensions. What truth there may have been in these allegations it is now difficult to decide; but thenceforward Reynolds and Romney were certainly enemies, and between them there never existed the slightest intercourse.

The treatment Romney had received made much stir, however, and brought the young painter friends and patrons. He removed to the Mews-gate, Charing Cross; raised his prices for portraits to five guineas, and saved sufficient money to enable him to pay a long-dreamed-of visit to Paris. He was absent six weeks, and on his return took chambers in Gray's Inn, where he painted several portraits of prominent members of the legal profession, as well as a picture of the 'Death of King Edmund,' which obtained a prize of fifty guineas from the Society of Arts.

In 1767 his circumstances had so far improved that he felt justified in moving to a house in Great Newport Street, within a few doors of Reynolds. Meanwhile his friends were loud in their laudations of a prodigy, who, in historical works, they declared, promised to rival the great masters, and in portraiture threatened to wrest the palm from Reynolds himself. He now raised his prices again, charging twelve guineas for a three-quarter portrait, and found no lack of sitters. Whether or not he sought for academic honors is not clear; certain it is they were not conferred upon him. Artists in every way his inferiors were welcomed as members of the Royal Academy, but to Romney were never granted even the dignities of associateship. This neglect he always ascribed to the influence of Reynolds. . . .

By Cumberland, the dramatist, Garrick was once taken to Romney's studio, with some hope that the great actor might interest himself in favor of the painter. But Garrick, closely allied with Sir Joshua, was wilfully blind to the merits of Romney, and criticized with most impertinent candor a large family group that he found in the studio. The painter, deeply mortified, silently turned the picture with its face to the wall. He was extremely sensitive: a curious diffidence mingled with his conviction of his own cleverness, and he was readily disconcerted; a laugh, a jest, a word of criticism, and he lost faith in himself and interest in his work; the subject which had promised so much pleasure now seemed to him fruitful only in pain and disappointment; and he added another to a growing pile of canvases which the ridicule and captiousness of others, and his own weakness and caprice, had combined to leave forever incomplete.

In 1773 the painter, now in his thirty-ninth year, and in receipt of an

annual income of some twelve hundred pounds, set sail for Italy, accompanied by his close friend Humphry, the miniature-painter, and bearing with him letters of introduction from the Dukes of Gloucester and Richmond to the Pope. After an absence of two years Romney returned to England. Sitters of all ranks now crowded his studio. "There are two factions in art," said Lord Thurlow; "Romney and Reynolds divide the town; and I am of the Romney faction." If his absence from England had done nothing else for the artist, it had wonderfully enhanced his reputation. But persons of taste and quality were of opinion that his visit to Italy had wrought marvels; his conceptive powers were found to be strengthened and enriched, and his method of painting benefited beyond measure. He was no longer cold, and harsh, and heavy; all was now warmth and light, tenderness and beauty.

It was at this time that Reynolds began to speak of Romney as "the man in Cavendish Square." He had established himself in a spacious mansion there, but not without considerable anxiety. He was seized with an irrepressible misgiving that he was embarking upon a career of greater expense than he would be able to maintain. "In his singular constitution," his biographer Hayley observes, "there was so much nervous timidity united to great bodily strength and to enterprising and indefatigable ambition that he used to tremble when he waked every morning in his new habitation, with a painful apprehension of not finding business sufficient to support him." His trepidation was groundless, however; he had no lack of patrons or employment. The Duke of Richmond gave him generous encouragement and support, sat for his own picture, and commissioned portraits of others; and the entries in the painter's pocket-book record innumerable names of famous men and women. His income soon rose to between three and four thousand pounds a year produced by portraits only.

And the Mary Abbott whom he had married years before and left behind at Kendal, while he sought his fortune alone in London, the wife, his marriage with whom was to be as a spur to his application — was she to be denied the sight of her husband's success, a share in his prosperity, a place in his house in Cavendish Square? It is hard to understand Romney's conduct in this respect. There is no word of accusation against her, no question of her being in any way unworthy of his love and trust, and of her rightful position by his side. His separation from her in the first instance was, under the circumstances, no doubt justifiable; and it is hardly possible to believe that his original withdrawal from Kendal was a deliberate abandonment of his family. But for the protraction of this separation after the first necessity for it had passed there would seem to be no excuse. His son, the Rev. John Romney, with a laudable desire to serve his father's memory, urges as some faint apology for the painter's cruelty that his affairs were at all times less prosperous than they seemed; that the artist's brothers were a heavy burden upon him and drained him of his savings; that his professional journeys to Paris and Rome consumed all the money he could raise; and that thus a "succession of untoward circumstances threw impediments in the way of good intent, till time and absence became impediments also."

In truth, Romney appears to have been always curiously timid and reticent. On his first arrival in London and association with the young painters of the day he began to feel some shame at his early imprudence, and some alarm lest it should present any hindrance to his advancement. He had given "hostages to fortune" and dreaded the result. He was persistently silent on the subject, and, as time went on, it became more and more difficult for him to avow the marriage. Thus although he visited his family at rare intervals, and contributed to their support, for more than thirty years the husband and wife were virtually separated. . . .

Romney had now as much work as he could possibly execute. He was often at his easel for thirteen hours a day, beginning at eight in the morning, and toiling on sometimes until midnight. He had five and occasionally six sitters daily. He generally accomplished a three-quarter portrait in three or four sittings, which varied in duration from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half. His only time for ideal or historical art was in the intervals between the departure and arrival of his sitters, or when they failed to keep their engagements; but he regarded such disappointments with pleasure, having always at hand a spare canvas upon which he could employ himself with some fancy subject.

Of course this close application was not without injurious effect upon him in the end. "My health," he wrote at a later period of his life, "is not at all constant. My nerves give way, and I have no time to go in quest of pleasure to prevent a decline of health. My hands are full, and I shall be forced to refuse new faces at last, to be enabled to finish the numbers I have in an unfinished state. I shall regret the necessity of forbearing to take new faces; there is a delight in novelty greater than in the profit gained by sending them home finished. But it must be done." His annual retirement for a month's holiday at his friend William Hayley's house at Eartham in Sussex, where Flaxman, Cowper, Blake, and others were at various times his fellow-guests, was of little real service to his health. Hayley was always entreating Romney to moderate his intense spirit of application, conjuring him to rest from his excess of labor, while at the same time urging him to new and greater toils. . . .

In the summer of 1782 Emma Lyon,[1] then known as Mrs. Hart, afterwards as Lady Hamilton, first sat to Romney. Painters and poets enough had already been busy celebrating her loveliness, the lady nothing loath. Her witcheries effectually subjugated the artist, who went fairly mad about her; could not see her often enough; was restless and miserable out of her presence; reduced the number of his sitters, and admitted no visitors until noon, that he might have time sufficient to devote to the beautiful Emma and her

[1] Of humble origin, Emma Lyon, or Emma Hart as she was at one time called, became, after a varied and notorious career, the wife of Sir William Hamilton, British envoy to the Court of Naples. At Naples she attained great social success, became the intimate friend of Queen Maria Carolina, and played a somewhat important part in the political intrigues of the court. It was there too that she completely enthralled Lord Nelson, commander of the English fleet stationed off Naples. After many vicissitudes, and a life marked by strange contrasts, she finally, after the death of her husband, settled at Calais, France, where her last days were spent in poverty. — EDITOR.

portraits. This infatuation lasted for years. "At present," he wrote Hayley, in 1791, "and the greatest part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the 'divine lady.' I cannot give her any other epithet; for I think her superior to all womankind." For a long time he seemed to be able to paint only Emma Lyon. His son enumerates about two dozen portraits, in which she appears as Circe, Iphigenia, St. Cecilia, Sensibility, a Bacchante, Alope, the Spinstress, Cassandra, Calypso, a Pythoness, Joan of Arc, a Magdalene, and so on. In truth at one time the form and features of his beautiful model appeared upon the painter's canvas, let him try to paint what he would. The fair Emma had absolutely enthralled him. . . .

In 1790 Romney, accompanied by William Hayley and the Rev. Thomas Carwardine, paid a short visit to Paris, where they were courteously received by Lord Gower the English ambassador, and other distinguished personages. At about this period Romney's principal achievements were his pictures for the "Shakespeare Gallery" founded by John Boydell, an enterprise that from the first had secured his cordial coöperation and to which he contributed three works.

In 1794 there were symptoms of failure in Romney's constitution. He became the victim of a sort of intellectual superfetation, and was perpetually planning labors of a magnitude which, from the first, rendered them hopelessly impracticable. His brain was morbidly active, while his hand grew tremulous and uncertain, and his sight dimmed. His manner became irritable, and more than ever timid and suspicious. "I have made many grand designs," he wrote to his son; "I have formed a system of original subjects, moral and my own, and I think one of the grandest that has been thought of; but nobody knows it. Hence it is my view to wrap myself in retirement and pursue these plans, as I begin to feel that I cannot bear trouble of any kind."

He left his house in Cavendish Square and became the purchaser of a retreat at Holly Bush Hill, Hampstead, to which he made many whimsical additions, erecting a large gallery for pictures and sculpture, a wooden arcade or covered ride, a dining-room, and a buttery-hatch. With childish eagerness he took possession of his new house before the walls were dry, and while the workmen were completing the changes he had ordered. Still he had not room enough for his numberless art-treasures. His pictures were crammed and huddled away any and everywhere. Some were arranged along the arcade, where, exposed to the open air, and to the alternate action of moisture and frost, they were almost entirely destroyed in the course of the winter, while some were deliberately stolen. The painter could do little work now; he could begin, but was unable to finish or even to resume an undertaking. His appetite for art seemed to fail; he ceased to have faith in himself, and was preyed upon by nervous dejection and vague forebodings. His right hand became numb with incipient paralysis, and finally he laid down his brush. Suddenly, without a word to any one of his intentions, he took the northern coach and arrived at Kendal.

Fainting and exhausted, he was received with the utmost tenderness and affection by his wife, who cared for him with unremitting solicitude during

the remaining two years of his life. His mind expired before his body, and for months he remained hopelessly imbecile, though free from physical suffering. He died on November 15, 1802, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The Art of Romney

WALTER ARMSTRONG 'DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY'

WEAK and morbid as his character must in some respects have been, Romney had many amiable and endearing qualities. The retired life he led was singularly blameless. He was generous to his relatives and to struggling artists, and showed no rancor for those rivalries imposed upon him by success. His son declares that he was never betrayed into bitter or ungenerous speech about any brother artist. Keenly alive to what he believed to be the persistent hostility of Reynolds, he shrank from rather than resented his great rival's dislike. With this one exception he seems to have had no enemies, and his friendships were warm and constant. His want of education may have had something to do with his distaste for society at large. He was unable to write English with any approach to correctness, or even to spell the most ordinary words; he was consequently very reluctant to write at all, but his natural refinement and intelligence atoned for these shortcomings, and made him in his happier days a pleasant and even a brilliant companion. The seclusion in which he lived was partly due, no doubt, to absorption in his art and his constitutional shyness of disposition. That he was capable of inspiring strong affection is evident from the terms in which Cowper, Blake, Flaxman, and Cumberland write of him, to say nothing of the somewhat incoherent eulogies of Hayley.

After Romney's death his fame underwent remarkable vicissitudes. In the sale in London, in April, 1807, of the pictures and sketches left in his studio at Hampstead, extremely low prices were realized, one portrait selling for a guinea and a half. The reaction against the popularity he enjoyed during his lifetime persisted until about 1870, when a higher opinion of his works began to prevail. Once the tide had turned, it flowed with extraordinary force, until pictures which would have sold for a few pounds in the first half of the century brought small fortunes to their owners,[1] and Romney took a place beside Gainsborough and Reynolds in the affections of the collector. And this was not a mere matter of fashion. Few painters have been more essentially artistic than Romney; all his better portraits embody a pictorial scheme. He was a good draftsman, a sound painter, an agreeable colorist. He had an eye for woman's beauty and could enhance it. His slightest sketches have a vivid consistency which is almost peculiar to themselves. His vision was so artistic that his work was complete at every stage. Even the empty canvas

[1] At a recent sale in London a portrait by Romney brought 10,500 guineas, or about $55,125. — EDITOR.

about his unfinished heads seems to form an indispensable part in a coherent work of art; and so, although he lacks the depth and intellectual energy of Reynolds, the keen sensibility, the adorable delicacy, and the delicious color of Gainsborough, he wins his place in the little group of Englishmen who formed the only great school of painting of the eighteenth century.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'CENTURY MAGAZINE' 1898

IT was Romney's misfortune to be born with a susceptible and excitable disposition in which reflection and philosophy were not factors. Always headlong in action, he did a thing first, and perhaps thought about it afterward. His marriage, the desertion of his wife, the return to her, were unpremeditated acts. He took up a picture and threw it down in just the same way. A fine frenzy soon burned itself out, and the subject of it no longer interested him. All his life he struggled for expression in art, and yet it was not so much persistent endeavor as a series of quick, impetuous dashes, from which the painter generally came off baffled. . . .

In one of smaller gifts such results would meet with less regret; but in Romney's case it was most unfortunate, for he was endowed with the artistic sense in an uncommon degree. His eye was very sensitive to impression; his spirit was buoyant, spontaneous, predisposed to poetic rhapsody; his sentiment refined, delicate, freighted with charming conceits. To be sure, most of his acute perception and his emotional sympathy went out to the surface of things. The significance of an object, or of nature as a whole, was something that he did not inquire into too deeply. It was not the meaning of a face, but its look, that caught his fancy. He was not born with a profound mind to correlate facts and epitomize in paint the great world truths. Yet, with that fatuity of genius which so often leads the mind to mistake its weakness for its strength, Romney was forever straining up imaginary flights, seeking to ascend the brightest heaven of invention, striving after the sublime in historical painting. Needless to say, he was continually falling back in disorder. He was an observer, not a thinker; but experience never seemed to teach him that truth. He remained an impulsive aspiration to the last.

Such education as Romney possessed must have been picked up at haphazard. Things that interested him he worked out in his own way, for he was a very bright student while the interest lasted; but it is not possible to imagine him pursuing any regular course of study, or enduring much of the drudgery of art. . . . All the sources of his information put together did not give him a sound technical education. His drawing was faulty, for he had only an elementary knowledge of anatomy; but he was decidedly picturesque in his outlines, and though he could not always model a face he could paint it cleverly enough. He was facile, too, in painting stuffs, draperies, and flowing hair; but with flesh he was too often florid, and with contours, again, too hard. As for his color, there was plenty of it, and sometimes it had depth and harmony, but usually the gamut was limited, and the notes a trifle shallow and lacking in resonance.

During his successful years in Cavendish Square he was exclaiming: "This

cursed portrait-painting! How I am shackled with it!" He moved into his large house at Hampstead that he might rid himself of it, and have a final try at the historical piece. That was his life's dream, but it was never realized; for composition on a large scale was beyond him. . . . His best and most complete work was his portraiture; yet even here he was not always satisfactory in composition. How many figures he placed awkwardly upon the canvas, with not enough room at the top for the head, and not enough at the bottom for the feet! How many pictures by him have added canvas at the ends and are cut down at the sides! One might draw up a long list of these forms and faces pushed into space too large or too small for them. Romney was aware of these shortcomings. Hundreds of canvases were begun, and abandoned unfinished. Many were cut to pieces in fits of discouragement. When he died his house was found to be full of "starts"; and, unfortunately for his fame, he is now being judged by these sketches. With all his faults Romney is deserving of a better fate than that; for occasionally he produced portraits which cannot be praised too highly. . . .

Romney was not unlike his contemporaries Reynolds and Gainsborough in his general point of view and in his technical execution. He had the same feeling for the winsomeness, gaiety, and coquetry of women; he often had the same subjects to paint from; and he set his palette with substantially the same warm-keyed pigments; but he was never their equal in breadth of view, in skill of hand, in painstaking effort. A painter born, he lacked the accomplishment of perfect expression, and could but inadequately tell the bright vision he saw in the well. The personal enthusiasm, the feeling for beauty, are manifest enough; they bubble up impulsively; and if at times they are somewhat crude, they nevertheless have the indescribable charm of unpremeditated art. Romney was nothing if not spontaneous. The great pity is that he had not his spontaneity under control. He longed for free utterance, yet could not endure the patient toil which alone leads to it.

ROBERT C. WITT 'THE NINETEENTH CENTURY' 1901

TO-DAY, as during Romney's lifetime, there is a Romney faction as loud in his praise as the anti-Romney faction in his disparagement. "Romney and Reynolds divide the town," was the cry of their contemporaries, though the great painter of Leicester Square was wont to speak slightingly of "the man in Cavendish Square," whose work he affected to despise rather than to resent. There are still those who side with Romney in the eternal rivalry of these two artists, so widely different in their aims and temperaments, yet curiously alike in certain characteristics of style and defects of workmanship. To most modern art-critics and historians Romney plays a part third only to those of his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough; no mean rank either, for his life's work lay in the best years, the classical period, of English art. In popular estimation he runs even these princes of English portrait-painting hard. He was not learned, like the courtly Reynolds, whose intense and whole-hearted admiration of the old masters, while leading him into paths unexplored by Romney, led him also into dan-

gers unknown to his rival. Again, though Reynolds's scope was not wide, Romney's limitations were all too narrow. He could no more compare with Reynolds in intellectual vigor than with Gainsborough in spirituality and magnificence of color, nor had he Gainsborough's quick magic to render with swift yet subtle impressionism a passing mood or the flash of a smile.

Romney was a creature of impulse, wayward and uneven in his life as in his art, with all the merits and demerits of the so-called artistic temperament. What he lacked was the power of concentration and the intellectual grasp which should translate his impulsive conceptions into terms of pure art. Many of his greatest projects were never brought to birth. Indeed, as fast as he had thrown off a scheme, had noted an idea, new ones flocked into his fertile, if facile, brain, and he was off with the old and on with the new too rapidly to do justice to either. Many and vast were the schemes he projected; for Romney was not to escape the contagion of his day, from which Gainsborough alone seems to have kept himself immune, the rage for historical and imaginative painting, which in the minds of his generation stood for the Grand Style and for great art. He will not, however, live as a historical or imaginative painter, though distinctly above the rank and file of his own and a rather later day.

In spite of his preference for subject-pictures, it is above all in his essentially English character of portrait-painter that Romney should be judged. His style soon became formed, and his reputation grew with equal rapidity. He became one of the three fashionable painters of his day; for he had the magic power, the golden key to success as a portrait-painter, of investing all his sitters with a beauty which we cannot believe to have been so universal as he would have us think. His sitters saw themselves depicted on his canvases in all the beauty of their own imaginative ideal of themselves. Yet nothing was more delicate nor subtle than the flattery. "I fancy," wrote one of the most famous of them, naïvely enough, to her friend, "I called up my very good looks to-day; where they came from I don't know, but my picture is certainly much improved. All seem satisfied with it. I have reason to be so, for it is handsomer than ever I was in my life." No wonder, then, that Romney's studio was mobbed by beauty and fashion waiting to see their charms acknowledged, heightened, and immortalized for the benefit of themselves, their rivals, and posterity.

Much of Romney's undoubted popularity is due to his sentiment, which was indeed the sentiment of his age, and to his feeling for elegance and grace. Like Gainsborough and Reynolds, he was never happier than when portraying the refined and delicate features of high-born women. These ladies of the eighteenth century breathe a charm and fragrance all their own. It is impossible to withstand the witchery of the laughing eyes that flash out from under the great picture-hats. Especially graceful, both in pose and outline, are his full-length portraits. Less grandiose, but perhaps even more sympathetic, are his half-lengths, in which all the artist's peculiarly sweet and tender feeling is concentrated in the face. His best portraits are not merely likenesses, but in the fullest sense pictures also. His treatment

of his subject in its breadth and simplicity was eminently artistic. Here for once fashion was all in the artist's favor. The costume of the period, the soft powdered hair, the large hat or mob-cap with its touch of colored ribbon, the simple bodice cut low about the throat, with its folds of daintily frilled muslin, and the high waist, lent themselves readily to pictorial treatment, and no painter of portraits has ever succeeded more brilliantly than Romney in appropriating with the happiest results the picturesque costume of his contemporaries. He has been content for the most part merely to indicate the dress, and has refrained from working it out with too great elaboration. The simple white drapery he loved best to paint harmonizes exquisitely with his soft backgrounds of brown trees and light, clouded sky. A touch of his favorite blue, or a glint of green in hair-ribbon or waistband, is often the only distinct note of color in the rich scheme of the whole.

Where a considerable number of Romney's works are gathered together it is impossible to escape from the conviction that in his portraits of women there is too often an absence of characterization, of individuality, of all the more intellectual qualities which inspire and ennoble many an otherwise uninteresting face. Charm of expression, elegance, and refinement there are indeed in all his best heads, but the attitudes are of almost wearisome sameness, carefully studied, and most successful when the figures are most elaborately posed. At other times, indeed, he deliberately adopts an affected naturalism, which in its apparent naïveté is entirely charming. The straight, well-defined eyebrows, the large melting eyes, the softly curved lips occur again and again, as though he had but one sample of each feature in his stock of properties. No doubt something of this monotony may be put down to his excessive devotion to his ideal type, that of the lode-star and inspiration of his best period, Lady Hamilton. But Romney, in company with all subjective artists from Botticelli to Burne-Jones, was ever, as it were, haunted by one facial type; and though, as portrait-painters, they may have been hampered by their obsession, many of their finest inspirations have been due, directly or indirectly, to its influence. . . .

If inspiration and tenderness play an important part in Romney's female portraits they are the secret of his success as a painter of children. Like Reynolds, he is never more delightful than in his portrait-groups of mother and child, which, had he lived some centuries earlier, would have been labeled 'Madonna and Infant Christ.' The 'Mrs. Carwardine and Child' is exquisite in feeling and an excellent example of his best manner. But still more remarkable is the Duke of Sutherland's great group of 'The Stafford Children Dancing.' Here Romney, in beauty of composition, in freedom of flowing line, rises to his highest, and proves that there were moments when he could pit himself without fear against the best of English painters.

But in common with some of the greatest masters of the English school he was limited by a deficient training in the very elements of the painter's art. It is as a draftsman that he has been most severely criticized. Reynolds himself sadly confessed that, never having been through the schools, he knew little or nothing of anatomy, and Romney's experience was even more lim-

ited by his lack of perseverance as well as of opportunity. His forms consequently tend to the unmodeled and boneless; his heads and necks are often flat and not in true perspective. Even his draperies are sometimes stiff and clumsy. The very breadth and simplicity which we admire in his pictures degenerated at times into empty and meaningless generalization. His charming sketchiness was often mere powerlessness to finish. His hands lack shape and characterization; his figures, often depth and roundness. The modeling of the face, where indicated at all, is frequently blocked in with warm, deep shadows around the eyes, nose, and mouth, and sometimes unduly exaggerated.

Romney's most purely artistic quality lies in his feeling for color. Though his life was not, like that of Reynolds, devoted to the quest of the golden secret of the Venetians, and though he could never match Gainsborough's swift lightness of touch and shimmering silver harmonies, his color is nearly always pleasing and sometimes entirely beautiful. If occasionally somewhat shallow, it is always effective. His favorite theme, on which he played many a variation, was a blending of the mellow white and cool blue of the dresses, the warm chestnut and gray of the powdered hair against backgrounds of browns of wonderful variety and softness. Indeed, in the setting of his figures he showed the greatest skill, and took no small pains to bring his subject into harmony with its surroundings.

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'STUDIES IN ENGLISH ART'

OUR interest in the English painters of the eighteenth century is not generally of the kind that is evoked by eminent genius and undoubted mastery. In the work of these eighteenth-century artists we watch with pleasure the results of a graceful and patient talent. A gentle taste, a sensitive eye, and a hand lightly dexterous take the place of a splendid imagination and of a finished excellence in technical labor. To the common rule Romney is no exception. He is not even the nearest to becoming an exception. Popular opinion rightly ranks Sir Joshua as on the whole ahead of him, though in much of the technique of painting Romney was sounder, and his work has stood, while the experiments of Sir Joshua have well-nigh vanished. Critical knowledge is able to say that Gainsborough is Romney's superior. But there remains for Romney, nevertheless, not the least enviable position among the painters of the second half of the eighteenth century. He wins upon us by his charm. The work by which we remember him is not exceedingly ambitious, and it is entirely successful. He is the pleasant painter of the beautiful simplicity of children and of the arch beauty of womanhood. He is the swift and adept recorder of agreeable impressions, such as it was his fortune to receive every day. When we come to know him a little we find, of course, that he is more than this. But he is this preëminently.

Long before Romney passed into old age—long before the time when it was perhaps natural that very careful and considered labor should wax irksome to him—he began to scatter about him uncompleted canvases, some of which bore on them his most brilliant sketches, with which no nervous

anxiety and no impatience short of his own could easily have been dissatisfied. We owe to the restlessness of his middle life, quite as much as to his solicitude, the uncommon array of graceful heads, which are here bits of direct portraiture, and here fanciful variations upon a theme which, if we trace it closely, is most likely Lady Hamilton. Sensitive to the pure grace of line to a degree that we can hardly say that Reynolds was, or Gainsborough, Romney's most frequent preoccupation was hardly with that grace, but with a refined lusciousness of womanly beauty only a little less meretricious than the beauty sought after by Greuze. Lady Hamilton most fully realized that beauty, and had the complex or the double fascination that Romney wanted. She could be arch and innocent, seductive and simple; a child and a coquette, angel and wanton.

Romney's method was one that lent itself to the production of work of which the sketchiness did not seem disagreeably incomplete. His flesh-palette was simple, though here and again he attained high finish in his representation of flesh. His draperies—"which surpass," writes Flaxman, "everything of the kind that I have seen"—are noticeable for exceeding beauty, but it is the beauty of great simplicity, and of a simplicity not painfully sought for, but quickly found. There is an admirable grace in the easy concord of these large folds. It had not been the aim of Gainsborough; it was beyond Reynolds; its inspiration was more from Greece than from Rome. The drapery was not gorgeous, but slender and severe, even in all the exquisiteness of its flow; its folds scanty rather than voluminous. . . .

In characterizing Romney's work, the first word to be used is grace, and almost the last is grace. But the grace is shown in very different degrees; nay, is itself almost of different orders. The step is a long one from the grace of Lady Hamilton, the single figure in one or other of its accustomed poses, to the grace of the dancing group of the Stafford children. Only his own generation was able to say what Romney's figures were as portraits; for us, the pictorial charm banishes the thought of professed portraiture. Like the other public favorites, his contemporaries, he was wont to be kind to his sitters, to soften asperities, to ignore defects, to make the representation agreeable before all things. That was demanded in a time and by a class of society very sensitive to the charm of graceful contour, fine carriage, and elegant gesture. But the portrait-painter's kindness was not asked to extend—and rarely, indeed, was it possible that it should extend—to such entire amalgamation as Romney gives us of that which has to be painted with that which it may be pleasant to paint.

It was not for nothing that Romney, in the ripest period of his own work in portraiture, absorbed from masters widely apart—now from Correggio, now from Raphael, now from that thinner Raphael of France, Eustache Lesueur—the qualities of which his own later work was fruitfully to bear witness. Some of George Romney's paintings are simply of his own day. Some are but adroit renderings of the colors and contour constantly before him in the face of his most frequent model. Some, again, seem too laboriously faithful to the lines of classic art, or to the exaggerated softness that had made

the school of Parma popular. But there are a few—and the group of the Stafford children is certainly the chief of them—in which an artist to whom greatness was difficult rose almost to greatness; in which he splendidly united noble traditions with the employment of his personal observation, and gave, without too much insisting on it, an accent of distinction from the older world to the features of to-day.

LIONEL CUST 'MAGAZINE OF ART' 1900

THERE is no painter who requires to be treated with more tenderness than Romney. He should be regarded from a different standpoint to Reynolds and Gainsborough. Lacking as he did the consummate technical skill of these two great masters, he yet had the gift of seizing and fixing on his canvas that strange evanescent spirit of female beauty, that Fata Morgana of painting, which greater artists than Romney have seen, but failed to secure. The secret of his success lay in his being a poet and a dreamer rather than a man of action and business. In his brain the fleeting visions of beauty nestled and made their home, and sought their outlet in the portraits on his easel. With splendor and magnificence, in great and stately portraiture for palace and saloon, Romney was not at his ease. His art was entirely intimate, personal to himself even more than to his sitters. . . .

To many minds that particular development of Romney's art, the delicate and feminine savor of prettiness, which nowadays appeals alike to the sentiment of the ordinary spectator and to the purse of the plutocrat, is summed up in his various presentments of that fair enchantress, the Armida of his art, Emma, Lady Hamilton. To such minds it probably will appear rank heresy to suggest that Romney would have been a greater painter if he had never seen the lineaments of the fair Emma, though the lady herself would perhaps have been less famous had she never met Romney. With his sensitive and impressionable temperament, his want of decision in the practical side of life,—a character so clearly indicated by the portraits of him, especially that one painted by himself, which now hangs half finished in the National Portrait Gallery,—the dazzling, voluptuous woman acted upon the painter like a spell. It was the adoration of a poet, not that of a lover, that Romney paid to his divinity, and through his dreams floated the fair face that he sought so often to fix on his canvas in every possible form and attitude. . . .

If we escape, however, from the snares of this sorceress it is possible to get some idea of his powers as a portrait-painter. In spite of his defects of drawing, his ignorance of anatomy, his lack of skill in composition, the flatness and thinness of his coloring, there are several of his portraits which, taken singly, touch the highest possible point of artistic success, and he remains the seer and poet who more than any other painter grasped the fleeting sprite of beauty, and with his brush made immortal on his canvas much that would otherwise have been transient of the grace and loveliness of English women and children.

The Works of Romney

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'EMMA, LADY HAMILTON' PLATE I

"ROMNEY," says Monsieur Paul Villars, "was not only the painter of women, he might even be called the painter of *one* woman, so often do the face and form of Emma, Lady Hamilton, appear on his canvas."

"I do not know that the exact date can be ascertained," writes Sidney Colvin, "but it was in the best time of Romney's life that he came under the influence of the woman whose face and figure haunt his art and enkindle his pictures, both from life and from imagination, with a new fire and charm. It takes one back to the days of the old Italian artists—to the mystic and recurring smile of Leonardo's Mona Lisa, to the suave cajoling witchery of Andrea del Sarto's Lucrezia, to the superb disdain of Bordone's misnamed Violante beneath her crown of golden hair—when we see the work of the later artist so filled and haunted as Romney's at this time comes to be with a single face and form of one beautiful and entrancing without a soul that is her own, one made all for love and lavishness and mimicry—the face and form of Emma Lyon. From the haunting, then, the recurrence, of this single and governing loveliness, Romney's art derives at least one of the spells by which it is entitled to hold posterity."

The portrait here reproduced, from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's collection at Seamore Place, London, is one of the artist's early pictures of Emma, painted before she became Lady Hamilton.

'MRS. CARWARDINE AND CHILD' PLATE II

THIS portrait-group, which a writer in the 'Athenæum' speaks of as "one of which no Romney lover can ever tire," was the first picture painted by the artist after his return from Italy in 1775, and bears unmistakable evidence of the influence of his studies in that country. "Since the earlier centuries before the maturity of the Renaissance was reached," writes Mr. Claude Phillips, "the sublime relation of mother and child, the indefinable oneness of the two, has never been more exquisitely given than in this picture."

Mrs. Carwardine was the wife of the Rev. Thomas Carwardine, the friend who accompanied Romney on one of his continental tours. She is here represented wearing a "Pamela" cap and muslin kerchief crossed over her bosom, and tenderly bending her head in a Madonna-like attitude towards the child who nestles in her arms. The picture has been exhibited in London several times, and is now the property of Lord Hillingdon, who bought it of the grandson of the little boy whose portrait it contains.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARK CURRIE' PLATE III

ROMNEY painted this portrait in the spring of 1789, when Mrs. Currie, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Close, had been married but a few months. He received sixty guineas for the work, which, in 1897, was pur-

chased from a member of the Currie family and now hangs in the London National Gallery.

The figure is life-size. Mrs. Currie, dressed in a white muslin gown, is seated on a terrace. Her silk sash, the ribbons around her short sleeves, and the bow that ties her fichu are of rose-color. Her complexion is beautifully fair, and her cheeks are a fresh pink. Her light brown hair is slightly powdered and arranged in large clustering curls.

'THE STAFFORD CHILDREN DANCING' PLATE IV

THIS celebrated picture, painted when Romney was at the height of his fame, is owned by the Duke of Sutherland, and is one of the treasures of his collection at Trentham, Stoke upon Trent, England. It represents the children of the Marquis of Stafford,—Lady Anne Leveson-Gower, who plays the tambourine, her stepsisters, and their brother Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, who became later the first Earl Granville, and father of the well-known statesman of that name.

As an example of Romney's skill in grouping and grace in composition the picture is unsurpassed. The color-scheme, too, is very beautiful. The dresses of the oldest sister and the boy are white, and contrast with the green, plum, and red of the other dresses. Stronger accents are given by the darker shades of brown and purple of the floating scarfs. The background to this group of dancing children is formed by a column, which throws into relief the dainty figure of the dark-haired little girl, and, farther back, by a landscape with trees.

'LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE' PLATE V

IF, as has been asserted, no artist of the English school could impart more grace and loveliness to the forms of the women he represented than did Romney, assuredly no model was more eminently fitted to realize the painter's ideal than Emma, Lady Hamilton, who, as Lord Ronald Gower has said, "loved to represent some well-known figure of a goddess or to throw her graceful form into an attitude which recalled the most inspired fancies of the pencil or the chisel."

None of Romney's many presentments of his favorite model is more charming than that here reproduced. The painting, owned by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, represents Lady Hamilton as a bacchante, or priestess of Bacchus, leading, with both hands behind her, a goat, an animal sacred to the god of wine and revelry, and accompanied by a hound leaping and bounding before her as she goes. The rich color of the picture, the grace of the figure with its gliding motion, the lovely face with its low, perfectly modeled forehead, dark eyes, and red lips—all go to make up a picture which stands preëminent among the artist's creations.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. ROBINSON' PLATE VI

IN the Wallace Collection, London, there are three portraits of the celebrated Mrs. Robinson, or 'Perdita,' as she was more commonly called: one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, another by Gainsborough (reproduced in the

number of this SERIES devoted to that artist), and a third, this work by Romney, which, it is said, more closely resembled the beautiful original than Gainsborough's great portrait—a belief that is confirmed by Sir Joshua's painting of the lady, which hangs on the same wall.

Mrs. Robinson first appeared in the character that she made so peculiarly her own, that of Perdita, in Shakespeare's 'The Winter's Tale,' at Drury Lane Theater, London, in the year 1779. She was at that time twenty-one years old, and by her beauty, grace, and charm completely captivated the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.; and for a brief period of two years Mrs. Robinson, having left the stage, was the reigning beauty of the fashionable London world. Every day she appeared in a different costume, and hats swept the ground as she passed in her carriage painted light blue, its panels decorated with a design of a basket of flowers arranged so artfully that it might easily be mistaken for a coronet.

Before the prince had attained his majority, however, his ardor had cooled, and unhappy days began for poor 'Perdita,' who, forced to support herself, wrote and published a number of poems and tales, which, it must be confessed, were of but mediocre merit. No attention was paid to her misery by the fickle prince, and she was saved from abject poverty only by the generosity of the statesman Charles James Fox, through whom she obtained an annuity. After a checkered and pathetic career she died, not much over forty years of age.

Romney's portrait of Mrs. Robinson was painted while she was still a woman of fashion. She wears a grayish-white lace bonnet tied under her chin, a black mantilla, beneath which the sleeve of her dress shows a touch of pale brick-red, a white muslin kerchief and undersleeves, and carries a muff of soft, grayish-white fur. Her hair is powdered and her complexion is delicately pink and white. In none of Romney's works is his characteristic quality, charm, more distinctly felt than in this fascinating portrait.

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER" PLATE VII

IT is not known whom this famous portrait in the London National Gallery represents. Probably, as Mr. Wedmore suggests, "it is one of those pictures, numerous enough in the list of Romney's canvases, in which the painter, not only by the simple process of bestowing a fanciful title, but by some larger license than usual in the way of idealization, has passed beyond the bounds of stated portraiture, and, while painting what is chiefly a portrait after all, has yet been occupied with the treatment of a subject that was his own."

'The Parson's Daughter' has brown eyes, a mass of auburn hair powdered and bound with a green ribbon, and an altogether charming face of irregular beauty. Her dress is a rich brown and her kerchief creamy white. The background of the picture is grayish-brown.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. TICKELL' PLATE VIII

ROMNEY never painted a more graceful and fascinating portrait than this of Mrs. Tickell, in her simple white dress and with a straw hat trimmed with black and white plumes placed with so much style upon her

charming head. The picture is in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's collection at Seamore Place, London.

Mrs. Tickell was, before her marriage, a Miss Linley—sister of the celebrated Eliza Linley, who later became the wife of Sheridan the dramatist, and whose beautiful face appears on more than one of Gainsborough's canvases.

'PORTRAIT OF LADY POULETT' PLATE IX

THIS portrait is in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's collection at Seamore Place, London. Lady Poulett is seated in a natural and graceful pose, her left arm resting upon a stone plinth. Her head, with its slightly powdered hair arranged in copious curls which fall to her shoulders, is relieved against a dark curtain drawn aside to disclose a landscape-background beyond.

We find exhibited in this work those characteristics which a French writer has specified as typical of Romney's portraits of women, which are for the most part, he says, made up of "pure whites, pale blues, and rose pinks. The flesh-tones are vivid, the lips red, and the thick curling hair powdered or of a light chestnut color. This combination is one that Romney delights in, and upon which he rings many changes, always preserving, be it understood, the sense of character, of dignity, and emphatically the sense of beauty."

'STUDY OF LADY HAMILTON' PLATE X

"LADY HAMILTON," writes Frederick Wedmore, "lives on Romney's canvases not only in the finished works in which she is identified with the creations of a poet, but also in the impulsive and inspired sketches which were quickly begun and quickly put aside."

The picture here reproduced is a work of this last description, and is thoroughly characteristic of both painter and model. It is a broad, free, and very vivid sketch, "a successful, excited beginning." The drapery and turban are creamy white, and contrast with the warm, rich tones of the flesh and the auburn color of the hair. The picture was painted about 1786, and is now in the London National Gallery.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE OF ROMNEY'S PAINTINGS

AS the greater number of Romney's works are contained in private collections, and therefore liable to change owners at any time, it becomes an almost impossible task to make even a partial list of his paintings with their locations which should lay claim to absolute accuracy. The difficulties are moreover increased by the fact that, as Romney was never known to sign any of his works, many that are now ascribed to him are by no means unchallengeable. The following list includes such of his paintings as are in public galleries and thus accessible to the public, and about eighty of his works in private collections.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. BIRMINGHAM, ART GALLERY: Lady Holte — ETON, PROVOST'S LODGE, ETON COLLEGE: Marquis Richard Wellesley — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Parson's Daughter (Plate VII); Lady with a Child; Study of Lady Hamilton (Plate X);

Mrs. Mark Currie (Plate III); Mr. and Mrs. William Lindow; Sketch of Lady Hamilton; Lady Craven — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: William Cowper; Richard Cumberland; John Flaxman; James Harris; Lady Hamilton; Portrait of Romney (Page 22) — LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: 'Serena' — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Mrs. Robinson (Plate VI) — LONDON, BANK OF ENGLAND: Abraham Newland; Thomas Raikes — LONDON, FISHMONGERS' HALL: Margrave and Margravine of Anspach — OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, HALL: John Wesley; Archibald Macdonald; Viscount Stormont — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: Titania, Puck, and the Changeling.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

CANADA. MONTREAL, OWNED BY R. B. ANGERS, ESQ: Mrs. Close — ENGLAND. COLLECTION OF LOCKETT AGNEW, ESQ: Mr. Charles Parkhurst; Lady Mary Parkhurst; Miss Hay; Miss Popham; Miss Leyborne Popham with her dog — LORD ALDENHAM'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Townley Ward — OWNED BY W. R. BANKES, ESQ: Mrs. Bankes — OWNED BY S. M. BERESFORD, ESQ: Marchioness Townshend — LORD BERWICK'S COLLECTION: Lord Berwick — OWNED BY H. L. BISCHOFFSHEIM, ESQ: Pamela Fitzgerald — OWNED BY REV. G. BOSANQUET: Mrs. Bosanquet and Children — OWNED BY SIR RICHARD BROOKE: Lady Brooke — LORD BURTON'S COLLECTION: 'Sensibility' — EARL OF CARLISLE'S COLLECTION: Marchioness of Hertford — OWNED BY DOWAGER LADY CASTLETON: Lady Susan Murray — EARL CATHCART'S COLLECTION: Countess of Mansfield — EARL OF CAWDOR'S COLLECTION: Lady Hamilton — OWNED BY TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE, ESQ: Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante (Plate V); Newton discovering the Prism; Cassandra; Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy — OWNED BY MARTIN COLNAGHI, ESQ: Miss Charlotte Peirse — SIR FRANCIS COOK'S COLLECTION: Portrait of an Old Lady; Portrait of a Young Lady — OWNED BY SIR G. CORNEWALL: Children of Sir G. Cornewall — OWNED BY S. H. C. H. DE CRESPIGNY, ESQ: Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny — EARL OF CREWE'S COLLECTION: Lady Milnes — OWNED BY CHARLES DAVIS, ESQ: Mrs. Cumberland and Child — EARL OF DERBY'S COLLECTION: Lord Derby and his Sister when Children — SIR WILLIAM EDEN'S COLLECTION: Lady Frederick Eden — OWNED BY MAJOR-GENERAL ARTHUR ELLIS: Circe (Head of Lady Hamilton) — COLLECTION OF AYSCOUGH FAWKES, ESQ: Lady Hamilton as Nature — OWNED BY H. C. GIBBS, ESQ: Circe — OWNED BY EARL GRANVILLE: Countess of Derby — OWNED BY EARL DE GREY: Mrs. Willet — OWNED BY GRAY HILL, ESQ: 'The Haughty Dame' — OWNED BY LORD HILLINGDON: Mrs. Carwardine and Child (Plate II) — CAPT. G. L. HOLFORD'S COLLECTION: Marchioness Townshend — OWNED BY W. HOLMAN HUNT, ESQ: Master Russell — LORD IVEAGH'S COLLECTION: Emma, Lady Hamilton; 'The Spinstress' — MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S COLLECTION: Lord Henry Petty; Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick — OWNED BY J. LAURIE, ESQ; Lady Hamilton as a Nun — LORD LECONFIELD'S COLLECTION: Infant Shakespeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy; Mirth; Melancholy — OWNED BY WILLIAM LEE, ESQ: Miss Forbes — DUKE OF LEEDS' COLLECTION: Duchess of Leeds — OWNED BY E. LEGGATT, ESQ: Lady Hamilton as Titania — OWNED BY MAJOR-GENERAL R. MACKENZIE: Mrs. Jordan — DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S COLLECTION: Duchess of Marlborough — OWNED BY SIR HERBERT E. MAXWELL: Duchess of Gordon and her Son — OWNED BY SIR FREDERICK MILNER: Lady Milner — OWNED BY SIR GRAHAM MONTGOMERY: Marquis of Townshend — OWNED BY REV. J. W. NAPIER-CLAVERING: Lady Napier; Col. Thomas Thornton; Thomas Clavering and his Sister — OWNED BY SIR AUDLEY NIELD: Lady Hamilton as Ariadne — OWNED BY SIR EDWARD NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE: Lady Newdigate — OWNED BY MR. F. C. PAWLE: Duchess of St. Albans; Mrs. Trimmer — OWNED BY HARLAND PECK, ESQ: Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne — SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Jordan — MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Lady Hamilton; Emma, Lady Hamilton (Plate I); Lady Poulett (Plate IX); Mrs. Tickell (Plate VIII) — MR. FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Jordan — MR. LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Lady Hamilton as Ariadne — OWNED BY LADY DE SAUMAREZ: Mrs. Lee Acton — OWNED BY EDWARD SPEYER, ESQ: Mrs. Davies — OWNED BY THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS: Duchess of Devonshire — DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S

COLLECTION: Lord Thurlow; The Stafford Children Dancing (Plate IV); Marquis of Stafford; Elizabeth, Duchess of Sutherland; Countess of Carlisle — OWNED BY LADY TAUNTON: Lady Hamilton as Cassandra — SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S COLLECTION: Lady Derby; Mrs. Jordan as the 'Romp' — OWNED BY JEFFREY WHITEHEAD, ESQ: Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER'S COLLECTION: Mrs. Moody — BOSTON, OWNED BY MRS. DAVID P. KIMBALL: Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia — CAMBRIDGE, OWNED BY ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW, ESQ: John Dunlop — CAMBRIDGE, OWNED BY DENMAN ROSS, ESQ: Duke of Cumberland — NEW YORK, OWNED BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ: Lady Hamilton reading a Gazette.

Romney Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH ROMNEY

ALEXANDRE, A. Histoire populaire de la peinture: école anglaise. Paris [1895] — ARMSTRONG, W. Romney (in Dictionary of National Biography). London, 1899 — BÜRGER, W. Romney (in Blanc's Histoire des peintures de toutes les écoles: école anglaise). Paris, 1867 — CLEEVE, R. George Romney. London, 1901 — COOK, D. Art in England. London, 1869 — CUNNINGHAM, A. Lives of Eminent British Painters. London, 1846 — DAYOT, A. L'Image de la femme. Paris [1899] — EDWARDS, E. Anecdotes of Painters. London, 1808 — ESPINASSE, F. Lancashire Worthies. London, 1877 — FEUILLET DE CONCHES, F. S. Histoire de l'école anglaise de peinture. Paris, 1882 — GAMLIN, H. George Romney and his Art. London, 1894 — GOWER, R. Romney and Lawrence. London, 1882 — HALL, C. C., Editor. The Vernon Gallery. London, 1854 — HAYLEY, W. Life of Romney. Chichester, 1809 — HORNE, H. P. Catalogue of Engraved Portraits. London, 1891 — MOSER, H. Klassiker der Malerei. Leipsic, 1887 — MUTHER, R. History of Modern Painting. New York, 1896 — Romney (in The Penny Cyclopædia). London, 1841 — REDGRAVE, R. and S. A Century of Painters. London, 1866 — ROBERTS, W. Memorials of Christie's. London, 1897 — ROMNEY, J. Memoirs of George Romney. London, 1830 — SEDELMEYER GALLERY. Illustrated Catalogue. Paris [1894–1901] — SIMMONDS, F. Romney (in Bryan's Dictionary of Painters). London, 1889 — VAN DYKE, J. C. Old English Masters. New York, 1902 — WEDMORE, F. Studies in English Art. London, 1880.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

LES ARTS, 1902: P. Villars; La Collection de M. Alfred de Rothschild — ATHENÆUM, 1900: W. Roberts; Romney's Portrait of Cowper. 1900: The Grafton Galleries — CENTURY MAGAZINE, 1898: J. C. Van Dyke; Old English Masters — EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, 1803: R. Cumberland; Memoirs of George Romney — GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1878: R. Ménard; Les Portraits dans l'école anglaise — MAGAZINE OF ART, 1879: J. H. P.; Three English Portrait Painters. 1897: F. G. Stephens; Collection of Mr. W. Cuthbert Quilter. 1900: L. Cust; The Romney Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery. 1900: M. H. Spielmann; Gems of the Wallace Collection — NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1901: R. C. Witt; Romney's Portraits at the Grafton Gallery — PORTFOLIO, 1873: S. Colvin; From Rigaud to Reynolds — SATURDAY REVIEW, 1900: D. S. M.; Romney at the Grafton Gallery — TEMPLE BAR, 1896: W. Roberts; Romney as an Investment.

MASTERS IN ART

Fra Angelico

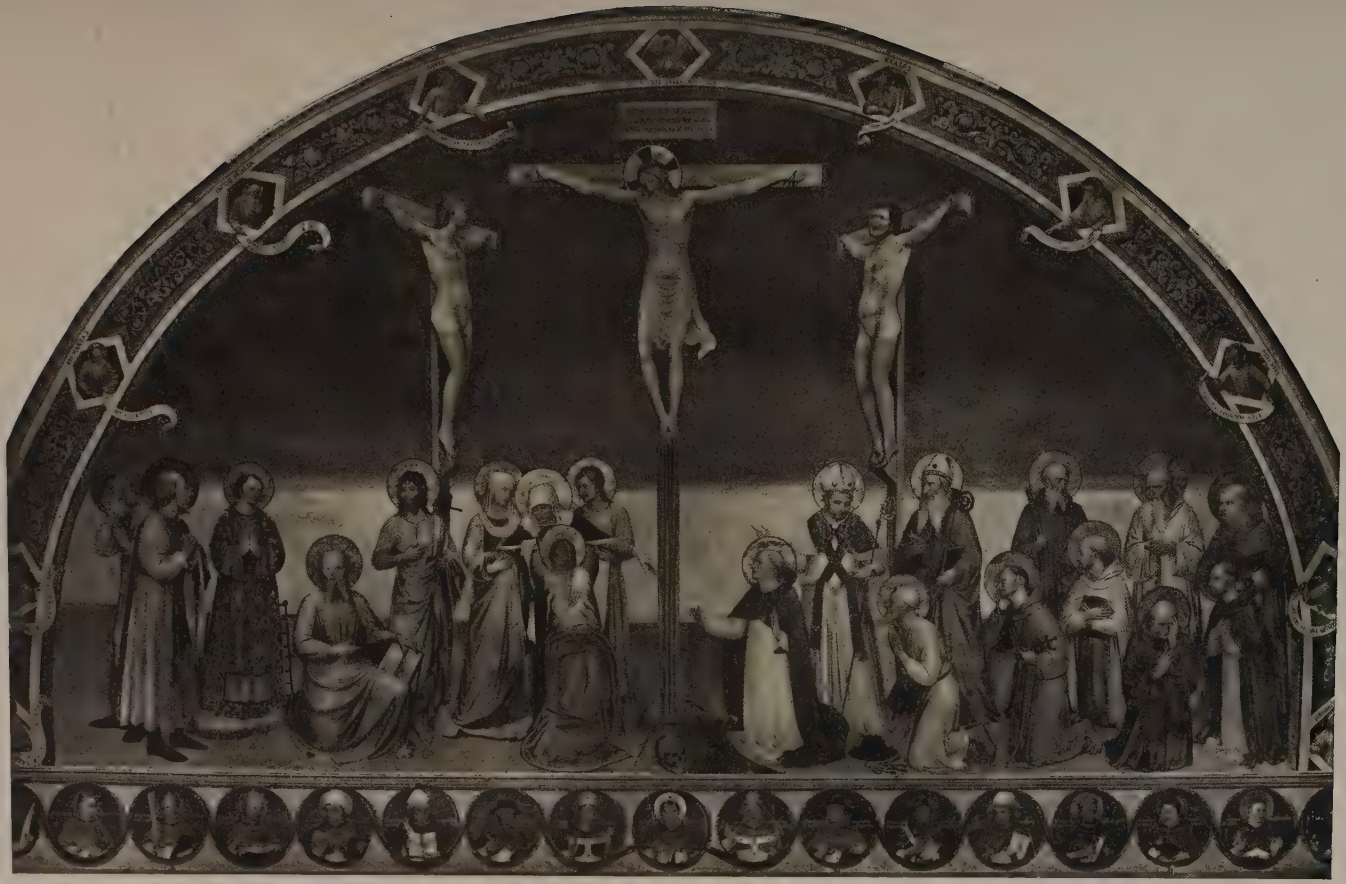
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FRA ANGELICO
THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
LOUVRE, PARIS

FRA ANGELICO
DANCE OF THE ANGELS
DETAIL FROM 'THE LAST JUDGMENT'
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

FRA ANGELICO
ANGELS
FROM THE FRAME OF THE 'MADONNA DEI LINAJUOLI'
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

FRA ANGELICO
THE DEPOSITION
ACADEMY, FLORENCE



FRA ANGELICO
THE CRUCIFIXION
MUSEUM OF SAN MARCO, FLORENCE

POSTQVAB CONSVMATI SVNT DIES OCTO VT CIRCVCIDERET PVER VOCATV E NOM EI IHES. LVCE. II. C.
ELONGAVI FVGIENS 7 MANSI INSOLITVDINE. PS. XXXXXV: C
SVRGE ACCIPE PVERVM 7 MATREM EI 7 FVGE INEGIPTVM. MACTEI. II. G

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

FRA ANGELICO
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

FRA ANGELICO
ST. LAURENCE RECEIVING THE TREASURES OF THE CHURCH
CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS V., VATICAN, ROME

FRA ANGELICO
ST. LAURENCE GIVING ALMS
CHAPEL OF NICHOLAS V., VATICAN, ROME

TOMB OF FRA ANGELICO
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA SOPRA MINERVA, ROME

No authentic portrait of Fra Angelico is known to exist. The traditional likeness, in a fresco by Signorelli at Orvieto, is no longer considered to represent him, and the head commonly designated as his in Fra Bartolommeo's 'Last Judgment,' painted more than forty years after his death, is but an imaginary likeness. Probably the nearest approach to a true portrait of him that remains is the effigy on his tomb, sculptured soon after his death by order of Pope Nicholas v. This likeness may have been copied from a death-mask or drawn from the sculptor's memory, but in spite of the deplorable condition to which time has reduced it, the countenance bears witness that a strongly individualized portrait was attempted.

Giovanni da Fiesole

Called

Fra Angelico

BORN 1387: DIED 1455
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FRA ANGELICO[1] (pronounced An jel'e ko) was born in the year 1387 at Vicchio, in the broad and fertile valley of the Mugello, Italy, not far from Florence. His father, Pietro, gave the child the name of Guido, and throughout his boyhood he was known as Guido da Vicchio from his birthplace, or Guido di Pietro, the son of Pietro. Beyond the year and place of his birth and his father's baptismal name we know nothing with certainty of his parentage or his early life. It seems probable that his youth was passed in some artist's studio or workshop in Florence, for Vasari tells us that while still very young he was perfectly acquainted with the practice of his art; and an earlier biographer, Antonio Billi, relates that when a boy he painted a picture on the great screen of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, Florence—a work that has since been destroyed. Nothing definite, however, is known concerning the young Guido's artistic training. Baldinucci and others have affirmed that his first master was the Florentine painter Gherardo Starnina, but there is no documentary evidence to prove this or any other theory, and Vasari is silent on the subject. Impossible though it be to state who his master was, it is evident that the three great centers of artistic life in Florence in the early years of the fifteenth century all left their mark upon his work. First of these important art centers were the studios or workshops of the Giottesques, or followers of the teachings of Giotto; second, the schools of the miniaturists, of which the most prominent was that of the Camaldolese Convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where Lorenzo Monaco, to whose works Fra Angelico's early achievements bear a certain affinity, was a leading member; and last, and most important of all, the group of young sculptors and architects, Jacopo della Quercia, Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, Donatello, and others, who were destined to produce the most perfect works of art of that

[1] This sketch of the life of Fra Angelico is based upon the recent study of his life and works by Langton Douglas.—EDITOR.

century. These were the artistic surroundings of the young Guido, these the influences under which he spent his early years. In later years he was strongly influenced by the architecture of Michelozzo, and by the paintings of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, Florence.

It is probable that Guido would have been content to follow the profession of a painter, and that alone, for the rest of his life had it not been for the teachings of the great Dominican preacher and scholar, Giovanni Dominici, who, deploring the excesses of the "humanists," whose pursuit of classical culture was already beguiling them into a certain tendency to imitate pagan vices, determined to counteract the growing evil by establishing houses of the Dominican Order of monks which should be conducted under more rigid rules than had hitherto prevailed. With this object in view Dominici traveled from one end of Italy to the other, preaching in all the principal towns, and exhorting the people to a more holy life. His eloquence induced many young men to follow in his footsteps; and among those who sought admission to the reformed order were Guido and his brother Benedetto, who, in the year 1407, when Guido had reached the age of twenty, presented themselves as candidates for membership at the convent founded by Dominici on the lower slopes of the hill of Fiesole, just outside of Florence.

The two young men were warmly welcomed by the brethren, and at once sent to Cortona, where the novitiate of the order was established. At the end of a year Guido took the irrevocable vows, assumed the black and white habit of the Dominicans, changed the name of Guido for that of Giovanni, and was henceforth known as Fra Giovanni da Fiesole (pronounced Fee a′ so ly). It was not until after his death and beatification that he was called "Il Beato," the Blessed, or, still more generally, "Angelico," the Angelic.

In the year 1409 the monks, forced to leave Fiesole because of their fidelity to Pope Gregory XII., and their refusal to acknowledge Alexander V., who had been irregularly elected pope at the council of Pisa, and whose cause was espoused by the Florentine government, took refuge at Foligno, leaving some of the younger members of the community at Cortona to follow them later to their new home. After spending several years at Foligno, the whole brotherhood, driven from there by a pestilence, settled for a time at Cortona; and when the schism in the Church had been healed, and the attitude of the Florentine government had become more friendly toward them, they returned to their former residence at Fiesole. In all probability Fra Angelico followed the fortunes of the other younger members of the community, and in that case seven or eight years of his early manhood were spent in the hill-set town of Cortona. One of his earliest known works, an 'Annunciation,' was painted during this time, and is still to be seen in the Oratorio del Gesù in that city.

From 1418 to 1435 Fra Angelico lived in the convent of his order at Fiesole. The Dominican Order fostered the exercise of both architecture and painting; and while in this peaceful retreat the young monk worked with untiring industry at his art, painting many pictures not only for his own convent, but, with his prior's consent, for other religious houses and for churches,

gilds, and private individuals. Among the most important of his achievements at this time are the great 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Louvre, a picture of the same subject in the Uffizi, the 'Last Judgment' in the Florentine Academy, and four great Madonna pictures, of which the 'Madonna dei Linajuoli,' with its framing border of angels, is the best known.

In the summer of 1435 the brothers of San Domenico left Fiesole and moved nearer Florence. Early in the following year they made a solemn entrance into that city, and with elaborate ceremonial took up their residence at the Convent of San Marco, which, through the intercession of Cosimo de' Medici, had been placed at their disposal. Owing to the dilapidated condition of the building, however, their new home was far from comfortable; many fell sick, and some of the brethren died in consequence of the severity of the weather and the lack of proper accommodations. Finally, in response to an appeal from the pope on their behalf, Cosimo de' Medici came to their assistance, and, having sent for his favorite architect, Michelozzo, caused new and commodious buildings to be erected.

Amidst all the bustle of the busy monks settling themselves in their new home, and before the buildings were fairly completed, Fra Angelico began to decorate the interior walls of the convent, which in time became a perfect treasure-house of his works. Convent life was no idle existence. Each brother was allotted his special task. Apart from the regular business of the community, many, skilled in the art of illuminating choir-books and missals, devoted their lives to this important branch of monkish industry; others again were sent out into the world "to edify the holy and convince the sinner" by argument and exhortation. Not by the power of words, however, but by setting before his brethren scenes from the gospel story did Fra Angelico do his part toward fixing their thoughts upon things heavenly. The great 'Crucifixion' which he painted in the chapter-house is the largest and one of the most important of his achievements. He painted smaller frescos of the chief Dominican saints in the cloisters, and decorated the walls of the cells with sacred subjects, principally scenes from the life of Christ, intended to assist the devout meditations of the monks.

Thus occupied, Fra Angelico had spent ten years or more at San Marco when he was summoned to Rome by Pope Eugenius IV. to decorate the walls of a chapel adjoining St. Peter's. Eugenius had passed many years in Florence, and had shown a special interest in the brothers of San Marco, one of whom, the saintly Antoninus, he had appointed to the archbishopric of that city,[1] and it is probable that the works of their distinguished painter Fra Angelico had attracted his notice.

We first hear of the artist at work in Rome in 1447. Pope Eugenius had died a few weeks before, and Nicholas V. had succeeded to the papal chair. Desirous of carrying out his predecessor's plans, the new pontiff persuaded Fra Angelico to proceed with the work; and at the end of a few months, with the assistance of his pupil Benozzo Gozzoli and four other painters, the friar

[1] None of the early chroniclers confirm Vasari's statement that this position was offered to Fra Angelico, though it may have been through his influence that Antoninus received the appointment. — EDITOR.

had completed in fresco the decorations of the chapel, which was destroyed less than a century later to make room for the great staircase of the Vatican Palace.

Soon after his arrival in Rome, Fra Angelico, wishing to escape from the city during the heat of summer, arranged with the directors of the cathedral works at Orvieto to spend the warm months there painting the recently erected Chapel of San Brizio in the cathedral of that town. On the fifteenth of June the friar began his task in Orvieto, and, with the help of Benozzo Gozzoli, painted a portion of a 'Last Judgment' upon the ceiling of the chapel. For some unknown reason this great work was left unfinished. Fifty years later it was completed by Luca Signorelli.

Soon after his return to Rome in the following September, Fra Angelico, now sixty years of age, entered upon what may be regarded as the crowning achievement of his life—the decoration of the little Chapel of Nicholas v. in the Vatican, on the walls of which he painted his famous frescos representing scenes from the lives of St. Laurence and St. Stephen.

Records show that toward the close of the year 1449 Fra Angelico was again at Fiesole, having been elected prior of the Monastery of San Domenico, and that three years after this he declined an invitation from the authorities of Prato to paint the choir-chapel of their cathedral. It is not known just when he returned to Rome; but in 1455, when he was sixty-eight years old, he died in that city, in the great convent of his order, Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, and was buried near the high altar in the convent church.

At the command of Pope Nicholas v. his effigy in marble was carved upon his tomb. Under the figure the following epitaph in Latin, composed, it is said, by the pope himself, records the virtues of the holy monk:

GIVE ME NOT PRAISE FOR BEING ALMOST A SECOND APELLES,
BUT BECAUSE I GAVE TO THY POOR, O CHRIST, ALL MY EARNINGS.
THUS PART OF MY WORK REMAINS ON EARTH AND PART IN HEAVEN.
THAT CITY WHICH IS THE FLOWER OF ETRURIA, BORE ME, GIOVANNI.

GIORGIO VASARI 'LIVES OF THE PAINTERS'

FRA ANGELICO was a man of the utmost simplicity of intention, and was most holy in every act of his life. It is related of him—and it is a good evidence of his simple earnestness of purpose—that being one morning invited to breakfast by Pope Nicholas v., he had scruples of conscience as to eating meat without the permission of his prior, not considering that the authority of the pontiff was superseding that of the prior. He disregarded all earthly advantages, and, living in pure holiness, was as much the friend of the poor in life as I believe his soul now is in heaven. He labored continually at his paintings, but would do nothing that was not connected with things holy. He might have been rich, but of riches he took no care; on the contrary, he was accustomed to say that the only true riches was contentment with little. He might have commanded many, but would not do so, declaring that there was less fatigue and less danger of error in obeying others than

in commanding others. It was at his option to hold places of dignity in the brotherhood of his order, and also in the world; but he regarded them not, affirming that he sought no dignity and took no care but that of escaping hell and drawing near to Paradise.

Fra Giovanni was kindly to all, and moderate in all his habits, living temperately, and holding himself entirely apart from the snares of the world. He used frequently to say that he who practised the art of painting had need of quiet, and should live without cares or anxious thoughts; adding that he who would do the work of Christ should perpetually remain with Christ. He was never seen to display anger among the brethren of his order—a thing which appears to me most extraordinary, nay, almost incredible; if he admonished his friends, it was with gentleness and a quiet smile; and to those who sought his works he would reply, with the utmost cordiality, that they had but to obtain the assent of the prior, when he would assuredly not fail to do what they desired. In fine, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble, modest, and excellent in all his words and works; in his painting he gave evidence of piety and devotion as well as of ability, and the saints that he painted have more of the air and expression of sanctity than have those of any other master.

It was the custom of Fra Giovanni to abstain from retouching or improving any painting once finished. He altered nothing, but left all as it was done the first time, believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. It is also affirmed that he would never take the pencil in hand until he had first offered a prayer. He is said never to have painted a Crucifix without tears streaming from his eyes; and in the countenances and attitudes of his figures it is easy to perceive proof of his sincerity, his goodness, and the depth of his devotion to the religion of Christ.

The Art of Fra Angelico

LANGTON DOUGLAS 'FRA ANGELICO'

VASARI'S description of Fra Angelico has impressed itself upon the minds of twelve generations of his readers. As to whence he derived it there can be no reasonable doubt. The Piagnoni (or followers of Savonarola) of San Marco, full of filial piety, cherished all stories relating to that saintly triad, Fra Angelico, St. Antoninus, and Savonarola. Vasari had intimate friends at the convent; and if the brothers did not actually write the greater part of the account of Fra Angelico, they at least succeeded in making Vasari adopt their own conception, and supplied him with most of the material for his work. Being aware of the source of this biography, doubts as to its accuracy cannot fail to enter into the mind of the historical student who has some acquaintance with the Piagnone literature of the sixteenth century, for he knows well that Savonarola's followers, enthusiastic, imaginative, and intensely mys-

tical, not only inherited their master's belief in miracles and portents, but had also developed the myth-making faculty to a remarkable degree.

But in justice to all who helped to make this biography of the friar, it must be admitted that the scientific study of his artistic achievement, and research among such contemporary records as are likely to throw light upon his career, whilst compelling us to reject as fictitious some of its details, confirm on the whole the traditional story—so far as it goes. Its main fault lies not in its inaccuracy, but in its inadequacy. The Dominicans, Fra Giovanni's contemporaries, who fashioned it in its earliest form, saw and appreciated their brother's goodness, his humility, his quiet charm of manner; and therefore the account which they gave of him tells us a great deal of Fra Angelico the religious, Fra Angelico the Catholic saint. But the Dominican painter was not merely a saint—a saint with a happy knack of illustration. He was above all else an artist, an artist to his very finger-tips, who carried about in one body two temperaments which are usually supposed to have but little in common, and which indeed are not often found inhabiting the same frame—the artistic and the saintly. But he was primarily an artist, an artist who happened to be a saint.

It is true that in the course of the last two years certain of the younger critics have revolted against the traditional and popular conception of Fra Angelico. But their change of opinion has scarcely influenced at all even those who have some right to be considered connoisseurs; and the leaders of criticism in England and in France, in Germany and in Italy, still maintain, with but one or two exceptions, that the friar was "an isolated and belated master"—that he belonged rather to the fourteenth than to the fifteenth century. . . .

Fra Angelico as an artist, then, has never received fair and adequate treatment, and it is the Piagnone conception of him, inadequate as it is, which still holds the field. And, unfortunately, the manufacturers of reproductions of the works of the Italian masters would seem to have conspired with popular writers to keep alive a derogatory view of Fra Angelico's art. Every great artist has his moments of weakness, and the Dominican painter was certainly not without them. But he is perhaps the only master of his own rank of whom it is true that the feeblest of all his productions are those by which he is most widely known. It is not too much to say that, in the case of nine persons out of every ten who have any knowledge of him, the angels playing on musical instruments which adorn the frame of the 'Madonna dei Linajuoli' are symbols of his artistic achievement. But these figures, which hold so high a place in popular estimation, are artistically contemptible. They deserve, in fact, all that daring critics have said about them: they are nothing more than "celestial dolls, flat as paper, stuck fast to their gold backgrounds." To anyone who knows how consummate was Fra Angelico's power of rendering form when he was at his best, it is surprising that even in a moment of weakness he should have given to the world such inferior stuff as this. Those who love and reverence the artist would like to lose all recollection of them, just as they would wish to bury in oblivion the early, brief indiscretions of one

whose subsequent life has been of such a character as to command their affection and admiration. But it is just these figures, in all their inane prettiness, that the public have chosen to regard as Fra Angelico's most characteristic works—symbols of his artistic virtues. . . .

And, moreover, those who, in contemplating Fra Angelico's pictures, seek for confirmation of the traditional view of him find it; for, in a measure, it is there. In his effort to give material form to the most sublime mystical visions that have ever filled the minds of men he has succeeded to a degree that many of his admirers are quite incapable of appreciating. Finding in the master's work, then, what our pride of opinion makes us desire to find, we cannot see anything else. The painter's artistic personality as a whole remains quite unrevealed to us. Nay! even at the Vatican itself, in that chapel of Pope Nicholas on the walls of which Fra Angelico showed most plainly that he was entirely a child of the early Renaissance, the scales do not fall from our eyes; for here temporary circumstances as a rule conspire with our prejudices to rob us of enlightenment.

Owing, then, to a variety of causes, the Piagnone view of Fra Angelico still holds the field. It is shared by people holding the most diverse opinions. On the one side are those who inwardly despise "this mild, meek, angelic monk, who," as they say, "bolted his monastery doors, and sprinkled holy-water in the face of the antique." On the other side is a great company of persons, both Catholic and Protestant, who love Fra Angelico because of his saintliness. These are prejudiced in his favor because he was a devout and earnest Christian. Those are prejudiced against him for the same reason. In each case theological or anti-theological prejudices are allowed to modify the judgment formed of his merit as an artist, and no serious attempt is made to see his achievement as a whole "as in itself it really is." . . .

In tracing the story of Fra Angelico's artistic development from its commencement to its close, we see him largely influenced at first by the Giottesques and the miniaturists. Gradually he rid himself of the cramping effects of his early training, and became more and more identified with that new movement in art which had begun with the architects and sculptors, and had had for its first pioneer in painting the great Masaccio. Fra Angelico's development was constant, at one time accelerated a little, at another more gradual, but without backslidings or reactions.

There are certain great artistic qualities which are to be found in abundance in his earliest paintings as in his latest: exquisite grace of line, the charm of bright, harmonious color, and singular beauty of facial expression. But as time went on, and the friar continued to grow in power and knowledge, other great qualities became more manifest in his works, and at the same time we find in them no loss of grace and loveliness. The development of these qualities was due in a measure to Fra Angelico's ever-increasing love of classical art, to his observation of nature, to his study of the works of his great contemporaries in sculpture, and of the frescos of Masaccio.

He was an eager student of the antique, and keenly interested in the new movement in architecture. The newly revived classical forms—the Ionic

capital, the festoons with which Michelozzo adorned his friezes, the medallions copied by Brunelleschi from the temple of Vesta at Tivoli, and many more beside—found a place in his paintings almost simultaneously with their appearance in the sister art. He was always abreast of the movement. He was always closely associated with those humanists and sculptors who were the leaders of the early Renaissance. And as he was the first of the painters systematically to make pictorial use of classical forms, so there are more representations of them to be found in his works than in all the other pictures of the first half of the fifteenth century taken together. He was, moreover, the first Italian artist of the Renaissance to represent from nature a landscape that can be identified, as he was also the first to attempt to solve certain problems of aërial perspective. He shows a feeling for space unrivaled in his own day, and surpassed indeed by but few of the Florentines who came after him. . . .

To say, as some do, that Fra Angelico was sometimes more interested in the *matter* of his theme than in its representation is only to say what is true of every great Florentine painter of the Renaissance. In Venice there was a love of painting for its own sake. It was not so in Florence. The great Florentines, as has been so often remarked, were, each and all, so much more than painters! They were sculptors; they were poets. Nay, more! they were men of science, theologians, archæologists, and humanists; and at times in every one of them the desire to record mere facts of the natural world, or to teach some theological or philosophical dogma, predominated over all purely artistic impulses. Unfortunately, in the best of them there is a tendency to illustration.

This tendency, therefore, would not of itself disqualify Fra Angelico from taking rank amongst the great leaders of the Florentine Renaissance. But in reality he is very little guilty of any such failing. The artist and the saint in him worked in such perfect harmony that we are rarely conscious of any effort on the part of the latter to dominate the former. And it is in this fact that one of the greatest secrets of his success lies. He painted the kind of subjects that he liked best to paint. Pictures with religious subjects were required of him, and religious subjects were just those that he was longing to paint. And so innate, so essential a part of him were his artistic qualities that the fervor of his religious emotion scarcely ever marred the decorative character of his work. In him, as I have said, the artist and the saint, the devout Catholic and the man of the Renaissance, were in perfect harmony. Living in that wonderful age of the early Renaissance, he was one of its most characteristic products.

TRACING the history of Italian painting is like pursuing a journey down an ever-broadening river, whose affluents are Giotto and Masaccio, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli, and Mantegna. We have to turn aside and land upon the shore in order to visit the heaven-reflecting lakelet, self-encompassed and secluded, called Angelico.—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

WHEN we examine the works of Fra Angelico's first period, we see in him the pupil of the miniaturists. His color is that of the illuminator of missals and choir-books, his 'Madonna' of the Uffizi is an enlarged miniature, and the angels which are so greatly admired in his 'Last Judgment' and his 'Paradise' are celestial dolls, thin as paper, and stuck fast to their gold backgrounds. In this early time the painter's skill in modeling and drawing is in the inverse ratio to the size of his canvas, another proof that he cannot forget the miniature; but it is only the limitations of his skill in drawing and modeling which require a small surface; his sentiment of composition is large and noble, and some of his panels, now in the Academy in Florence, taken from the doors of a press formerly in the Annunziata, panels which are but a foot square—see notably 'The Flight into Egypt'—might be enlarged to colossal size and worthily decorate a church wall. As for the sentiment of beauty, even the paper-doll angels have so much of it that Michelangelo, that lover of muscular construction and heroic nudity, said of them, "Surely the good monk visited Paradise and was allowed to choose his models there."

In the later life of Fra Angelico we have, in his 'Crucifixion' in San Marco, his fresco at Orvieto, and his cycle in the Chapel of Nicholas v. in the Vatican, the work of a painter who, without for a moment losing his religious conviction, without feeling his subject any less poignantly, has profited by the realistic study of his contemporaries, and who draws and models with a skill which is a whole lifetime removed from his little angelic musicians or his dancing figures in the 'Paradise' of the Florence Academy. . . .

The tenderness of the Gospel, the divine yearning of the 'Imitation of Christ,' the naïve sweetness of the 'Fioretti' of St. Francis, the childlike simplicity of the 'Golden Legend,' found pictorial expression in Angelico's work. As the study of the nude body was forbidden to a monk, he concentrated all his feeling for physical beauty, all his capacity for dramatic expression, on the faces of his saints and angels, and became a unique exponent of religious sentiment. To the churchman's love of minute and elaborate ornament applied to holy things he united the aspirations of the devout soul toward perfection, and added to the achievements of the Giottesques beauty, distinction, and emotion. Though without doubt his chief glory is a fervor of conviction which passes beyond and above all technique, yet in technique also he sets a worthy example; and he owes to his composition, as well as to his conviction, the fact that he charms at once the ignorant, the devotee, the dilettante, and the trained artist. To the art student who is occupied with problems of construction and relief, Angelico's lack of the latter and indifference to the former are somewhat shocking; but to the matured artist comes a growing consciousness that the simply and admirably composed little scenes from the life of Christ, in the Florentine Academy, with their flat masses of brilliant color, are a never-ending source of delight to the eye, and that he may sooner tire of the great technical achievements of the Renaissance than of these perfectly decorative little panels. Add to the effect of the latter the growth of art-knowledge shown by Fra Angelico in his frescos in the Chapel of Nicholas v.

in the Vatican (frescos which, in their juxtaposition to the stanze of Raphael, are like the full chant of the medieval church beside the chorded melodies of Palestrina); add to these again the fresco of Orvieto; lastly, consider the very early epoch of Fra Angelico, and that he was well known even before Masaccio began the frescos of the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine, and it must be admitted that here, in spite of his self-imposed limitations, was one of the greatest masters of the Renaissance.

THOUGH Fra Angelico completed the cycle of purely supernatural art, he also led the way to that wonderful fusion of the supernatural and the natural in which Italian art culminated a century later. He was the last disciple of Giotto, the first harbinger of Raphael.—COSMO MONKHOUSE

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE: FLORENCE ET VENISE'

IN the midst of all the commotion and travail of the fifteenth century in Florence there stood a tranquil convent wherein dreamed, sweetly and piously, a mystic of ancient days, Fra Angelico da Fiesole. . . .

Nothing disturbed him in his peaceful contemplation. Around him all actions were prescribed and all objects colorless; day after day regular hours brought before him the same white walls, the same dark luster of the wainscoting, the same straight folds of cowls and frocks, the same rustling of steps passing to and fro between refectory and chapel. Delicate, indeterminate sensations arise vaguely in such monotony, while tender reverie, like a rose sheltered from life's rude blasts, blooms afar from the great highway clattering with human footsteps.

But the splendor of eternal day was disclosed to Fra Angelico's eyes, and henceforth every effort of the painter centered upon expressing it. Glittering staircases of jasper and amethyst lead up to the throne on which celestial beings are seated. Golden aureoles gleam around their brows; red, azure, and green robes, fringed, bordered, and striped with gold, flash like glories. Gold runs in threads over baldachins, enriches embroideries on copes, radiates like stars on tunics, and gleams from diadems; while topazes, rubies, and diamonds sparkle in flaming constellations on jeweled crowns. All is light; it is the outburst of mystic illumination. Through this prodigality of gold and azure one tint prevails, that of the sun and of paradise. This is not common daylight; it is too brilliant; it effaces the brightest hues, completely envelops all the forms and reduces them to mere shadows. In fact, the soul is everything; ponderable matter becomes transfigured; its relief is no longer perceptible, its substance having evaporated; nothing remains but an ethereal form which swims in azure and in splendor. At other times the blessed approach paradise over luxuriant meadows strewn with red and white flowers, and under beautiful blooming trees; angels conduct them, and, hand in hand, they lovingly form a circle; the burden of the flesh no longer oppresses them; their heads starred with rays, they glide through the air up to the flaming gate from which a golden illumination issues. Christ, on high, within a triple row of angels pressed together like flowers, smiles upon them beneath his aureole.

Fra Angelico's personages are worthy of their situation. Although beautiful and ideal, his Christ, even in celestial triumph, is pale, pensive, and slightly emaciated; he is the eternal friend, the somewhat melancholy consoler of the 'Imitation of Christ,' the poetic, merciful Lord which the saddened heart imagines, and not the over healthy figure of the Renaissance painters. At the day of judgment he does not condemn; his countenance is turned toward the blessed, toward those whom he loves. Near him the Virgin, kneeling with downcast eyes, seems like a young maiden who has just communed. Under the long blue gold-embroidered mantle in which she is enveloped her form is scarcely defined. No one can imagine, till he has seen it, such immaculate modesty, such virginal candor; Raphael's virgins compared with her are merely simple, vigorous peasant girls. Fra Angelico's other figures are of the same order. Every expression is based on two sentiments—the innocence of the calm spirit preserved in the cloister, and the rapture of the blessed spirit that sees God. There are no violent or eager emotions in this world that he paints; all is partially veiled, or arrested midway by the tranquillity or the obedience of the cloister.

But the most charming of Angelico's figures are the angels. We see them kneeling in silent rows around heavenly thrones, or pressing together in garlands in the azure. The youngest among them are sweet, lovable children, with minds unruffled by a suspicion of evil; they do not think deeply; each head, in its golden circle, smiles and is happy; it will smile forever, and this is its entire life. Others, with flamboyant wings like birds of paradise, play on musical instruments or sing, and their faces are radiant. One of them, raising his trumpet to his lips, stops as if surprised by a resplendent vision. Another with a violoncello to his shoulder seems to muse over the exquisite sound of his own instrument. Two others with joined hands seem to be contemplating and adoring.

To the harmony of tones is added the harmony of colors. Tints are not increased or decreased nor intermingled as in ordinary painting. Each vestment is of one color; red contrasted with blue, bright green with pale purple, gold embroidery placed on dark amaranth, like the simple, sustained strains of an angelic melody. The painter delights in this; he cannot find colors for his saints pure enough or ornaments sufficiently precious. He forgets that his figures are images; he bestows the faithful care of a believer, of a worshiper, upon them; he embroiders their robes as if they were real; he covers their mantles with filigree as fine as the finest work of the goldsmith; he paints complete little pictures on their copes; he delicately unfolds their beautiful light tresses, arranges their curls, adjusts the folds of their tunics, carefully defines the round, monastic tonsures on their heads; he even follows them into heaven that he may love and serve them there.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

TO Fra Angelico belongs the glory of fixing, in a series of imperishable visions, the religious ideal of the Middle Ages, just at the moment when it was about to disappear forever.—GEORGES LAFENESTRE

I. B. SUPINO 'FRA ANGELICO'

TRADITION shows us Fra Angelico absorbed in his work, and either caressing with his brush one of those graceful angelic figures which have made him immortal, or reverently outlining the sweet image of the Virgin before which he himself would kneel in adoration. Legend pictures him devoutly prostrate in prayer before beginning work, that his soul might be purified, and fitted to understand and render the divine subject. But has tradition any foundation in fact? Why not? Through his numberless works we may easily divine the soul of the artist, and can well understand how the calm and serene atmosphere of the monastic cell, the church perfumed with incense, the cloister vibrating with psalms, would develop the mystic sentiment in such a mind.

Among all the masters who have attempted to imbue the human form with the divine spirit, Fra Angelico is perhaps the only one who succeeded in producing purely celestial figures, and this with such marvelous simplicity of line that they have become the glory of his art. He put into his work the flame of an overpowering passion; under his touch features were beautified and figures animated with a new mystic grace. His forms are often, it is true, conventional, and there is a certain sameness in his heads, with their large oval countenances; his small eyes, outlined around the upper arch of the eyebrow, with black spots for pupils, sometimes lack expression; his mouths are always drawn small, with a thickening of the lips in the center, and the corners strongly accentuated; the color of his faces is either too pink or too yellow; the folds of his robes (often independent of the figure, especially in the lower part) fall straight, and, in the representations of the seated Virgin, expand on the ground as if to form the foot of a chalice. But in his frescos these faults of conventional manner almost entirely disappear, giving place to freer drawing, more lifelike expression, and a character of greater power.

There is no doubt that Fra Angelico felt the beneficent influx of the new style, of which Masaccio was the greatest champion, and that he followed it, abandoning, up to a certain point, the primitive Giottesque forms. There is in his art the great medieval ideal, rejuvenated and reinvigorated by the spirit of newer times. Being in the beginning of his career, as is generally believed, only an illuminator, he continued, with subtle delicacy, and accurate, almost timid design, to illuminate in larger proportions on his panels. But in his later works, while still preserving the simplicity of handling and the innate character of his style, he displays a new tendency, and learns to give life to his figures, not only by the expression of purity and sweet ecstasy, but in finer particularization of form and action.

His clear diaphanous transparency of coloring is not used from lack of technical ability, but to approach more nearly to his ideal of celestial visions —a species of pictorial religious symbolism. In the midst of his calm and serene compositions Fra Angelico gives us figures in which a healthy realism is strongly accentuated; figures drawn with decision, strong chiaroscuro, and robust coloring, which show that he did not deliberately disdain the progress made in art by his contemporaries. Indeed we should err in believing that

he was unwilling to recognize the artistic developments going on around him; but he profited by the movement only as far as he deemed possible without losing his own sentiment and character. Perhaps he divined that if he had followed the new current too closely it would have carried him farther than he wished to go; that the new manner would have removed him forever from his ideal—in a word, that too intense study of the real would have diminished or entirely impeded fantasy and feeling, and therefore kept himself constant to his old style, and while perfecting himself in it, still remained what he always had been, and what he felt he should be.—FROM THE ITALIAN BY LEADER SCOTT

WHILE the artists about him were absorbed in mastering the laws of geometry and anatomy, Fra Angelico sought to express the inner life of the adoring soul. The message that his pictures convey might have been told almost as perfectly upon the lute or viol. His world is a strange one—a world not of hills and fields and flowers and men of flesh and blood, but one where the people are embodied ecstasies, the colors tints from evening clouds or apocalyptic jewels, the scenery a flood of light or a background of illuminated gold. His mystic gardens, where the ransomed souls embrace, and dance with angels on the lawns outside the City of the Lamb, are such as were never trodden by the foot of man in any paradise of earth.—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

G. C. WILLIAMSON 'FRA ANGELICO'

FRA ANGELICO was a man of intense religion, of great sweetness of mind, and of exceeding fervor. His aim was to paint the scenes of the gospel story with all his heart and with all his mind, but he never forgot that they were to be done also with all his skill. He was intensely moved by them, felt the truth of all their story, and wished to carry the thoughts of those who looked at his works up to a higher level and to cause them to see things spiritual; but withal he was so thoroughly an artist that his eyes were wide open upon the world, and he was able to absorb its color, its scenes of pageantry, its life, its movement, and its accessories, and to use all in his pictures. . . .

The quality of etherealization, of spirituality, upon which so many writers have laid stress, must equally not be overlooked, as it is a very real quality of distinction. Fra Angelico grasped, as but few artists have ever grasped, the quality of "vision." He steps back from ordinary mundane things, and takes us into the world of spiritual beings.

He is a master of light, and sheds it around his visions with a lustrous white glow that is very marvelous. His effects are produced in the simplest fashion; the colors are pure and clear, there are but few figures in each scene, and these are simply grouped, and there is an entire absence in these spiritual visions of any accessories that would distract attention or spoil the desired effect. There is hardly any symbolism, there are hardly any adjuncts to the story, only just the barest elements of the pictures presented with an intense

and overwhelming directness. Even in his panel-pictures there is, combined with the exuberance of richness inseparable from the trains of bright angels that are introduced, a simplicity about the central scene that is very convincing.

In color, Fra Angelico is noted for his love of the pure elemental tints; of clear, sharp blue, of exquisite rose, of vivid green, of gold, and of pure, brilliant white; but all are so cunningly combined as to produce a harmony that is always delightful. He loved the radiance of glowing white, and was able by the most subtle shading to intensify its brightness. He was a master of the methods of combining true fresco with what is called *fresco secco*, or painting on a dry, hard ground, and he used both methods in the same work so as to give the fullest value to his colors. A gold background was his favorite for the miniature-like work that marked his earlier productions, but, as he grew older, he relinquished this very fine treatment and drew with a larger and fuller brush in strong, powerful fashion.

His draperies are often stiff and conventional, but more must not be expected of him in that respect than he was able to perform, for he was, be it remembered, a fifteenth-century painter, a man of ripe intelligence certainly, but limited by the knowledge of his time. He was a great artist, however, a humble, earnest worker, and withal a painter who loved his work, gloried in the skill that had been given him, and, while placing it all as a tribute of faith before God, yet strove that the gift should be his very best, and should lack nothing for want of care, of perseverance, or of painstaking anxiety.

The Works of Fra Angelico

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE I

DURING the French invasion of 1812, this famous picture, then in the conventual Church of San Domenico at Fiesole, was taken to Paris, where it is now one of the glories of the Louvre. The miniature-like qualities of the painting, the absence of shadows, and the lavish use of gold, as well as the Gothic features of the design, mark it as one of Fra Angelico's earlier achievements. It was probably executed about 1425.

"Time," writes Théophile Gautier, "has not tarnished the ideal freshness of this painting, delicate as a miniature in some old missal, the tints of which share the whiteness of the lily, the roseate hues of morning, the blue of the sky, and the gold of the stars. Christ is seated upon a throne with marble steps, the varied colors of which are symbolic. He holds a crown of rich workmanship above the head of the Virgin, who kneels before him. Around them throng a choir of angels playing upon musical instruments. Light flames flutter about their heads, and their wings palpitate with joy at this glorious coronation, which is to transform the humble handmaid of the Lord into the Lady of Paradise.

"From both sides of the throne the hosts of the blessed contemplate the scene—apostles, bishops, and founders of monastic orders, all distinguished by their emblems. A charming group of saints of celestial grace is in the foreground: the kneeling Magdalene with her vase of ointment; St. Cecilia crowned with roses; St. Clara with her starry veil; St. Catherine of Alexandria leaning upon the wheel, the instrument of her martyrdom; and St. Agnes with a white lamb in her arms, symbol of innocence and purity. These youthful saints are endowed with heavenly beauty; they are visible souls rather than bodies—thoughts in human forms, enveloped in chaste draperies of white, rose-color, and blue, embroidered with stars—clad as happy spirits might be, who rejoice in the eternal light of Paradise."

'DANCE OF THE ANGELS' FROM 'THE LAST JUDGMENT' PLATE II

IN Fra Angelico's 'Last Judgment,' of which the detail known as 'Paradise,' or 'The Dance of the Angels,' is here reproduced, Christ is represented seated on high surrounded by cherubim and seraphim. Saints and apostles are on either side, and in the center below is a cemetery with open graves, on one side of which are the figures of the damned whom devils thrust down to hell, and beyond, the seven circles of Dante's 'Inferno.' On the other side of the graves throng the blessed, welcomed by angels who lead them towards the heavenly city. Here in a green and flower-strewn meadow, illumined by a celestial light which streams from the open portals of Paradise, the 'Dance of the Angels' takes place.

"The garments of these blessed beings glisten with innumerable golden stars;" writes Padre Marchese, "their heads are wreathed with garlands of red and white roses, and a brilliant flame burns on the forehead of each. Light, airy, graceful, and, even while dancing, absorbed in ecstatic contemplation, they advance toward the celestial city caroling and singing, and the nearer they approach the more ethereal and luminous do their bodies become, until at last, arrived at the holy gates, they are transformed into most subtle and resplendent spirits, and, two by two, holding each other's hands, enter into eternal bliss."

'The Last Judgment,' an early work painted by Fra Angelico for the Convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli, is now in the Florence Academy.

ANGELS FROM THE FRAME OF THE 'MADONNA DEI LINAJUOLI' PLATE III

THE two angels here reproduced (too widely popular to be omitted from any treatise on Fra Angelico) are from the frame of the well-known 'Madonna dei Linajuoli,' a large altar-piece painted in 1433 for the Gild of Flax-workers, or "linajuoli," and now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. A 'Madonna and Child,' enthroned and over life-size, occupy the central panel of this picture, under which is a predella in three parts. Figures of saints are painted on both sides of the doors.

This famous altar-piece is one of the least pleasing of Fra Angelico's works. But of all the artist's creations, the most popular, the most widely known,

and, unfortunately, generally considered as most typical of his art, are the twelve angels playing on musical instruments which adorn the beveled border of its central panel. "Though graceful in form, pleasant in color, and certainly charming to look at," writes Dr. Williamson, "these angels are quite unworthy of being considered representative of the work of an artist who was capable of painting the frescos of San Marco, and it is unfair to judge Fra Angelico by them. As a recent writer has said, 'What great painter before or since has ever been judged by his picture-frames?' and these angels are nothing more than the flat decorations of the frame of the altar-piece, painted in soft colors on a gold ground." But weak and doll-like as these angel figures are, there is something about them which has captivated the fancy of the public, and evoked the extravagant praise of the greater number of the artist's biographers.

'THE MADONNA OF PERUGIA' PLATE IV

THIS picture, the central panel of a great altar-piece in many parts which was painted for the Church of San Domenico at Perugia, is now in the Pinacoteca, or picture-gallery of that city. It was probably painted between 1433 and 1437, during Fra Angelico's sojourn at Fiesole—a transition period in his career when he began to be affected by the great art movement of his time, to emancipate himself by degrees from the cramping influence of the miniaturists, and to acquire greater freedom of style.

In the 'Madonna of Perugia' he shows not only a fuller understanding of the human form than in his earlier works, but a truer conception of the relation that exists between mother and child. The Madonna, seated under a Renaissance canopy, looks with tender and motherly solicitude upon her Son, who, no longer the stiff, doll-like little figure of early Italian art, but "a real child, with rounded limbs and sweet infantile expression," stands upon his mother's lap and leans against her arm. He holds a pomegranate in one hand and raises the other in blessing. The two graceful angels on each side of the throne hold baskets full of red and white roses.

'THE DEPOSITION' PLATE V

"AMONG the panels painted by Fra Angelico for the Florentine churches and convents," writes Signor Supino, "the one which excels all in intensity of sentiment and sincerity of expression is 'The Deposition,' once in the sacristy of the Church of Santa Trinità, Florence, and now in the Academy of that city; a panel 'to which,' Vasari tells us, 'the artist devoted so much care that it may be numbered among the best of his works.'

"The disciples, with loving reverence, lower the body of the Saviour from the cross, which occupies the center of the composition. The nude body is intelligently rendered in nobility of form, softness of line, and transparency of coloring. A group of women stand on the left: Mary Magdalene, conspicuous by her long yellow hair and red robe, kisses the feet of Christ, and the Madonna gazes upon him in an ecstasy of grief. On the right the disciples discuss the melancholy drama.

"The landscape in the background shows defects of perspective, but the mountains shade off delicately against the distant blue of the sky, the plain is enameled with infinite flowers, and rich verdure clothes the summit of the sacred hill. Although the picture has suffered much at the hands of restorers, the whole work is marked by grandeur and simplicity combined with harmony of coloring, correctness of design, and deep religious feeling."

That 'The Deposition' is one of Fra Angelico's later works is evidenced by the advance it shows in the drawing and modeling of the drapery and forms. In the figure seated on the step of the ladder, robed in blue and wearing a black cap, the artist has introduced a portrait of his friend Michelozzo, the architect, who, born in 1396, is here shown as a man between forty-five and fifty years of age. This would seem to fix the date of the painting as between 1441 and 1446.

'THE CRUCIFIXION' PLATE VI

THIS great fresco, the largest of Fra Angelico's works, was painted probably about 1442. It completely covers the eastern wall of the chapter-house of the Convent of San Marco, Florence. The picture has been badly injured by "restoration," many of the figures having been much impaired, and it has generally been supposed that the red color of the background was likewise attributable to vandalism; but as Professor Douglas has pointed out, the inharmonious red ground was merely the usual preparation of fresco-painters of that day for a blue, which in this case, if ever added, has now entirely disappeared.

In this fresco Fra Angelico has depicted the death of Christ rather as a sacred mystery than a historical event, and has introduced various saints and founders of religious orders as spectators of the scene. Near the foot of the cross kneels St. Dominic, gazing reverently upward; behind him is St. Jerome, also kneeling, his cardinal's hat beside him on the ground; and further back, St. Francis of Assisi, overcome with grief. Near these three founders of monastic orders stand St. Augustine and St. Albert of Vercelli, behind whom is St. Benedict holding a bundle of rods. St. Bernard, in white, clasps a book, St. John Gualberto kneels weeping, St. Romualdo leans upon a staff, and at the extreme end of the group are the two Dominican saints, St. Peter Martyr and St. Thomas Aquinas.

On the other side of the cross the Madonna is supported by St. John and two of the Marys; near them are St. John the Baptist with the wooden cross, St. Mark with an open book, St. Laurence with the gridiron, instrument of his martyrdom, and finally St. Cosmas and St. Damian, patrons of the Medici family. Half-figures of prophets bearing scrolls adorn the arch of the simulated frame, and medallions containing portraits of the most illustrious members of the Dominican Order form a frieze underneath the picture.

"In this fresco," writes Lafenestre, "Fra Angelico has given us the highest measure of his spiritual capacity combined with an unaccustomed vigor of style. The figures ranged on either side of the crucified Christ present, with extraordinary intensity of emotion, all the aspirations of Giotto and his

followers toward an ideal expression. Every shade of ecstasy, of grief, of compassion which the death of the Saviour could inspire in the faithful is rendered with the same fidelity. Religious art could go no further."

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE VII

FRA ANGELICO painted this 'Annunciation,' bearing a Latin inscription inviting all passers-by to say an Ave to Our Lady, in the upper corridor of the cloisters of San Marco, Florence. The fair-haired Virgin, clad in a pale pink dress and dark blue mantle, seated upon a rough wooden stool in an open loggia, reverently receives the message brought to her by the angel, who, with wings still outspread as if he had just alighted from heavenly heights, bows before her whom he hails as the chosen one of God. His pale rose-colored robe is edged with gold, and his wings glow with delicate tints of rose and violet, green and yellow. Through the arches of the slender columns we see a garden where the grass is starred with daisies, and beyond its wooden paling rose-bushes and tall cypress-trees grow. An evening light enhances the holy calm that pervades the scene.

'THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT' PLATE VIII

THIS little panel, but fifteen inches square, is one of a series of thirty-five scenes from the life of Christ, painted, probably about 1449, by order of Piero de' Medici, to decorate the doors of the presses which held the silver altar-plate of the Church of the Annunziata, Florence. The whole series, now in the Florence Academy, was executed under Fra Angelico's direct supervision, but some of the panels must be assigned altogether, or in great part, to his pupils and assistants. 'The Flight into Egypt,' which is here reproduced, is one of the finest of all the scenes, and was executed by Fra Angelico himself.

The subject is treated in the manner of Giotto, and is impressive in the simplicity and directness with which the story is told. The Virgin, wrapped in a long blue mantle and riding upon an ass, clasps the Child tenderly in her arms, while St. Joseph, clad in a yellow tunic, walks behind, carrying his cloak on a staff borne across his shoulder. The winding mountain path is bordered with cypresses and olive-trees, and wildflowers cover the ground.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF ST. LAURENCE PLATES IX AND X

IN the winter of 1447-48, at the instance of Pope Nicholas v., Fra Angelico began the decoration of the little square chamber in the Vatican, Rome, then known as the "studio" of the pope, and now called the Chapel of Nicholas v. On three of the walls of this small oratory he painted in two tiers, one above the other, six scenes from the life of St. Stephen and five from that of St. Laurence. These two series of frescos, executed when the artist was sixty years of age, represent his highest achievement, not only in technical skill and in modeling, but in freedom and dramatic power. The classic details of the architecture introduced give evidence of his close study of the antique,

and show that the painter-monk was in touch with the progress of the times. The two reproductions here given are from the lower series of frescos, which is devoted to St. Laurence.

PLATE IX: 'ST. LAURENCE RECEIVING THE TREASURES OF THE CHURCH.' This scene represents the saint kneeling to receive the treasures of the Church from Pope Sixtus II., by whom he had been appointed deacon. Three monks stand near, one of whom turns quickly at the noise made at the door by two soldiers who have come to conduct Sixtus to martyrdom.

PLATE X: 'ST. LAURENCE GIVING ALMS.' This fresco shows St. Laurence distributing alms to the poor. The figure of the saint, richly clad in ecclesiastical vestments, and glowing with color, the architectural background of columns closed by the apse of the church, the expressive faces and attitudes of the lame, the halt, and the blind gathered about St. Laurence, make up a scene which is generally considered the greatest of all Fra Angelico's works.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY FRA ANGELICO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Christ in Glory — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Coronation of the Virgin (Plate I); Martyrdom of St. Cosmas and St. Damian; Crucifixion (fresco) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Last Judgment; Madonna and Saints; St. Dominic and St. Francis; Glory of St. Francis — MUNICH GALLERY: Two Scenes from the Lives of St. Cosmas and St. Damian; Entombment — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: St. Cosmas and St. Damian — ITALY. CORTONA, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Madonna, Saints, and Evangelists (fresco); Madonna and Saints — CORTONA, ORATORIO DEL GESÙ: Annunciation; Two Predelle — FIESOLE, CHURCH OF SAN DOMENICO: Madonna and Saints (repainted by Lorenzo di Credi); Crucifixion (fresco) — FLORENCE, ACADEMY: The Deposition (Plate V); Madonna and Six Saints; Series of Panels with the Life of Christ including 'The Flight into Egypt' (Plate VIII); Entombment; Crucifixion; Coronation of the Virgin; Madonna and Four Saints; Two Scenes from the Lives of St. Cosmas and St. Damian; Last Judgment (see Plate II); Madonna and Eight Saints; Pietà and Saints — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: 'Madonna dei Linajuoli' (see Plate III); Birth of St. John; Coronation of the Virgin; Marriage of the Virgin — FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF SAN MARCO [CLOISTER]: St. Peter Martyr, St. Dominic at the foot of the Cross, St. Thomas Aquinas, Christ as a Pilgrim, Pietà (frescos); [CHAPTER-HOUSE] The Crucifixion (Plate VI) (fresco); [CORRIDOR] Annunciation (Plate VII); St. Dominic at the foot of the Cross, Madonna and Saints (frescos); [CELLS] 'Noli me Tangere,' Entombment, Annunciation, Crucifixion, Nativity, Transfiguration, Ecce Homo, Resurrection, Coronation, Presentation, Descent to Limbo, Sermon on the Mount, Betrayal, Agony in the Garden, Institution of the Sacrament, Nailing to the Cross, Crucifixion, Adoration of the Magi, Crucifixion (frescos); 'Madonna della Stella'; Annunciation and Adoration of the Magi — ORVIETO, CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF SAN BRIZIO: Last Judgment (in part) (fresco) — PARMA GALLERY: Madonna and Saints — PERUGIA GALLERY: Eighteen parts of an Altar-piece including 'The Madonna of Perugia' (Plate IV) — PISA, CIVIC MUSEUM: Salvator Mundi — ROME, CORSINI GALLERY: Pentecost; Last Judgment; Resurrection — ROME, VATICAN GALLERY: Madonna, Child, and Angels; Two Scenes from the Life of St. Nicholas of Bari — ROME, VATICAN, CHAPEL OF POPE NICHOLAS V.: Scenes from the Lives of St. Stephen and St. Laurence including 'St. Laurence Receiving the Treasures of the Church from Pope Sixtus' (Plate IX), 'St. Laurence Giving Alms' (Plate X) (frescos) — TURIN GALLERY: Two Adoring Angels — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Madonna and Saints (fresco) — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Annunciation — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER'S COLLECTION: Death and Assumption of the Virgin.

Fra Angelico Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH FRA ANGELICO

ALEXANDRE, A. Histoire populaire de la peinture: école italienne. Paris [1894]—BALDINUCCI, F. Notizie dei professori del disegno. Florence, 1845–47—BEISSEL, S. Fra Giovanni Angelico, sein Leben und seine Werke. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1895—BERENSON, B. Florentine Painters of the Renaissance. New York, 1896—BILLI, A. Il libro di Antonio Billi. Berlin, 1892—BORDET, L., and PONNELLE, L. Conversazioni romane. Paris, 1902—BURCKHARDT, J. Der Cicerone. Leipsic, 1898—CARTIER, E. Life of Beato Angelico da Fiesole. London, 1865—CARTWRIGHT, J. The Painters of Florence. London, 1901—CRAWFORD, V. Fra Angelico. London, 1900—CROWE, J. A., and CAVALCASELLE, G. B. History of Painting in Italy. London, 1864—DOBBERT, E. Fra Giovanni Angelico (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler, etc.). Leipsic, 1878—DOUGLAS, L. Fra Angelico. London, 1900—FÖRSTER, E. J. Leben und Werke des Fra Giovanni Angelico. Ratisbon, 1859—FRANTZ, E. Geschichte der Christlichen Malerei. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1887–94—FUMI, L. Il duomo di Orvieto. Rome, 1891—GAUTIER, T. Guide de l'amateur au Musée du Louvre. Paris, 1882—GAUTIER, T., and OTHERS. Les Dieux et les demi-dieux de la peinture. Paris, 1864—GAYE, G. Carteggio inedito degli artisti dei secoli XIV., XV., XVI. Florence, 1839–40—GOODWIN, T. Life of Fra Angelico. London, 1861—JAMESON, A. Memoirs of Early Italian Painters. Boston, 1896—KUGLER, F. T. Italian Schools of Painting. Revised by A. H. Layard. London, 1900—KUHN, A. Allgemeine Kunst-Geschichte. Einsiedeln, 1891—LAFENESTRE, G. La Peinture italienne. Paris [1885]—LINDSAY, A. W. C. Sketches of the History of Christian Art. London, 1885—LÜBKE, W. History of Art. New York, 1878—LUZI, L. Il duomo di Orvieto. Florence, 1866—MANTZ, P. Les Chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture italienne. Paris, 1870—MARCHESE, P. V. Lives of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of the Order of S. Dominic: Trans. by C. P. Meehan. Dublin, 1852—MONTALEMBERT, COMTE DE. Du Vandalisme et du Catholicisme dans l'art. Paris, 1839—MÜNTZ, E. Les Arts à la cour des papes. Paris, 1898—MÜNTZ, E. Histoire de l'art pendant la Renaissance. Paris, 1889—OLIPHANT, M. O. W. The Makers of Florence. London, 1876—PÉRATÉ, A. Les Papes et les arts (in Le Vatican, les papes et la civilisation). Paris, 1895—PHILLIMORE, C. M. Fra Angelico. London, 1881—REYMOND, M. Le Couronnement da la Vierge (in Jouin's Chefs-d'œuvre). Paris, 1895–99—RICHA, G. Notizie istoriche delle chiese fiorentine. Florence, 1754–62—RIO, A. F. De l'art chrétien. Paris, 1864—RUMOHR, C. F. v. Italienische Forschungen. Berlin, 1827–31—SCHLEGEL, A. W. v. Johann von Fiesole (in his collected works). Leipsic, 1846—STILLMAN, W. J. Old Italian Masters. New York, 1892—SUPINO, I. B. Fra Angelico: Trans. by Leader Scott. Florence, 1902—TAINE, H. Voyage en Italie. Paris, 1866—TUMIATI, D. Frate Angelico. Florence, 1897—VASARI, G. Lives of the Painters. New York, 1897—WHERRY, A. Stories of the Tuscan Artists. New York, 1901—WILLIAMSON, G. C. Fra Angelico. London, 1901.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

L'ART, 1883: M. Faucon; L'Œuvre de Fra Angelico à Rome—L'ARTE, 1901: A. Venturi; Beato Angelico e Benozzo Gozzoli—THE MONTH, 1901: H. Lucas; Fra Angelico—PALL MALL MAGAZINE, 1893: G. Allen; Fra Angelico at San Marco—REPERTORIUM FÜR KUNSTWISSENSCHAFT, 1898: M. Wingenroth; Beiträge zur Angelico-Forschung—REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 1853: H. Delaborde; Fra Angelico—REVUE DE L'ART CHRÉTIEN, 1897, 1898: J. Helbig; Fra Giovanni Angelico, par Étienne Beissel—REVUE THOMISTE, 1898: Abbé Auriol; De Fra Angelico. 1901: Clérissac; Fra Angelico et le surnaturel dans l'art—UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE, 1898: Abbé Broussolle; La Critique mystique et Fra Angelico.

MASTERS IN ART

Watteau

FRENCH SCHOOL

WATTEAU
GILLES
LOUVRE, PARIS

WATTEAU
FÊTE GALANTE
BERLIN GALLERY

WATTEAU
FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

WATTEAU
THE FOUNTAIN
MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION, LONDON

WATTEAU
THE EMBARKATION FOR CYTHEREA
ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN

WATTEAU
RENDEZ-VOUS DE CHASSE
WALLACE COLLECTION, LONDON

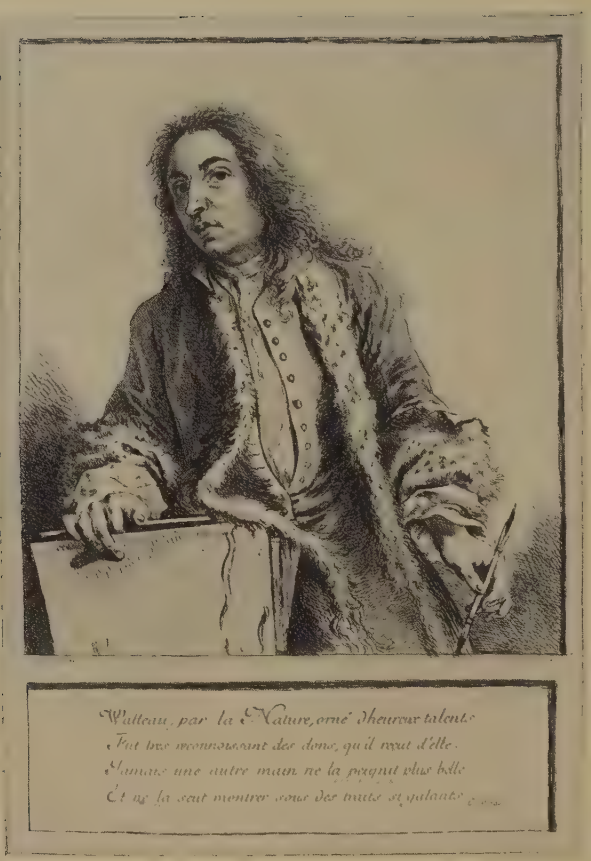
WATTEAU
LOVE AT THE ITALIAN COMEDY
BERLIN GALLERY

WATTEAU
L'AMOUR PAISIBLE
NEW PALACE, POTSDAM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.
[103]

WATTEAU
LA FÊTE D'AMOUR
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

WATTEAU
GERSAINT'S SIGN-BOARD
ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN


Watteau, par la Nature, orné d'heureux talents
Fut très reconnoissant des dons, qu'il reçut d'elle.
Jamais une autre main ne la peignit plus belle
Et ne la sçut montrer sous des traits si galants.

PORTRAIT OF WATTEAU BY HIMSELF
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY BOUCHER

"Watteau," writes his friend Gersaint, "was of medium height, and of a weak constitution. His disposition was restless and changeable; he was strong-willed, not burdened by moral scruple, yet of virtuous conduct. He was impatient, timid, cold and embarrassed in general intercourse, discreet and reserved with strangers, a good friend, but hard to please. He was misanthropic, a bitter and incisive critic, always discontented with himself and others, and unforgiving by nature. No doubt his continual devotion to work, his delicate constitution, and the hardships that he had endured in life made him irritable and increased his faults." The best portrait of Watteau is the one here reproduced from an engraving by F. Boucher made after a drawing by the artist himself.

Jean Antoine Watteau

BORN 1684: DIED 1721
FRENCH SCHOOL

THE following sketch of Watteau (pronounced in French Vaht-toe, and anglicized into Watt'-toe) is taken from the preface to a catalogue written by Edme-François Gersaint, a Parisian picture-dealer who was Watteau's closest friend. It is the account upon which most recent lives of the painter have been based, and many of the anecdotes with which some of these later biographies have been embellished, such as that which represents Watteau on his first appearance in Paris as painter-in-ordinary to the ballet of the opera, or the story of his connection with the dancer "La Montagne," would seem to be apocryphal.—THE EDITOR

EDME-FRANÇOIS GERSAINT . . 'CATALOGUE DE LORANGÈRE'

JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU was born at Valenciennes[1] in the year 1684. He was the son of a master-tiler or carpenter of that city. From early childhood he showed a talent for drawing and used to spend all his spare time in sketching, his favorite subjects being the various charlatans and strolling players who frequently gave performances in the open square of Valenciennes for the entertainment of the passers-by. This may have been the beginning of the love of comic and grotesque scenes that Watteau possessed in spite of the dominant note of melancholy which marked his character.

Recognizing his son's ability for drawing, and wishing him to acquire proficiency in art, Watteau's father placed him with a mediocre painter of Valenciennes, Jacques-Alberté Grin, with whom, however, the boy did not remain long. The elder Watteau, who was somewhat stern by nature, and who was, moreover, in straitened circumstances, found the expense of Antoine's education burdensome, and informed his son that thereafter he must pay for his own instruction, as he was no longer able to defray the expenses. Whereupon, Watteau, who had already begun to chafe under the restraints of a home life which by no means suited his independent spirit, and full of

[1] Up to within a few years of the date of Watteau's birth Valenciennes had been a city of Flanders. Captured by the army of Louis XIV. in 1677, it was in the following year, by the treaty of Nimeguen, definitively assigned to France. It was not therefore by birth, but through his later artistic development in Paris, that Watteau became "the most French of all French painters."—THE EDITOR

ambition in regard to his art, quitted the paternal roof without money or possessions of any kind, determined to take refuge with some painter in Paris, and thus place himself in a position to go on with his studies.

Chance directed him to one Métayer, an artist of no great ability, whom he soon left. He then entered the service of another, inferior even to the first, whose only occupation was painting cheap pictures for provincial peddlers, who bought small portraits and religious subjects by the score or the gross. The master by whom Watteau was now employed had a large custom for this sort of work and made considerable sums thereby. Sometimes he employed as many as a dozen poor pupils, whom he managed as if they had been so many tools. The sole merit that he recognized was prompt execution. Each scholar had his special part to perform. Some painted the skies, some the heads, others devoted themselves to draperies, while others again put in all the high-lights—and when a canvas had passed through the hands of the last among them it was considered complete.

But although engaged in painting such inferior pictures as these, Watteau was nevertheless distinguished among his fellows by his adaptability to every kind of work and by the rapidity of his painting. He was often called upon to repeat the same object over and over again, and so skilful did he become in painting the figure of St. Nicholas, for which there was a great demand, that that saint was reserved exclusively for him. "I knew my St. Nicholas by heart," he once said, "and used to do him without the copy."

He grew very weary of this uninteresting and fruitless kind of labor, but one must live. Although he was kept busy all the week, the pay he received on Saturdays was only three livres, in addition to which a portion of soup was allotted to him every day as a sort of charity. Such was the wretched life that he led for some time; but although painting nothing but such miserable pictures, ambition and a natural love of work led him to make the most of any leisure moments, and he devoted all his evenings and holidays to drawing from nature everything that came to his hand. In this way he acquired a remarkable facility for drawing—a branch of art in which he excelled.

Soon, however, Watteau, tired of wasting his life on painting that he knew to be unworthy his ability, determined to leave so unprofitable a school, and presented himself to the painter Claude Gillot, who received him with pleasure, recognizing at once his intelligence and his ability.

It would have been impossible for Watteau while studying under this master not to imbibe a certain taste for the grotesque as well as for those subjects of contemporary life of which he afterwards painted so many. And it must be acknowledged that it was under Gillot's influence that his individuality began to unfold, and that he first showed decided signs of those gifts which were to make him famous. Never were two men more similar in disposition than Gillot and Watteau; but just because they had the same faults never were any two natures more incompatible. It would have been impossible for them to have lived together amicably for any length of time. No fault escaped notice on either side, and finally they were forced to separate. It has been said that Gillot's jealousy of his pupil was the cause of the trouble;

but, be that as it may, it is certain that they parted with quite as much satisfaction as they had previously come together.

Not long after this Watteau became a pupil of Monsieur Claude Audran, custodian of the Luxembourg, who was then busily engaged in decorating that palace with *camayeux* (pictures painted in one color) and arabesques, both styles of painting being fashionable at that time for ornamenting the ceilings and wainscotings of state apartments. Watteau now had a more congenial position than before; and Audran, who soon discovered that he could depend upon the skill and rapidity of his pupil's brush, made life easier for him just in proportion to the amount of remuneration which Watteau's work brought in. It was here in the Luxembourg Palace that Watteau's taste for decorative design was first shown. Several examples of his work in this kind have been preserved in engravings.

But, having no wish to remain in the palace, nor to spend his life in working for another man, Watteau, conscious of his own imaginative powers, ventured to paint a picture in his spare moments on his own account. The subject was 'The Departure of the Troops.' He showed the work to Audran and asked his opinion of it. Now Audran was a clever man, and recognized talent when he saw it. He was startled by the merit which he perceived in the picture, but for fear that he should lose a useful assistant on whom he often relied for the arrangement and even for the composition of his own work, he casually advised Watteau not to waste his time in painting such foolish and fantastic pictures which could not fail to vitiate his taste for what was good. Watteau, however, was not deceived. He determined to leave Audran; and, as he had a wish to see Valenciennes once more, the plea that he wanted to visit his parents furnished him with a good excuse. But he had no money, and his only means of obtaining any was by disposing of his picture. Having no idea how to find a market for it, he consulted Monsieur Spoede in his difficulty, a painter who came from his own neighborhood and was a particular friend. Chance led Monsieur Spoede to Monsieur Sirois, my father-in-law, to whom he showed Watteau's painting. The price agreed upon was sixty livres, and the bargain was closed on the spot. Watteau called for his money and set out gaily for Valenciennes. Those sixty livres were his whole fortune, but he had never been so rich in all his life before!

This transaction was the beginning of a lasting friendship between my father-in-law and Watteau. Monsieur Sirois was so much pleased with the picture that he begged the artist to paint a companion piece; and Watteau eventually sent him from Valenciennes a scene representing 'A Halt of the Army,' painted from life, for which he asked and obtained two hundred livres. . . .

Watteau's natural love of change, added to the lack of competition in art which he found in Valenciennes, where there was nothing to inspire him, determined him to return to Paris. His reputation was by this time beginning to spread; many amateurs had seen and wished to buy the two pictures that belonged to my father-in-law, and before long his talent was recognized and acknowledged by all the connoisseurs.

The fortunate chance that soon after this came in Watteau's way, of taking up his residence in the household of Monsieur Crozat,[1] was the more acceptable to him because he was aware of the valuable treasures of drawings that this collector possessed; and most eagerly did he profit by the opportunity, knowing no keener pleasure than to study and copy the works of the greatest masters. Love of liberty, however, and his spirit of independence, led him to leave Monsieur Crozat. He wished to live according to his own fancy — even though it might be in obscurity — and accordingly retired to my father-in-law's house, where he rented a small apartment. He absolutely forbade the revelation of his place of abode to any one.

The unusual manner in which Watteau was admitted to the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture was greatly to his honor. He was very desirous of going to Italy to study the works of the great masters, especially those of the Venetians, whose coloring and composition he particularly admired. As he was unable to take this journey at his own expense, however, he resolved to solicit the grant of a pension from the king; and to this end decided one day to take the two pictures that he had sold to my father-in-law to the Royal Academy. He accordingly set out, with no other friends or recommendation than his paintings, which he placed in the hall through which the members of the Academy were in the habit of passing. They all noticed the pictures and admired the workmanship, though unaware who the artist might be. Monsieur de la Fosse, a well-known painter of the day, was even more attracted than the others, and, struck by the ability they showed, asked who had painted them. Both pictures were vigorous in color and had a certain harmony about them suggestive of the paintings of some old master. Monsieur de la Fosse was told that they were the work of a young man who had come to beg the intercession of the members of the Academy, as he was anxious to obtain the king's pension that he might go to Italy to study. La Fosse gave orders that the young man should be admitted, and Watteau presented himself. His appearance was not imposing; but he explained with great modesty the object of the step he had ventured upon, and begged that the favor he asked might be granted, if he were so fortunate as to be deemed worthy. "My friend," replied Monsieur de la Fosse, with urbanity, "you are ignorant of your own talent and distrustful of your powers. Believe me, you know more than we, and we consider you capable of doing honor to the Academy. Take the formal steps; we look upon you as one of us." Watteau thereupon withdrew, paid his visits, and was accepted.[2]

[1] The princely residence of Crozat, the financier, and one of the most accomplished connoisseurs of that day, was situated on the corner of the rue Richelieu and what was then the outer boulevard of Paris. It contained an exceptionally valuable collection of works of art, numbering at the death of its owner four hundred paintings by great Italian, Flemish, and other masters, besides nineteen thousand drawings. For the dining-room of his wealthy patron's house Watteau painted four large decorative compositions of the 'Seasons,' which are now known only through engravings. — THE EDITOR

[2] Recent biographers have cast doubt upon this story as related by Gersaint. It seems highly improbable that La Fosse, in the presence of so august a body as the Royal Academicians of France, should have bestowed upon Watteau, then a young and comparatively unknown painter, praise so hyperbolic and in terms so informal. It is, however, a fact that in July, 1712, Watteau was admitted to the Academy by vote, though it was not until five years later that he was formally accorded the full privileges of membership, his reception picture being 'The Embarkation for Cytherea,' now in the Louvre. — THE EDITOR

Not unduly elated by his new dignity, Watteau continued to live in obscurity, and, so far from overestimating his own merit, applied himself still more assiduously to art, and became even more dissatisfied with his work than before. I have often been a witness of his impatience, and of the dislike that he had for his own pictures. Sometimes I have seen him entirely wipe out finished paintings which displeased him because of some fault that he discovered in them; and so great was his disinterestedness that on more than one occasion he became really angry with me because I offered him a reasonable price for certain works which, through generosity, he refused to sell.

From this time until the date of his journey to England, in 1720, owing to the instability of his character, he frequently changed his residence, never feeling satisfied for any length of time with the place which he himself had selected and had been so anxious to possess.

Watteau was very busy while in England. His pictures were much sought after, and commanded high prices. It was during his sojourn there that he first acquired a love for money, which until then he had never cared for, regarding it with indifference, and always feeling that the pay which he received for his pictures was far in excess of their value. But before long the impure air of London, heavy with coal smoke, and very injurious to those who have trouble with their lungs, obliged Watteau to return to Paris; though he was already so severely attacked by the disease called in England "consumption" that ever afterwards life was a burden to him, and by slow stages he was brought to his grave.

Upon his return to Paris in 1721, he came to me one day during the first years of my business establishment there, to ask if I would allow him "in order to limber up his fingers"—that was his expression—to paint a sign-board to be hung up outside of my shop. I hesitated to agree to this, feeling that he ought to be engaged upon work more worthy of him; but seeing that to do it would give him pleasure, I consented. It is well known what a success this sign-board had. The whole thing was painted direct from nature, and the attitudes of the figures were so true and easy, the arrangement so natural, the grouping so clever, that the gaze of all passers-by was attracted, and even the most distinguished painters came again and again to admire it. It was the work of eight days, and during that time Watteau painted only in the mornings, as he was prevented by the state of his health from devoting longer periods to it. It is the only one of his works, as he did not hesitate to confess to me, that in any way aroused his self-conceit.

The weakness that oppressed Watteau at this time, caused by his frail and exhausted constitution, made him apprehensive, at the end of six months, lest he should inconvenience me if he remained any longer in my house. He explained this to me and begged me to find him a suitable lodging elsewhere. It would have been useless for me to resist; he was self-willed and would take no denial. I therefore did as he wished, but he did not long enjoy his new dwelling. His malady increased, his restlessness returned, and he thought that he would feel better in the country. He became impatient, and finally

could only be pacified upon hearing that Monsieur le Febvre had granted him an apartment in his house at Nogent near Vincennes. I took Watteau thither, and returned every two or three days to visit him and offer him what consolation I could.

But the longing for change again tormented him, and he fancied that his native air might yet cure him of his malady. This idea he confided to me, and, that it might be carried out, begged me to make an inventory of the few effects that he still possessed, and to sell them. By this sale about 3,000 livres were realized, of which he made me the trustee; and this together with 6,000 livres, which Monsieur de Julienne had saved for him, represented the entire fruit of his labors, and after his death was paid over to his relatives.

Day after day Watteau continued to hope that he might regain sufficient strength to undertake the journey to Valenciennes, but he grew rapidly worse; the end came suddenly; and he died in my arms at Nogent on the eighteenth of July, 1721, at the age of thirty-seven.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Art of Watteau

G. DARGENTY 'ANTOINE WATTEAU'

WATTEAU'S character was made up of uncertainties, hesitations, and caprices. His dominant passion was the love of change. He devoted himself to things and men, and grew disgusted with them with the same facility. Society he found intolerable. He was happy nowhere but in some hidden corner where he might forgather with one or two chosen friends. There, and there only, he became himself, and could give himself over to his art without reserve or constraint. Elsewhere he appeared somber, moody, and atrabilious. Impatience, inconstancy, caprice—such were the weaknesses that made his whole life wretched; and yet, it is to these very defects of nature that we owe the salient qualities of his genius.

What an indefatigable, passionate worker was this solitary! One wonders how it was possible for this unschooled, unsystematic painter, whose brief life of unrelieved ill-health was one of constant change and interruption, to accomplish such a prodigious amount of work. How, within the limits of so short a life, could this nervous, restless, sickly lad have produced a multitude of pictures, not one of which lacks some spark of genius, and many of which are masterpieces?

It was the result of his underlying singleness of passion and desire, of the fact that his whole life was shaped toward one end, devoted to one object—his art. It was this overmastering passion that was the lodestone of his otherwise unshaped existence, that galvanized his febrile nerves, that made this suffering invalid an impassioned toiler of almost unparalleled productiveness.

The insatiable desire to create was born in him; but it was thanks to his fortunate misfortunes—the grinding labors and studies, the tasks and task-

masters of his youth—that he gained the facility that enabled his hand to keep pace in a measure with the passion of his spirit. His prodigious powers of creation were the result of a wonderful natural aptitude joined to a self-imposed course of long and minute observation of things, and constant practice in the reproduction of them under all aspects, which finally resulted in a profound and scientific skill. In the whole range of art there is no draftsmanship more individual, more independent of tradition, more clear, fine, and intelligent than Watteau's. He has no superior in verve, fantasy, grace, and fertility of invention; and yet you feel in every line of body—the curve of neck, the sweep of limb, or bend of shoulder, or nervous grasp of those unrivaled hands of his—in every multitudinous fold of shimmering satin stuff, that here a master is at work whose science is impeccable. Nothing is slurred over, and however far away from the material world the wings of his fantasy bear him, he never expresses that fantasy except in terms of absolute truth. Always behind the poet is the master painter whose eye is forever alert to catch and retain every effect of line and form, and whose hand is indefatigable to seize and record every shade of truth with consummate skilfulness.

To turn to the ethical side of Watteau's art: is it not remarkable that nowhere throughout his work is the least trace of his darker moods to be found—of his bitter personal irony, or the petulant sarcasm which in his daily life bore witness to the unhappiness of his spirit? His pictures are poetic visions, freed from all suggestion of things gross or sordid—there is nothing in any one of them wherein we may read the character of the painter.

Mundane things were to him only symbols used to clothe the shadow of his dreams, to body forth a mood. These men and women in his pictures, these shimmering silks, these trees and fountains, urns and statues, are not real, but only the denizens and objects of a dreamed universe, whose very atmosphere is the breath of fantasy; within which live beings, wonderfully natural to the sight, indeed, but freed from all material grossness—a race created to smile away their lives to unheard melodies, the end and consummation of whose existence is to be set in graceful groups and charming attitudes; begotten only that they might dwell in a land where it is ever afternoon, where the very clouds are motionless, where brooks steal silently among the flowers forever, where it is always springtime, where life is sustained, like the souls of the Egyptians, upon the fragrant odors of food; where all natures are attuned to the same harmony, and there is no labor, nor desire, nor passion; no other duty but to stroll at leisure endlessly through the fresh shade —a world not above our human life, but beside it, a faint musical echo of it, its shadow on a rainbow.

What led Watteau to call such a world into existence? Paradox as it may sound, he created this fantastic paradise out of the bitter wretchedness of his own stricken existence.

All men of creative genius are slaves to their own temperaments. The creator whose blood is red, whose circulation is rapid, and whose muscles are strong gives birth to vigorous conceptions. Because of his abounding strength, he feels able to cope with things as they are, and his inclination is toward

things tangible, things which can satisfy the health of his body and the sanity of his imagination. But the frail and sickly poet, out of tune with the grossness of the real, shrinks from the strenuous passions and strifes of humanity. Things as they are are too strong, too brutal, for him, and not being able to modify that which is, the suffering genius (how often have we seen it instanced) builds as a refuge a pleasure palace for his own frail soul, a world from which all elements which hurt him in the real world are absent, a fairy land of calm, of peace, of gentle passions and of laughter sweet, where spring reigns eternal, and the trees are green forever; a world where none is strong and none is weak, where none elbows or importunes another, where health and universal happiness are the common lot—such was the world which Watteau created for himself. Here he might find refuge. Here the delicacy of his fantasy was never shattered; here his sick soul might find itself safe from all contact with the brutality of real life. Here, at last, he might live at his ease after his heart's desire.

And for this fantastic world he created, or rather transmuted, nature as he had transmuted humanity, and it is perhaps in his landscapes that the poet reveals himself most clearly. Those deep perspectives, those clear waters, those springing trees, express a stronger emotion than we feel from the groups of people who seem created rather to adorn these special Edens than for their own sakes. Man here is made for nature, and not nature for man. For the setting of his wonderland he has chosen, out of her infinite variety, only that which is sweet, fresh, reposeful, placid, and temperate.

And yet, with all his distaste for the merely mundane, Watteau was a realist—an immaterial realist, if we may employ the expression. It was only because of his unrivaled knowledge of nature that he was able to create and to make real to us this world from which all natural grossness is purged away. From this Eden of his own creation he drove out the true man, with all his hateful human weaknesses and uglinesses, and replaced him by human shadows which resemble him astonishingly, but which are wholly composed of delicacy, fineness, elegance, and grace. In a word, Watteau, with the refined essences of things real, created an ideal world; and therein consists his genius.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

GABRIEL SÉAILLES 'ANTOINE WATTEAU'

THE reputation of Antoine Watteau has undergone strange vicissitudes. Appreciated by the connoisseurs of his own day; admired and imitated after his death by the artists of the eighteenth century, to whom his works were an inspiration; despised and reviled at a time when the French school, by a reaction, which in a way was perfectly legitimate, had adopted as its aim the grand style of the antique in emulation of its leader David, whose pupils pelted with bread pellets Watteau's masterpiece 'The Embarkation for Cytherea,' which had been relegated to a class room of the Academy; then, later, springing again into glory, a poet celebrated and sung by poets; and finally reinstated in his rightful place among those painters whose genius gave expression to a new shade of human feeling. . . .

Antoine Watteau was born at Valenciennes, six years after its union with France. Monsieur de Julienne calls him a "Flemish painter of the French Royal Academy;" but if it be true that he owes something to his Flemish origin,—something of his qualities as well as of his faults, something of his poetry and even of his style,—surely no painter is more thoroughly French, nor could a stronger example be cited of the futility of those theories which would confine individuals and races within certain geographical limits. If Watteau does borrow the elements of his picturesque language from Antwerp and from Venice, from Rubens, whose works in the Luxembourg Palace he studied with such avidity, from Titian and Veronese, whose pictures he longed to see in Italy, and with which he became familiar while an inmate of Crozat's house, he formed from these borrowed elements a language all his own, together with a style that was entirely individual and most decidedly French.

Watteau's language translates the eloquence and the splendor of his masters, both Flemish and Italian, into one that is living, alert, and full of spirit. For established conventions, grandeur of conception, and breadth of tone he substitutes delicate effects of light, the capricious play of sunshine as it lights up a gleaming fold of satin, or touches with gold the curve of a neck, or caresses a smiling profile. His drawing is an expression of all that is most subtle in contour and in modeling. He avoids those faults with which French painters are so often reproached, he does not overstep the limits of his art, he attempts neither psychology nor eloquence, he does not think in words, he does not translate. Painting is his natural language. Line and color are for him a sufficient means of expression; he is intellectual without being literary. . . .

I have never seen a picture by Watteau in a foreign gallery without feeling refreshed, as it were, by a breath of my native air. Though he does not express all that is peculiar to the French mind, nor even that which is most elevated in French art, yet this Fleming is the true French painter *par excellence*, interpreting all that marks the national spirit—the quickness, the irony, the coquetry—all those graces which have charmed, and sometimes irritated, the world; and by a peculiarly original combination of those elements, he creates emotion, fantasy, poetic illusion, and picturesque charm.—

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE 'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

IF genius consists in finding absolutely new and personal formulæ in which to express ideas as old as the world itself, we shall recognize the possession of this quality in Watteau, for he has originated a language in which he still remains inimitable. He has points in common with the Venetians and with the Flemings, but he is neither Venetian nor Flemish. His practice with Gillot and Audran, his two principal masters, may have had a certain influence on his choice of subject and his trend of thought, but he does not in the least resemble either Audran or Gillot. In fact, at a time when the eight-

eenth century had hardly begun, he was Watteau, the creator of all that is most exquisite in eighteenth-century art. . . .

To Rubens, to Gillot, to Audran, to the Italian opera, to the Luxembourg, he owes all and he owes nothing. Flemish by education, capricious historian of the Italian comedy, Watteau is nevertheless a French painter—profoundly and exclusively French. His origin can be traced to none of those who opened his eyes and made his début easy. To himself and himself alone he owes his grace and delicacy, the bloom on his flesh, the soft and brilliant eyes of his women; his supple, warm, and sparkling manner of rendering draperies and of suggesting landscape.

One of his earliest biographers, Comte de Caylus, tells us that Watteau "copied and studied with avidity" the splendid works of Rubens which were then at the Luxembourg, and that "he constantly drew from the trees of that beautiful garden, which, less carefully trimmed than those of the other royal palaces, furnished him with an infinite number of motives." In these Luxembourg Gardens, at the close of day when the sky becomes suffused with purple and gold, we may still evoke the memory of those scenes which so charmed the painter's imagination. The beautiful avenues under the delicate and feathery branches of the great trees are lost to view in sinuous windings; the promenaders pass like shadows before our half-dreaming, half-wondering gaze, and we should not be surprised to see the men suddenly become clad like Gilles and like Trivelins, or the ladies, who lean lightly on their arms, arrayed in variegated robes of satin, with long trains falling in large plaits from their shoulders. . . .

It was through a love of his art, and by indefatigable labor, that Watteau, drawing and painting unceasingly, perfected his manner, making it richer and more subtle, giving it body and style. His language was his own, created by him from the beginning. It was the springing up of his spirit; the vigorous expression of his vision of the world, of qualities of mind both tender and elegant; and all this he owed to no one, not even to Rubens. The influences which form such an artist are only signs and pretexts, and it matters little whether he paint realities or travesties, true or imaginary scenes; everything is but assimilation, for it is the power within the man, and no combination of outside influences, that produces the great painter.

Watteau, one of the greatest and most original of the French school, was altogether exceptional for his time, but perfectly logical in the expression of himself. While delighting in depicting the factitious and delicately artificial world of the theater and of gallantry, and in enveloping this world in a setting which savors of dreamland, he is still the artist of his time, the painter who evokes ideas and emotions that most vividly suggest reality. Yes, Watteau is in his way a great realist, but by this we should understand that, better than any one else, he expresses the reality of the ideas and aspirations of his epoch, half creating, half interpreting the tastes and unique elegances of his age; and that in expressing them he uses the most supple and the readiest vocabulary, the most brilliant, the most unexpected, and the most ingenious modes of expression.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT 'L'ART DU XVIII^ME SIÈCLE'

WATTEAU is the great poet of the eighteenth century. A whole creation of poetry and dreams springs from his imagination and fills his work with the splendors of an enchanted world. . . . At the horizon Time sleeps. In this chance spot, that has no place on the world's map, beneath these shadowy trees, there is an eternal indolence. Eyes grow drowsy and thought loses itself in this vague distance, like the vast indefinite horizon with which Titian bounds the world of his pictures. Lethe flows in silence through this land of forgetfulness peopled with figures that have only eyes and mouths—a glance and a smile! Thoughts, song, and words, like those of the fantastic plays of Shakespeare, hover over their parted lips.

Love is the light of this world; it penetrates and fills it; it is its youth and its serenity. Amidst these streams and mountains, these shady walks and gardens, these lakes and fountains, Watteau's paradise is revealed—it is Cytherea! Beneath a sky painted with the colors of summer, Love's galley swings at its moorings. The waves are stilled. The forest is silent. From the earth to the firmament above, beating the breathless air with their butterfly wings, a swarm of cupids fly, play, and dance, here tying heedless lovers with garlands of roses, there above, binding a circlet of kisses that rises from earth to heaven. Here is the temple, here the end of this enchanted world. . . .

It is Cytherea; but it is the Cytherea of Watteau. It is love; but it is poetic love, a love that dreams and thinks; modern love, with its aspirations and its crown of melancholy. Yes, at the very heart of Watteau's work a certain slow vague harmony murmurs beneath the laughing words; an indefinable sadness, musical and gently contagious, pervades these gallant fêtes. Like the fascination of Venice, a veiled and subtle poetry holds the enthralled spirit spellbound. Watteau himself is seen through his pictures, and we learn to look upon his work as the pastime and distraction of a suffering soul—as the plaything of a sick child.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES BLANC 'LES PEINTRES DES FÊTES GALANTES'

IF the happy groups that people Watteau's canvases do not wear the actual historical costumes of the period, if some touch of delicate fantasy suited to their manner of love-making be added to their toilets, does it follow that they are not true to the life of the eighteenth century, and that the painter is not the most faithful of historians? When an age wears powder and patches, spangled coats, and vermilion on cheek and heel, when reality is so nearly akin to ideality, is not caprice the divine right of the artist?

Brilliant colorist that he was, Watteau sowed with pearls each of his canvases, which represent dances and dinners on the grass, tête-à-têtes where women listen to tender confidences leaning on their lovers' shoulders, their white teeth gleaming below their velvet masks. Watteau loved striped satins and glistening and changeable stuffs; he loved to give with delicate touch the thousand and one details of dress—flowers entwined in the coiffures of the ladies, spangles on the doublets and ruffs which adorn the figures of his cav-

aliers, with ribbons on their knee-breeches and rosettes on their high-heeled shoes.

Confident draftsman, grown wiser than he himself realized from the constant practice of drawing from nature every object that fell under his eye, Watteau excelled in the firm pose of his little figures, giving them an elegant bearing and a natural and easy grace. He attempted difficult foreshortenings, and if at times he did not succeed, at least he failed gracefully, and even in his failings knew how to give a semblance of truth, that cleverest gift of a draftsman.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

EDGCUMBE STALEY 'WATTEAU'

WATTEAU was the most brilliant and original draftsman of the eighteenth century. In drawing he stands unsurpassed even by the greatest masters of all time. No designer ever equaled him in piquancy of penciling. . . . As a colorist he painted, said Leslie, "with gold and honey." He was supreme in his command of those gold and silver tones which with ineffable charm pervade every scheme of color in his compositions. Rubens was his first color-master, and as red is Rubens' hue, so red, silvered down to palest tints of pink, is Watteau's also. Veronese gave him saffron and yellow, hence we see so many of his ladies arrayed in those colors. Titian was his guide in his "carnations," his flesh tints—subtle reality with a gloss of gold upon it, the "amber carnations" of the Venetian masters. But one of his colors was entirely his own, his pearly, creamy white, which like an opal takes reflections from all around. . . .

He painted the color of the air, not merely objects. His richest effects are those of reflection, and the gradation of flashes of light through breaks in thick foliage. His use of broken tones is as much a characteristic as his exuberance of vivid color. The irridescence, so to speak, of his delicate and changeful hues is astonishing. The lighting of his pictures has all the brilliant effect of the footlights at a theater, the illumination seeming to issue from some source between the beholder and the scene.

COMTE DE CAYLUS 'LA VIE D'ANTOINE WATTEAU'

IN order to acquire an effect more quickly, Watteau liked to paint in the wet color. This expedient has always had many advocates, and the greatest masters have made use of it; but to employ it successfully elaborate and skilful preparations are necessary, and Watteau scarcely ever made any. As a sort of substitute he used to rub his canvases all over carelessly with thick oil and then paint over that. The temporary advantage thus obtained has caused serious damage to his pictures, and its ill effects were increased by a certain want of cleanliness in his practice, which has affected the durability of his colors. He seldom cleaned his palette, and it often remained for days without being re-set. His pot of oil, of which he made such lavish use, was full of dust and dirt, and mixed up with all sorts of colors which came from his brushes. . . .

Watteau never made a sketch, however slight, for any of his pictures. His habit was to draw all his studies in a bound sketch-book, so that he always had a great quantity ready for use. He had a collection of gay costumes and a few comic ones in which he used to dress up his models. When the fancy struck him to paint a picture he used to refer to his sketch-book, and having selected the figures which suited his purpose at the moment, would arrange them in groups, generally in reference to a landscape background which he had already thought out or prepared.—FROM THE FRENCH

SIDNEY COLVIN 'THE PORTFOLIO' 1872

THE new era of French art—that transition from the majesty of Louis XIV. and the seventeenth century to the gaiety of Louis XV. and the eighteenth—springs full-grown from the genius of Watteau. No stupendous academical "machines" for cupola or tribune now, no multitudinous mythologies, apotheoses, triumphs, and magnanimities of the Great King; but tiny canvases radiant with fantastic color, pastorals and masquerades two feet square; the fairy-land of a lady's dream; airy vistas of summer forest, with here a half-hidden fountain and there a Pan half overgrown; shadowed lakes or terraces; a towering of feathered verdure above lawns of cool retreat, and air alive with cooings of sentiment, whisperings of enamoured idleness, and the twangling of guitar and mandolin. Ceremony to the winds! Marquis and marquise, released from the dreary ordinances of the old court, come to loll and saunter in tender couples amid these enchanted shades, a veritable paradise realized for them, a festival of gay dresses and shepherd pastime, light music and soft speeches and flattering looks—a festival of pleasure without passion, and indulgence without a to-morrow. Satin of easy cut trails from fair shoulders in a hundred little folds, a hundred points and passages of shifted light. Pretty fingers flirt daintily with fans, high-heeled little shoes peep from beneath the petticoat margin; the hair is drawn up simply from the most bewitching of necks; the pretty neck, the pretty profile, slants and shifts this way and that in the gay consciousness of fascination, while the happy lover looks on and prattles adoringly. Delightful gardens, villages, pleasure-grounds of romance, murmuring springtime and languorous summer, flowers and zephyrs, songs and solace—the fancy of France making her own the lightest and latest laughing fancies of Italy, to create this new paradise of artful and entrancing gaiety! For the French comedy, the Italian comedy, are both called in to supply figures for this sunny stage; it is no longer marquis and marquise, it is Gilles and Pierrot and Columbine, it is Scapin and the Doctor, it is Arlecchino and Scaramuccia, and Tartaglio, whose quirks of look and gesture this cunning draftsman catches and touches with the happiest art and insight. . . .

In the whirligig of time, when that light age of the Pretty had passed away, when the storm of the Revolution had brought with it new aims, new codes, new creeds in art, and the classic law of David and his school had condemned and cast down the enshrined favorites of the earlier fashion, it came about

that Watteau was forgotten and despised. And now the pendulum has swung again; a modern school of Parisian criticism has brought the inventions of the "Little Masters" into higher repute than ever, and enthusiastically touched their qualities with the point of a style as incisive as Watteau's pencil. The depreciation, the rehabilitation, have both been out of measure; but the excess of praise is the easier to put up with, inasmuch as it is better for posterity to make too much than too little of every product of a bygone spirit which embodies the ideals of any moment of humanity with true and permanent skill. The skill and spirit of Watteau are things quite admirable and unique. And though his ideals are ideals of the opera and comedy, and the graces of his art are frivolous and trivial graces, yet a kind of human ideals they are, ideals of gaiety and of character—this stolid comic Gilles with his suit of white and his guitar, these groups and troops of flirting people—children of elegant amusement and vivacious desire. . . .

To be operatic and artificial, to despise and reject nature, is the common charge against Watteau and his school. But that is anything but fair. The ambitious disciples of the Italian decadence, the ambitious revivalists of the high antique under the Empire, did in great part despise nature and reject her; but it is the credit, nay, it is a glory, of the "Little Masters" of the intervening generations that they in truth went back to nature and cultivated her. Their opera and comedy figures, their garden-groves and terraces and marble nymphs and fountains, were copied in the first instance with strenuous fidelity from the nature and the life—grant that life and nature as artificial as you please—which they had about them. Watteau has this note of a great artist, that as a foundation for his poetry, his dream, his idealism, he lays a constant and minute study of nature; that in truth, like every great artist, he is at bottom, and beneath all superstructure of style or mannerism, profoundly a realist.

The Works of Watteau

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'GILLES' PLATE I

"AH, here is Gilles in all his beauty! Gilles, full length and planted straight and stiff as a post, with his arms close to his sides! Gilles, quite at ease in his loose white garments, his broad-brimmed hat forming an aureole for his mischievous face! Gilles is not alone. Followed by a troop of friends, he has been the first to climb a little knoll, on the top of which he stands like a statue. Behind him, on the right, we see the profile of a girl, the head and shoulders of a man, and Mezzetin, in red cap and vest. On the left the Doctor rides up on his donkey, laughing and out of breath, in such haste is he to catch up with his friend Gilles."

Such is Bürger's description of Watteau's famous picture, in the Louvre, of Gilles, a prominent personage of the Italian comedy, corresponding to the French Pierrot. "Here," writes Claude Phillips, "we have at once proof and disproof of the dictum that Watteau failed when he attempted figures in dimensions more considerable than those to which he in general restricted himself. The subsidiary figures lose here all true significance and become mere filling up; but the life-size figure of Gilles himself, in his white dress, painted in full, even, open-air light, with delicate transparent shadows, is a masterpiece of painting, which hardly has its parallel in the French art of the eighteenth century."

'FÊTE GALANTE' PLATE II

THIS picture, listed in the catalogue of the Berlin Gallery, where it now hangs, as 'Gesellschaft im Freien' ('An Assembly in the Open Air'), but better known by its French title, 'Fête Galante,' represents one of Watteau's favorite subjects. In a park, suggestive of that beautiful Luxembourg Garden where he had spent so many hours sketching not only the trees, but the personages pacing the avenues beneath their shade, an assembly of ladies and gentlemen is gathered. In their midst, seated on a stone balustrade, with a group of romping children on one side and silk-robed ladies and cavaliers on the other, is a lute-player, who, as he touches the strings, turns toward a young girl seated near who holds a music-book in her hand. Music and song are to accompany the dance for which a graceful couple on the right is already practising.

Watteau never entirely finished this picture. The high-lights, put in with a broad, free brush on the backs of the figures and on the broken folds of their garments, lack the finishing touches which imparted a sheen and shimmer to those silken stuffs that he excelled in painting; but in spite of this slight incompleteness the picture is one of his finest compositions.

'FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE' PLATE III

THE 'Fête Champêtre,' or as it is sometimes called, 'Fêtes Vénitiennes,' in the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, is a fine example of Watteau's work, brilliant in color and in an excellent state of preservation. A party of ladies and gentlemen are grouped in a woodland glade beside a white marble fountain under the shade of tall trees, and between the leafy branches a glimpse of hazy distance and blue sky are seen. In the center of the picture a lady, in gown of shimmering white and blue, is dancing a minuet with a cavalier who wears a costume of red and yellow and a long purple cloak. Ladies and gallants, engaged in amorous prattle, and brilliantly attired in silks of varied hues, are seated behind this couple, and a gaily dressed piper makes music for their dance.

The whole canvas, which measures only twenty-two inches high by eighteen inches wide, is in its grace and delicacy thoroughly characteristic of Watteau's art.

'THE FOUNTAIN' PLATE IV

THIS subject was a favorite one with Watteau, who repeated it several times. The version here reproduced is in the collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, at Seamore Place, London. The scene is a simple one—a lady and her cavalier stand beside the clear waters of a fountain, while under the shade of a neighboring tree another loving couple is dimly distinguishable. The standing figures are relieved against the sky seen in an opening of the thick foliage, and the silk of the lady's gown gleams in the light which also touches the falling water of the fountain.

"The little figures that people Watteau's dainty canvases," writes M. de Clérac, "clad in their shining taffetas and softly draped satins, are so completely a part of the poetic landscape that imagination cannot separate them from their harmonious surroundings. In his pictures the play of fountains is but an accompaniment for lovers' talk; the zephyrs that gently stir the leaves of his shady groves are love's messengers; the very trees themselves are the guardians of tender confidences whispered beneath their branches."

'THE EMBARKATION FOR CYTHEREA' PLATE V

WATTEAU painted two versions of 'The Embarkation for Cytherea' (or 'L'Embarquement pour Cythère'), of which the earlier, now in the Louvre—a brilliant sketch rather than a finished picture—gained the artist his formal admission to the French Academy. The picture made an immediate and immense sensation. It was utterly unlike the cold and academical works of French artists of that period, and such a revival of poetry and art, such a rainbow-hued vision of beauty and grace, had not been seen since the golden days of the Venetian Renaissance. Small wonder that Watteau became at once the fashion, that every door was opened to him, and that the gay world of Paris "dressed, posed, picnicked, and conversèd à la Watteau!"

The second version of 'The Embarkation for Cytherea,' which is here reproduced, is, as Watteau himself evidently regarded it, the finished picture. Purchased by Frederick the Great of Prussia, an ardent admirer of French art, it now forms one of the chief treasures of the Royal Palace at Berlin; and although lacking something of the spirit of the preliminary study, it is superior in richness and splendor of coloring, and is justly regarded as one of the finest and most beautiful of Watteau's works—a veritable masterpiece.

The scene, more poetic, more fanciful, than any other of the painter's creations, represents an assemblage of Love's pilgrims about to set sail for the Island of Cytherea, the realm of Venus. At the right, under the shade of leafy trees, is a statue of the goddess herself. At the left, on the border of an azure sea, lies a gilded galley waiting to bear this band of lovers away to the enchanted land. Overhead, in a whirlwind of light vapor like silver gauze, winged cupids wheel and frolic. Some climb the vessel's tall mast, others unfurl the rose-colored sail, still others, having ventured on shore, assist the pilgrims to embark. Of these, some have already boarded the fairy ship, and

some, staff in hand, prepare to follow, the reluctant fair yielding to the entreaties of their lovers, who gently urge them forward.

The closing part of Théophile Gautier's glowing description of the Louvre version of 'The Embarkation for Cytherea' may well be quoted here. "What words," he says, "could describe the color, so tender, so vaporous, so ideal, so well chosen to express a dream of youth and happiness, bathed in fresh azure! The distance is enveloped in a luminous haze; the foreground glows with the transparency of light, warm shadows—truthful as nature, yet brilliant as the transformation-scene in an opera."

'RENDEZ-VOUS DE CHASSE' PLATE VI

WATTEAU has here represented, in a spacious landscape of Rubens-like character, a group of ladies and their attendant cavaliers in an interval of hunting. The work is marked by the breadth and ease of its execution, and although somewhat damaged by time, the colors are still exquisitely harmonious. Silk costumes of delicate pinks, blues, and yellows gleam in the sunlight, and the vista opened between the branches of the forest trees reveals a distance bathed in vaporous mist.

The 'Rendez-vous de Chasse,' now in the Wallace Collection, London, is one of Watteau's largest canvases, measuring more than four feet high by about six feet wide, and belongs to the artist's latest period. In a letter written by him in 1720 to his friend, Monsieur de Julienne, he says: "I cannot disguise from myself that this great canvas gives me pleasure, and I hope for some corresponding satisfaction on your part, and on that of Madame de Julienne, who like myself is greatly attracted by this hunting-subject. It became necessary for Gersaint to fetch La Serre for me, that he might enlarge the canvas on the right side, where I have added the horses under the trees. I felt hampered in that corner since I had added all that was originally decided upon with respect to that part of the composition. I intend to resume work on that side of the canvas after mid-day on Monday, because in the morning I shall be busy devising the motives in red chalk."

'LOVE AT THE ITALIAN COMEDY' PLATE VII

IN this picture, in the Berlin Gallery, called in French 'L'Amour au Théâtre Italien,' Watteau has painted a group of those comedians who, banished from France by Louis XIV., were recalled twenty years later by the light-hearted, pleasure-loving regent, Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and who figure so frequently in Watteau's works. Gilles in white stands in the center playing the guitar to Columbine; at the extreme left is the Doctor of Bologna, in black; to the right of Gilles are Harlequin with his mask, and the clown, Mezzetin, holding a torch which effectively lights up this nocturnal scene; lastly there are two young men in costume, who may be Scapin and Brighella, and others,—all characters in the Italian Comedy.

"Nowhere else," writes Claude Phillips, "is Watteau's characterization of

the comedy personages so keen or so humorous as here. The piece has an irresistible buoyancy, a contagious charm, which give it a place apart even in his gallery of stage pictures."

'L'AMOUR PAISIBLE' PLATE VIII

THIS picture, one of the gems of the German Emperor's collection, is now in the New Palace at Potsdam. Among the earliest canvases painted by Watteau as a result of his studies of the works of the great masters in Crozat's priceless collection, 'L'Amour Paisible' marks a decisive step in the artist's career. Not only the conception of subject, the ease and breadth of execution, and management of light and shade, but the skilful treatment of the silken draperies, and the grace and freedom of the figures evidence those qualities which mark Watteau's greatest achievements.

Here, in a park-like landscape inclosed by wooded hills among which winds a placid stream, three loving couples are grouped. Near them a youthful lute-player, clad in rose-color, sings to the music of his strings. Enveloped in an atmosphere of idyllic poetry, a mysterious charm, enhanced by the vague melting distance, pervades this canvas, upon which the art of Venice and the spirit of Giorgione have left their stamp. As in the work of the older painter, so in this picture by Watteau we seem to be in "an oasis of calm and pause, where passion is lulled but not quenched, where joy in music, in love, in life for itself, momentarily shuts out the past and the future."

'FÊTE D'AMOUR' PLATE IX

THIS picture, in the Royal Gallery of Dresden, is a work of Watteau's latest period, and one of his most charming creations. A silvery grayish-green tone pervades the canvas. On the borders of a lake shaded by tall trees a gay party of lovers is grouped in graceful attitudes upon the sunlit grass around a marble statue of Venus, whose presence gives the picture its title 'Fête d'Amour.'

"Eternal conjugation of the verb to love," writes Charles Blanc, "Watteau's pictures open only happy prospects! Here in the open air, under blue skies and shady trees, life appears to be an endless masked ball."

'GERSAINT'S SIGN-BOARD' PLATE X

ONE of the most famous of Watteau's works is the sign-board, painted toward the end of his life, for his friend Gersaint (see page 27 of the present number), from whose possession it passed into that of Monsieur de Julienne, and later—when and by whom it is not known—was cut into halves which were purchased in Paris by the agents of Frederick the Great, and are now in the Royal Palace of Berlin.

Gersaint's sign-board represents two scenes in the picture-dealer's shop in Paris. In the room on the left workmen are engaged in packing a chest with large pictures; in the other, separated from the first by the door of the

shop, groups of fashionably dressed customers are examining the various works of art. In both rooms the high walls are covered from floor to ceiling with mirrors and framed pictures, broadly and freely painted, but skilfully subordinated to the figures. In conception the work is decidedly Flemish, recalling that of Teniers and other Netherland masters, and suggestive also of the English Hogarth, though devoid of Hogarth's satire. The color is cool and silvery, marked by none of the bright, gay tints that are found in most of Watteau's canvases, but at the same time wonderfully effective.

Gersaint tells us that the sign-board was finished in eight days. "This gives us some idea of the skill and sureness of Watteau's technique," writes Paul Mantz, "for there is nothing in the work that denotes negligence. If the setting is perfect, the actors are not less so. The scene is painted from life and by an unerring brush. Without a trace of that poetic fantasy to which Watteau has been accused of sacrificing all else, Gersaint's sign-board is a masterpiece of realism."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY WATTEAU IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: The Guitar-player — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: Signing the Marriage Contract — ENGLAND. DULWICH GALLERY: Le Bal champêtre; Fête champêtre — LONDON, SOANE MUSEUM: The Wedding — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Rendez-vous de chasse (Plate VI); The Music Lesson; Gilles and his Family; Les Champs-Elysées; Harlequin and Columbine; Amusements champêtres; The Fountain; The Music Party; La Toilette — FRANCE. ANGERS MUSEUM: Fête champêtre — CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: Plaisir pastoral; Le Donneur de sérénades; L'Amante inquiète — NANTES MUSEUM: Arlequin dans une carriole — ORLEANS MUSEUM: The Monkey-sculptor — PARIS, LOUVRE: The Embarkation for Cytherea; Gilles (Plate I); L'Indifférent; La Finette; Assemblée dans un parc; Le Faux pas; The Judgment of Paris; Autumn; Jupiter and Antiope — TROYES MUSEUM: Landscape; Country Scene — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Love at the Italian Comedy (Plate VII); Love at the French Comedy; La Collation; Fête galante (Plate II) — BERLIN, ROYAL PALACE: The Embarkation for Cytherea (Plate V); Gersaint's Sign-board (Plate X) — CASSEL GALLERY: Arlequin, Pierrot, et Scapin; Fête champêtre — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Fête d'amour (Plate IX); Réunion en plein air — KÖNIGSBERG MUSEUM: Conversation galante — POTSDAM, NEW PALACE and PALACE OF SANSSOUCI: La Leçon d'amour; L'Amour paisible (Plate VIII); Iris, or The Dance; The French Comedians; The Shepherds; The Concert; La Mariée de village; Recréation italienne; Amusement champêtre — ITALY, FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: The Flute-player — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Les Délassements de la guerre; Les Fatigues de la guerre; Mezzetin; Amusement champêtre; Le Minuet; Un Savoyard avec sa marmotte — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Fête champêtre (Plate III); French Pastoral; The Toy Windmill — GLASGOW, CORPORATION ART GALLERIES: Halte d'armée; Départ de troupe — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Les Fiançailles; View taken in the Gardens of St. Cloud.

Watteau Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH WATTEAU

ALEXANDRE, A. Histoire populaire de la peinture: école française. Paris [1893]—BLANC, C. Les Peintres des fêtes galantes. Paris, 1854—BLANC, C. Histoire des peintres de toutes les écoles: école française. Paris, 1865—CAYLUS, COMTE DE. La Vie d'Antoine Watteau (in Goncourt's L'Art du dix-huitième siècle). Paris, 1881–82—CELLIER, L. Antoine Watteau, son enfance et ses contemporains. Valenciennes, 1867—CHAZAUD, A. M. Antoine Watteau. Paris, 1877—CLÉMENT DE RIS, L. Les Amateurs d'autrefois. Paris, 1877—COUSIN, J. Le Tombeau de Watteau à Nogent-sur-Marne. Nogent-sur-Marne, 1865—DARGENTY, G. Antoine Watteau. Paris [1891]—DEZALLIER D'ARGENVILLE, A. N. Abrégé de la vie des plus fameux peintres. Paris, 1762—DILKE, LADY. French Painters of the XVIIIth Century. London, 1899—DOHME, R. Antoine Watteau (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler). Leipsic, 1880—FOUCART, P. F. Antoine Watteau à Valenciennes. Paris, 1892—GAUTIER, T. Guide de l'amateur au Musée du Louvre. Paris, 1882—GERSAINT, E. F. Catalogue raisonné des diverses curiosités du cabinet du feu M. Quentin de Lorangère. Paris, 1744—GONCOURT, DE, E. AND J. L'Art du dix-huitième siècle. Paris, 1881–82—GONCOURT, E. DE. Catalogue raisonné de l'œuvre d'Antoine Watteau. Paris, 1875—GUILLAUME, G. Antoine Watteau. Lille, 1884—HANNOVER. E. Antoine Watteau. Berlin, 1889—HÉDOUIN, P. Mosaïque. Valenciennes, 1856—HOUSSAYE, A. Galerie du XVIIIme siècle. Paris, 1858—JULIENNE, J. DE. Abrégé de la vie d'Antoine Watteau (in Figures de différents caractères, etc.). Paris, 1735—KINGSLEY, R. G. History of French Art. London, 1899—LAROUSSE, P. A. Watteau (in Grand dictionnaire universel). Paris, 1866–90—MANTZ, P. Antoine Watteau. Paris, 1891—MARIETTE, P. J. Abecedario. Paris, 1859–60—MERSON, O. La Peinture française au XVIIme siècle et au XVIIIme. Paris [1900]—MICHIELS, A. Histoire de la peinture flamande. Paris, 1865–76—MOLLETT, J. W. Watteau. London, 1883—PATER, W. A Prince of Court Painters (in Imaginary Portraits). London, 1887—ROSENBERG, A. Antoine Watteau. Leipsic, 1896—SÉAILLES, G. Antoine Watteau. Paris [1902]—SEIDEL, P. Friedrich der Grosse und die französische Malerei seiner Zeit. Berlin [1893]—SPIELMANN, M. H. The Wallace Collection. London, 1900—STALEY, E. Watteau. London, 1901—STRANAHAN, C. H. History of French Painting. New York, 1895—VOHLBEHR, T. Antoine Watteau. Hamburg, 1885—WEDMORE, F. Masters of Genre Painting. London, 1880.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ART JOURNAL, 1901: C. Phillips; The Wallace Collection—GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1860: W. Bürger; Exposition de tableaux de l'école française ancienne. 1870: P. Mantz; La Collection La Caze au Musée du Louvre. 1884: C. Ephrussi; Exposition d'œuvres de maîtres anciens à Berlin. 1889, 1890: P. Mantz; Watteau. 1896: G. Schéfer; Les Portraits dans l'œuvre de Watteau—JAHRBUCH DER PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN, 1883: W. Bode and R. Dohme; Die Ausstellung von Gemälden älterer Meister im Berliner Privatbesitz. 1900: F. Laban; Bemerkungen zum Hauptbilde Watteaus—MAGAZINE OF ART, 1901: M. H. Spielmann; Gems of the Wallace Collection—PORTFOLIO, 1872: S. Colvin; From Rigaud to Reynolds. 1895: C. Phillips; Antoine Watteau—REVUE FRANCO-ALLEMANDE, 1902: E. Pilon; Du Paysage féerique, Watteau et Turner—TEMPLE BAR, 1890: E. Stuart; Watteau—ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST, 1876: R. Dohme; Zur Literatur über Watteau.

MASTERS IN ART

The Frescos of Raphael

UMBRIAN, ROMAN, FLORENTINE SCHOOLS

RAPHAEL
THE MIRACLE OF BOLSENA
STANZA D' ELIODORO, VATICAN, ROME

RAPHAEL
THE SIBYLS
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE, ROME

RAPHAEL
THE 'INCENDIO DEL' BORGO'
STANZA DELL' INCENDIO, VATICAN, ROME

RAPHAEL
PARNASSUS [DETAIL]
STANZA DELLA SEGNATURA, VATICAN, ROME

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

RAPHAEL

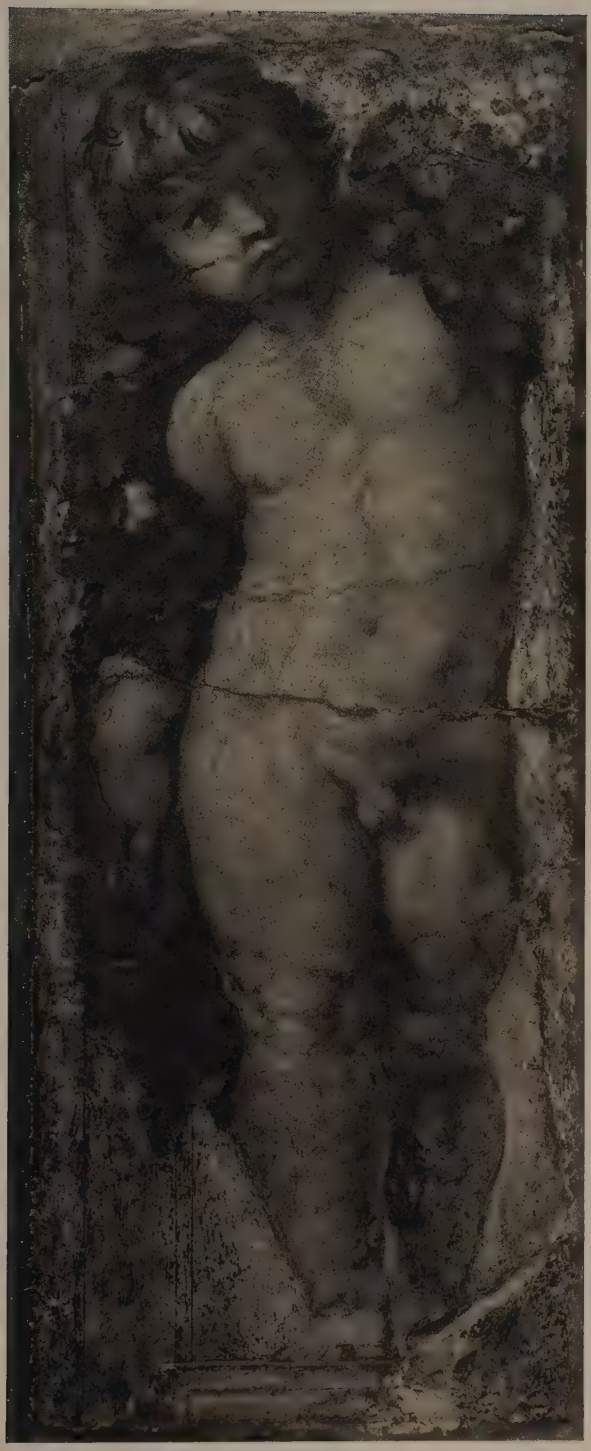
THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS

STANZA DELLA SEGNATURA, VATICAN, ROME

RAPHAEL
THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER
STANZA D' ELIODORO, VATICAN, ROME

RAPHAEL
SCENES FROM THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE
FARNESINA VILLA, ROME

RAPHAEL
THE 'DISPUTÀ'
STANZA DELLA SEGNATURA, VATICAN, ROME



RAPHAEL
GARLAND-BEARER
ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE, ROME

RAPHAEL
THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA
FARNESINA VILLA, ROME

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL BY HIMSELF
STANZA DELLA SEGNATURA, VATICAN, ROME

Raphael painted his own portrait, as one of the spectators, in 'The School of Athens,' (see Plate V.) standing in the corner to the right beside the figure of the painter Sodoma, whom he has here represented out of courtesy as an associate in the decoration of the Stanza della Segnatura. Painted when he was twenty-seven years old, this portrait and one in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, to which it bears a strong resemblance, are the only undoubtedly authentic likenesses of Raphael. In both he wears a black cap, his features are delicate, his complexion is olive, and his chestnut hair is worn long.

Raphael Sanzio

BORN 1483: DIED 1520
UMBRIAN, ROMAN, FLORENTINE SCHOOLS

THE present monograph treats only of Raphael's frescos. His easel-pictures were considered in MASTERS IN ART, Volume 1, Part 12, in which another account of his life and further criticisms of his art will be found.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, or Santi, was born on Good Friday of the year 1483, in the ducal city of Urbino, situated among the Apennine mountains close to the frontiers of Tuscany and Umbria. His father, Giovanni Santi, a painter of considerable reputation and also a man of some literary attainments, was ever a welcome guest at the palace of the Duke of Urbino, whose miniature court was at that time one of the chief artistic and intellectual centers of Italy; and the rich treasures contained in the ducal residence, with which Raphael was familiar from his earliest youth, may well have stimulated the boy's love for art.

Few facts are recorded of Raphael's childhood. When he was eight years old his mother died; and on the death of his father three years later he was left to the guardianship of a stepmother and an uncle, Bartolommeo Santi. From his father he had already learned the elements of drawing and painting, and it is probable that later he was placed in the studio of the Umbrian painter Timoteo Viti, then living in Urbino, and that when sixteen or seventeen years of age he was sent to Perugia to study under Pietro Perugino, the acknowledged head of the Umbrian school. Perugino seems to have devoted special pains to the artistic education of his talented scholar; and it was not long before Raphael, having been allowed to assist his master in his work, was engaged in painting pictures on his own account for various neighboring churches. In all his work done during this apprenticeship, however, Perugino's influence is so strongly apparent, and his style so closely imitated, that it is at first sight difficult to distinguish the paintings of the pupil from those of the master. There is no direct proof for Vasari's statement that Raphael visited Siena at about this time, and assisted Pinturicchio in his fresco decorations of the cathedral library of that city, though such may have been the fact; but we hear of him in Urbino in 1504, and know that towards the close

of that year he went to Florence, reports having reached him of the enthusiasm caused by the exhibition there of Leonardo da Vinci's and Michelangelo's great cartoons for the decoration of the hall of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The Duchess Giovanna, sister of the Duke of Urbino, who had heard of Raphael's wish to visit Florence, gave him a letter warmly recommending him to the Gonfaloniere of the city, Piero Soderini. "The bearer of this," she wrote, "will be Raphael, painter of Urbino, who, being endowed with natural talent for his profession, has decided to spend some time in Florence in order to study art. And since his father was a very excellent man and dear to me, and the son is a discreet and gentle youth, I am very fond of him, and wish him to attain to perfection."

Notwithstanding his youth — he was at that time only twenty-one — Raphael was welcomed as an equal by the artists of Florence, among whom he made many friends; and the beauty of his person and charm of his manner insured him an immediate popularity. We hear of him as a frequent visitor at the workshop of Baccio d'Agnolo, the architect, where all the well-known painters and sculptors of the city were wont to gather to discuss the various problems of their art; and we know that he spent many hours in the Brancacci Chapel of the Church of the Carmine studying the works of Masaccio, which awakened that sense of the dramatic afterwards perceptible in his own great frescos. With the genius for assimilation — for seizing upon the best there was in the achievement of others and making it his own — that characterized him from the beginning, Raphael was quick to develop his rapidly maturing powers under the various influences to which he was now subjected. Above all did the subtlety of modeling and beauty of expression in Leonardo da Vinci's work attract him. "He stood dumb," says Vasari, "before the grace of Leonardo's figures, and thought him superior to all other masters; and, leaving the manner of Perugino, he endeavored with infinite pains to imitate the art of Da Vinci. At the same time Michelangelo's mastery of the human frame made a profound impression upon his mind, and he applied himself with ardor to learn the principles of anatomy. Night and day he devoted himself to the task, and studied the structure of the body with such unwearied industry that in a few months he learned what others take years to acquire."

At the end of a few months Raphael's stay in Florence was interrupted by a visit to Perugia, where, in 1505, we find him executing several important commissions and engaged upon his first fresco — a representation of the Trinity painted for the monks of the Monastery of San Severo. This work, now little more than a wreck, was left unfinished by Raphael, and was completed after his death by his old master, Perugino.

In the spring of 1506 he seems to have spent some months in his native town, where he painted several pictures for the Duke of Urbino; but in September of that year he returned to Florence, where many of his finest easel-pictures, principally those of which the Madonna and Child form the subject, were then painted. It was while occupied with numerous important works in Florence that Raphael, in the autumn of 1508, upon the recom-

mendation, so Vasari says, of his fellow-citizen the architect Bramante, received from Pope Julius II. a summons to Rome, where already many of the most famous artists of Tuscany, Umbria, and Northern Italy were engaged in the service of that pontiff. Michelangelo was about to begin his task of decorating the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the walls of which had already been painted by Signorelli, Perugino, Botticelli, Pinturicchio, and others. Bramante was occupied with the erection of St. Peter's; and now the young Raphael, at that time twenty-five years of age, was called upon to contribute his share in the decoration of the Palace of the Vatican. Leaving his work at Florence to be finished by other hands, Raphael hastened to obey the pope's summons; and upon his arrival in Rome was received with great kindness by Julius, and at once began the work assigned to him.

This was the decoration in fresco of the Stanza della Segnatura, the room where official documents received the papal seal. Upon the vault, already adorned by Sodoma with an elaborate decorative scheme, the greater part of which was cleared away before Raphael began his work, he painted in the rectangles 'Adam and Eve,' 'Astronomy,' 'Judgment of Solomon,' and 'Apollo and Marsyas,' and above, four allegorical figures, 'Theology,' 'Poetry,' 'Philosophy,' and 'Justice.' Upon the right wall he painted the first of his monumental frescos, the celebrated 'Disputà;' opposite this, 'The School of Athens;' and on the two remaining walls, broken by large windows, are represented respectively 'Parnassus' and 'Jurisprudence,' with figures of Justinian and Pope Gregory IX. on either side of the window underneath the last. Taken as a whole, the frescos of this stanza of the Vatican are generally regarded as the greatest of Raphael's achievements. "Never again," writes Mr. Henry Strachey, "did he attain to so faultless a unity of theme. Many were the causes which prevented him from rising again to such perfection. The great obstacle was success. When Julius handed over the first room to Raphael he was an unknown young man of promise; when he finished it, some two and a half years later, he was acknowledged to have but one rival in Italy — Michelangelo. While the painter was unknown the pope did not trouble about the subjects of the pictures nor how quickly they were done; but when Julius found what manner of man he had to paint his wallsfor him he was impatient to have more, and that quickly. Unfortunately, instead of allowing Raphael to weave an ideal framework for the decoration of the next room to be painted, he was forced, for political reasons, into painting the triumphs of the Church. When we pass from the Stanza della Segnatura to the Stanza d' Eliodoro we pass from the highest form of ideal art to an art inspired by illustration — that is, painting of which the motive is not an abstract one, like poetry or philosophy, but which, instead, occupies itself with making clear a story or incident."

Raphael's reputation in Rome was now completely established. Loaded with honors by the pope, whose satisfaction with the work of his now favorite painter was unbounded, he was ordered to paint the walls of the adjoining apartment, now called the Stanza d' Eliodoro, without delay. The subject given him was the divine protection of the Church, and in the fresco or

'The Expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple of Jerusalem,' which he now painted, allusion is made to the liberation of Italy from the invading army of France; and 'The Miracle of Bolsena,' which followed, is significant of the supreme power of the Church.

Raphael's work in the Vatican was interrupted at this point by the death of Pope Julius; but Giovanni de' Medici, who under the name of Leo x. succeeded to the papal chair, proved no less stanch a patron, and from the first distinguished him with marks of special favor. He bade him proceed with the decorations of the Vatican apartments; and Raphael accordingly painted 'The Retreat of Attila,' introducing the figure of the new pontiff as St. Leo arresting the barbarians in their invasion, and on the remaining wall of the Stanza d' Eliodoro depicted 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,' in allusion to the escape of Leo x. from captivity after the battle of Ravenna.

With the exception of 'The Miracle of Bolsena,' Raphael employed in the execution of these frescos a band of assistants, who worked, it is true, from his designs and under his direction, thus making possible the vast amount of work which was accomplished during his short life, but whose touch too often marred the creations of their master. In the Stanza dell' Incendio, decorated between 1514 and 1517, only one fresco, 'Incendio del' Borgo,' was to any extent painted by Raphael. His drawings exist for the single figures contained in the other frescos of this room — 'The Coronation of Charlemagne,' 'The Oath of Leo III.,' and 'The Battle of Ostia'—but most of the painting was done by pupils; and the Sala di Costantino, the last of the so-called stanze, was painted after Raphael's death.

While these great works in the Vatican were in progress Raphael was engaged upon numerous other important undertakings. He decorated the sumptuous bathroom of Cardinal Bibbiena in the Vatican with a series of mythological subjects, and painted several Madonna pictures, including the famous 'Madonna di Foligno,' and many portraits of the chief personages at the court of Leo x. It had become, indeed, impossible for him to fill the orders that poured in from all sides; and "kings and cardinals counted themselves fortunate if they could obtain a picture even designed by this illustrious master."

In the year 1514, after the death of Bramante, the pope appointed Raphael chief architect of St. Peter's, at an annual salary of three hundred ducats, and in the following year named him inspector of antiquities, with power to purchase any ancient marbles discovered in Rome or the vicinity that it might seem to him advisable that the city should possess. It was at about this time, too, in accordance with the wish of the pope, that Raphael executed his ten celebrated "cartoons" illustrating the acts of the Apostles Peter and Paul—designs for tapestries intended to cover the lower half of the walls of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. When completed these cartoons were sent to Flanders, where the tapestries (still preserved in a room in the Vatican) were woven. Three of the original cartoons are lost; the remaining seven are now in the South Kensington Museum, London.

In addition to his work in the papal service, Raphael was also engaged in executing commissions for the wealthy banker Agostino Chigi, not only at

Chigi's villa near Rome,—now the Villa Farnesina,—where the fresco of 'The Triumph of Galatea' still adorns the wall, but in the chapel of the Chigi family in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, where he painted his famous Sibyls, and that of Santa Maria del Popolo, where he designed the mosaics for the cupola of a chapel.

The last important decorative works of the painter's life were the frescos painted in the Villa Farnesina, representing the story of Cupid and Psyche, and a series of fifty-two small frescos, enframed in arabesques, of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, known as 'Raphael's Bible,' which adorn the loggie of the Vatican. Both these works, however, were executed almost wholly by pupils. Indeed, the frescos of the Vatican loggie, now ruined by restoration, show no trace of the master's hand.

The host of pupils who worked under Raphael's direction formed a sort of royal retinue about him; and, as Vasari tells us, "he was never seen to go to court but surrounded and accompanied, as he left his house, by some fifty painters, all men of ability and distinction, who thus attended him to give evidence of the honor in which they held him. He did not indeed lead the life of a painter, but that of a prince." And in this little court the most perfect harmony reigned, due to the personality of the painter, the charm and sweetness of whose nature no man could withstand. "All became as of one mind," says Vasari, "once they began to labor in the society of Raphael, continuing in such unity and concord that all harsh feeling and evil dispositions became subdued and disappeared at the sight of him; every vile and base thought departing from the mind before his influence." His favorite pupils, Giulio Romano and Gianfrancesco Penni, were members of his household; and among his friends and most frequent guests were cardinals, distinguished scholars, and all the celebrated men who formed the courts of Julius II. and Leo X.

The story that Raphael fell in love with the daughter of a baker, "la Fornarina," is now believed to be without foundation. Vasari tells us that there was one woman whom the painter cared for all his life, and in two sonnets written by Raphael he addresses his lady-love as one far above him, vowing that he will never reveal her name. A marriage with Maria, niece of his close friend Cardinal Bibbiena, seems to have been arranged for, but the lady's early death prevented the marriage, for which Raphael apparently showed no great desire.

It was towards the end of his life, probably in 1518 or 1519, that Raphael painted, entirely with his own hand, that most famous of all his easel-pictures, 'The Sistine Madonna,' executed for the monks of the Monastery of San Sisto of Piacenza, and now in the Dresden Gallery. In the following year, while engaged upon his celebrated painting of 'The Transfiguration,' and before he had quite completed it, he was taken sick with a fever, contracted, some say, while superintending excavations in the malarial quarters of Rome, and, according to others, the result of a sudden chill occasioned by waiting in one of the vast halls of the Vatican in attendance upon the pope. Worn out by overwork, Raphael sank rapidly, and, after an illness of only a few

days, died on the evening of Good Friday, his thirty-seventh birthday, April 6, 1520.

Great were the grief and consternation caused by the news of his death. The whole city mourned, and the pope himself was overcome by sorrow at the loss of his favorite painter. Raphael's body was placed beneath his unfinished picture of 'The Transfiguration,' in the studio wherein he had last worked. Thither all Rome came to look upon the face of the "divine painter," who had been so much beloved; and all the artists of the city, followed by a vast concourse of people, bore his body to the grave, which he had himself selected, beneath the great dome of the Pantheon.

The Art of Raphael

GEORGE B. ROSE — 'RENAISSANCE MASTERS'

IT is to Raphael more than to any one else that the modern world owes its conception of beauty—that beauty in which the physical and spiritual shall mingle in ever-varying proportions, but in which neither shall ever be entirely lacking; the beauty of the 'Sistine Madonna,' whose great eyes are full of the light of heaven as she is revealed upon her cloudy throne; the beauty of the 'Madonna of the Chair,' the ideal of happy motherhood; the beauty of the young athlete worthy to have entered the Olympic games, who hangs from the wall in the 'Incendio del' Borgo'; the beauty of Apollo and the Muses thrilled with the rapture of divine harmony upon the wooded summit of Parnassus,—beauty in countless forms, never sensual nor gross, always truly physical and truly spiritual, always attractive, and always ennobling. . . .

Outside of the physical beauty and the spiritual elevation of his types, Raphael's highest qualities as an artist—those in which he remains unapproached and unapproachable—are in illustration and composition. Nor should it be inferred that his works lack decorative qualities. As a colorist he is inferior to the great Venetians, but his color is always agreeable and appropriate, and the harmony of his lines is decorative in the highest degree. In the art of composition Raphael's preëminence has never been contested. In the grouping of the figures so as to form an agreeable and impressive whole he has no rival. It is not merely the balancing of group against group on a flat surface, which had been done so often and so admirably before him; it is the composition in space, the composition in three dimensions, in which he excels. We have all climbed to some eminence from which we have overlooked a wide expanse of country, and remember the thrill which we have experienced, the exaltation, the sense of enlarged vitality, the charm of the infinite that has stirred our souls. Something of this there is in Raphael's pictures. And his skill in grouping his figures is such that they remind us of the rhythmic harmony of music; not, like architecture, of music that is frozen,

but of music that is throbbing and palpitating with life. Nor is it necessary to go out of doors to experience the feeling of space. The same exhilarating sense comes upon us as we stand beneath the arches of a vast cathedral, and none of Raphael's pictures gives it more strongly than 'The School of Athens.' To produce it is perhaps the highest achievement of architecture; to give the illusion of it is one of the greatest feats of painting. And it is this faculty, which Raphael possessed in so supreme a degree, of giving at the same time a realizing sense of nature's boundless extent and of man's inherent superiority, that imparts to his works a large portion of their unrivaled charm. . . .

When he arrived at the zenith of his fame Raphael was so overwhelmed with commissions that he had recourse to the assistance of his pupils, often furnishing only a sketch, and leaving to them the entire work of painting. His inexhaustible fertility enabled him to dash off these designs with extreme rapidity, and in the meantime he was himself working industriously with his brush. . . . To realize the difference between Raphael and his pupils we need only to go to the Villa Farnesina at Rome and look at his 'Galatea,' that most beautiful of pictures inspired by the art of antiquity, so full of the sea's splendor and of the exultant spirit of pagan joy, and then pass into the adjoining inclosed loggia decorated by his pupils with the story of Cupid and Psyche after his designs. Nothing could be more deliciously perfect than his own painting, while the work of his disciples offends the eye by its coarseness and haste. Still, through the imperfection of the workmanship there shines forth the divine beauty of Raphael's conception; and owing to the brevity of his life, his works, without the assistance of his pupils, must have been comparatively few, and we should have been deprived of many a marvel of composition, whose merits may be impaired, but not destroyed, by the inferiority of the workmanship.

Apart from the assistance received from his disciples, Raphael was the most productive artist that ever lived. His early death limited his artistic activity to a period of twenty years, and yet he has filled the galleries of the world with the most varied masterpieces; and although his life was so short and so busy that he could not have become a very profound scholar, yet the whole spirit of Greek poetry is in his 'Galatea,' the whole spirit of Greek philosophy is in his 'School of Athens'; and, while he became so thoroughly a Greek that his work would have been hailed by Pericles with delight, he still remained the highest and purest type of the Christian artist.

PRIOR to Raphael artists were too self-conscious because of their struggling ignorance; their crudities made art too apparent. After Raphael artists became self-conscious because of their knowledge; their power made them proud of display. Hence the works of both schools, of the Preraphaelites and the Postraphaelites, arrest by their singularities, though of course they may also charm by their beauty. Raphael touched the happy medium between these two extremes. He was not too ideal to be mystic, not too realistic to be commonplace. He made the familiar beautiful, and the beautiful familiar.

—WILLIAM TIREBUCK

HENRY STRACHEY 'RAPHAEL'

AMONG Italian painters none were so preoccupied by questions of form as were the Florentines. Indeed, the expression of form, either by outline or modeling, may be said to be the distinguishing characteristic of their school. To this passion for the realization of the shapes of things other considerations were sacrificed. In Venice, on the other hand, it was the problems of colored light and the study of atmosphere which interested the artists.

The school to which Raphael may be considered to have chiefly belonged, the Umbrian, was much more in sympathy with the Venetians than with the Florentines. To him a figure primarily belonged to its surroundings. It might be the principal part, but it always remained a part of the whole. The group was always more important to him than the individual. Thus in his works we never get that "extreme characteristic expression" of individual life that we do in Florentine work.

In Michelangelo's bodies we feel their life in every form, straining in the tense muscles and resting in those that are relaxed. In every part of his figures we are made to feel the living, moving organism. With Raphael the impression produced is quite different. In studying his sense of form one cannot but be struck by his keen feeling for the proportion and harmony of the human body, by his wonderful feeling for the beauties resulting from well-ordered movement. At the same time it is curious to note how indifferent he seems to have been to those minute subtleties of form which were sought after with such success by the great Florentines. When, for instance, he had represented enough of the structure of the body to make his 'Apollo' a living thing he stopped. His preoccupation was that his figure should fill a noble and rhythmic space in the design of the whole work. To have insisted on the inner life of the body would have distracted our attention from the serenity with which the god harmoniously dominates his surroundings. . . .

But if excelled by the Florentines in appreciation of the inner mysteries of form, and surpassed by the Venetians in the crowning glories of color, there remains one domain of art in which Raphael reigns supreme. In composition no one before or after has ever approached to within a distance which makes comparison possible. I do not mean to suggest that there are not plenty of instances, ancient and modern, of supremely good composition. But no other painter ever so *habitually* showed such complete mastery over the art. It matters not to Raphael whether he is using one figure or twenty, whether his space is rectangular, circular, or both, and lopsided also. In every instance the given space is filled with a pattern of figures exactly suitable to the decorative requirements and to the true expression of the sentiment of the work. It made no difference to him, when planning 'The Miracle of Bolsena,' that the window in the wall to be painted was not in the center, leaving but a narrow strip on one side. The irregularity of the space was so turned to account that we feel that for the proper expression of the conception a wall of this shape had to be found. Hitherto I have spoken only of the pattern of the picture in two dimensions, height and breadth. With the use of these two many artists have stopped. But Raphael proceeded far-

ther, and used also depth in relation to composition. Mr. Berenson has aptly called this of which I speak "space composition," and has pointed out that this space composition was the peculiar heritage of the Umbrians, and that Perugino was a master of the art in his own way, but that it was left for Raphael to develop it to the full.

Vasari says that Raphael owed the architecture of the vast and airy hall in which the congress of philosophers of his 'School of Athens' takes place to Bramante; but if Bramante suggested the proportions and lines of the building we may be quite sure that no one but Raphael disposed the light and shade, for it is by this disposition that the spaces are controlled and harmonized. Although no horizon is visible, the blue sky with white floating clouds carries the eye away to infinite distance. But this distance is so finely expressed —that is, in its spiritual rather than its physical effect—that there is no violation of the law of decoration which forbids too great realism in expressing distance for fear of suggesting holes in the wall. How great must have been the difficulty of producing the exact tones required for this delicate business of making one object stand just the right distance behind another! In an oil-painting slight modifications are easy, but with a fresco of this size the difficulties must have been great. Only by the possession of some high quality of calculating the effect of each piece as the work proceeded can we account for such an achievement. . . .

In his short life Raphael may be said to have swept away the middle ages as far as art was concerned. The beginning of the great change was brought about by Leonardo da Vinci, who finished the 'Last Supper' in 1497—the first picture of the Renaissance which had obtained complete freedom. In 1499 Michelangelo carved the 'Pietà,' in St. Peter's, in which this same perfect freedom from archaic forms is manifested. At this last date Raphael was working in his master's shop in Perugia, and it cannot be said that he achieved the freedom already reached by the two elder artists till he went to Rome and began painting the Stanza della Segnatura, in 1508. But if Raphael was not a pioneer in freeing art from medieval trammels, he was the painter who spread the light over the whole field of painting. Leonardo's strange and mysterious temperament limited the scope of his performance to a weird and beautiful land of dawn. Michelangelo's intense individuality and completely personal way of looking at things also restricted his range.

In their own special provinces both Leonardo and Michelangelo penetrated farther into the heart of things than did Raphael. But the special significance and wonder of the work of Raphael is the width of the field he illuminated. Leonardo dwelt in dim regions, penetrable only to the most poetical of imaginations; Michelangelo soared into the farthest regions of the spirit, leaving behind all accidents of place and time; Raphael, on the contrary, walked in the world, and, like the sun, shone everywhere, all humanity feeling his influence. If his spirit was not so penetrating as that of the other two, his sympathies were wider. To him the earth was a place filled with beautiful things, which had only to be brought together and touched by the talisman of his art to fall into harmony with each other and with the rest of humanity.

MIDWAY between Correggio and the strong individuality of Michelangelo stands Raphael, the most serene, restrained, and perfect of painters, who alone, by virtue of these qualities, is worthy to rank with the Greeks.
—GIOVANNI MORELLI

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD 'ITALIAN CITIES'

IN the years which began the sixteenth century the art of Italy attained its meridian in its capital city and in the house of its supreme rulers, through the painting of the stanze of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel. There has never in the history of art been an environment more favorable and more trying. On the one hand, enthusiasm had reached the very highest point, the tree nurtured painfully, lovingly by the banks of the Arno was ready to bear fruit; in the Vatican had just been enthroned a pope who willed tyrannously that his ideal should be attained, the ideal of an environment unsurpassed in beauty and inspiration by anything which the world had seen.

On the other hand, all the art of Florence, the art which was an inheritance from Giotto and Donatello, Masaccio and Lippi, and which was actually in the hands of Botticelli, Perugino, and Signorelli, was ready to pour, bubbling at the point of its highest enthusiasm, into the channel of papal service. Great artists stood clustered about the throne: Giuliano da Sangallo, founder of a dynasty of architects; Bramante, to whom had been allotted the planning of the greatest church in Christendom; humanists and poets and cardinals who were more famous as collectors than as temporal princes. Luca Signorelli and Pietro Perugino were still upon their scaffolding of the Sistine Chapel; the young Michelangelo was already preparing his drawings, and soon would thunder and lighten from the vaulting. To conquer in such company was to conquer utterly; Raphael Sanzio was summoned from Florence by Pope Julius, and, within a short space of time, three peers, Bramante, Michelangelo, and Raphael, as if so many counterparts of the triple ranges of their master's tiara, crowned the art of the Renaissance in the Eternal City.

Raphael's conquest of his surroundings was almost magical: he arrived a youth, well spoken of as to skill, yet by reputation hardly even *par interpares;* in ten short years—how long if we count them as art history—he died, having painted the Vatican, the Farnesina, world-famous altar-pieces; having planned the restoration of the entire city; having reconciled enemies and stimulated friends, and having succeeded without being hated.

He achieved this success by his great and manifold capacity, but, most of all, because in art he was the greatest assimilator and composer who ever lived. The two words are each other's complements; he received impressions, and he put them together; his temperament was exactly suited to this marvelous forcing-house of Rome, for a Roman school never really existed, it was simply the Tusco-Umbrian school, throned upon seven hills and growing grander and freer in the contemplation of antiquity. To this contemplation Raphael brought not only a brilliant endowment, but an astonishing mental accumulation; the mild eyes of the Uffizi portrait were piercing when they looked upon nature or upon art, and behind them was an alembic in

which the things that entered through those eyes fused, precipitated, or crystallized as he willed. . . .

The study of the works of Raphael is necessarily the study of the evolution of the pictorial art of Central Italy. For two hundred years great painters had been working at problems of suggestion, expression, and technical achievement. Giotto had taught art to be real and dramatic, grand and simple at once; the naturalists had learned to paint man; their greater contemporaries to express him in his essential attributes; Masaccio had made man's body a solid realization in an ambient environment; Botticelli had used that body as a sort of pattern for lovely decorative composition of lines; Ghirlandajo had found in it a pretext for dignified portraiture; Signorelli had made it material for the expression of movement by muscular construction; and Perugino had pierced its envelop for the pietistic ecstasy beneath. Each of these men, with more or less width of purpose and scope of realization, had cultivated his own vantage-point till the art fields of Italy were indeed those of the *blüthe Zeit*.

Then came Raphael, the grand harvester, and bound up the sheaves of the Renaissance. But he did not collect and bind only; he sifted, he rejected, and he added, added mightily. The age had wreaked itself upon experiment —experiment in expression, anatomy, perspective, composition, and decorative detail. Raphael judged all this experiment, and taking the various results, examined and almost instinctively selected from each what was best suited to the needs of pictorial presentation, what was best worth saving, perpetuating, and sublimating. Having done all this, he synthetized his material, and in presenting it, added so much of his own that the result of his alembication more than justified his eclecticism.

For three hundred years after Raphael's death he was famous less by his mural paintings than by his transportable pictures, which carried his name to tens of thousands who lived beyond the Alps, and by the engraved reproductions of his tapestry cartoons which told Bible stories to Europe, Protestant and Catholic alike. Most of all, he held his public by his treatment of the subject which through its universal humanity was the touchstone of every artist's power to appeal to the heart, the Mother and Child. Not the Queen of Heaven of the fourteenth century; not even the Mary of the fifteenth century, human and sympathetic, but made more or less official by the throne and the paraphernalia of ceremonial worship; not these, but just a mother with a baby was enough for the early sixteenth-century artists, and among them all none was simpler in his treatment of costume, none rejected accessory more readily than Raphael. . . .

This subject of the Holy Family has been with a certain public, and that a large one, the most popular in the entire range of Raphael's works, and the admiration given it at times has been, if not too lavish, certainly too indiscriminate. Later criticism, in attempting to put an end to this undiscerning praise, has gone too far on the other side; for if three centuries called Raphael "divine," many a student of the Romantic epoch, and especially of our own days, when surface-handling is so highly esteemed, has dismissed his

work contemptuously, as *pompier*, painty, and wooden. Some of it is all of these three things, but none of it is worthy of contempt, for the least of his works shows, in some degree, either his compositional force or his superiority over his contemporaries in certain directions. . . .

If some of his compositions seem to us academic, through the sense of preoccupation conveyed, we must not forget that some of what appears to us conventionality comes from the fact that these compositions were so well founded, so admirably ponderated, that imitators have stolen the thought without submitting to the preoccupation, and through their own weakness have made the original seem conventional. As to surface-handling, if we accord it the meaning that it usually conveys to-day, that of clever manipulation of pigment, we must remember that practically it did not exist for Raphael's contemporaries. Fresco was the medium used by Tuscans during centuries of wall-decoration, and fresco being water-color, no loading for the sake of effect could be obtained, nor could tricks of handling be perceived at all in works placed at so great a distance from the eye as were most mural decorations. . . .

The fact that skilful manipulation of pigment in surface-handling did not obtain until after Raphael's time does not, however, excuse a relative indifference to handling which makes his modeling sometimes appear unconsidered, if we compare it with the close and subtle treatment of some of his contemporaries. Many late fifteenth-century works have a closeness of modeling which is almost Flemish; Raphael's is not like this, and his modeling is at the point of evolution where it ceased to have the delicate, if rather dry, closeness of certain primitive Tuscan masters, without approaching the breadth of Titian's later manner, or giving even the slightest hint of the robust, square touches which came in the seventeenth century with Velasquez and Hals. Every artist eventually makes his effect with what he cares for most, and modeling *per se*, whether close or broad, was not what Raphael liked best or next to best. So it was with his color; the evolution of his art work shows that he did not hold color as dearly as an Umbrian and a pupil of Perugino might have been expected to. Had he cared to keep his mind to it he could have always been an agreeable colorist, but probably never an individually great one. . . .

In his later days, when great commissions crowded upon him, when envoys from kings and dukes stood at his elbow, urging him more and more to satisfy their masters, it would seem as if Raphael grew to care less for color and to slur it. Now and then he had notable changes of heart, as in 'The Miracle of Bolsena.' In this we see Raphael again as assimilator. Having profited by the experiments made by other men in the direction of character, composition, movement, he now, after seeing and admiring the color of the Venetians in the work of Sebastiano del Piombo, reproduces it with surprising success. It is admirably comprehended, but it is not quite Venetian; all the more that it is based upon the work of a man who was himself soon affected by the Roman school. It is strong and glowing, but he falls short of Titian; for if the fresco-work of Titian in Padua be coarse in handling, it is

not so in color, while there is a touch of color-coarseness in 'The Miracle of Bolsena.' . . .

But Raphael experimented and selected incessantly, and kept what he thought was most useful to his presentation; towards the end of his days he sought not nearly so much for color as for dramatic relief; therefore he clung to the black shadows of Leonardo and Fra Bartolommeo,—shadows which have blackened still more by the effect of time, and which became more disagreeable with Raphael than with Da Vinci, because his modeling was much harder than the latter's. In short, Raphael was able to acquit himself admirably in color, but generally preferred to give the time and thought to something else. . . .

As a composer, Raphael was absolute monarch and ruled as he pleased, taking other men's compositions, if he chose, bettering them, and founding upon them, or inventing new ones of his own, without the slightest suggestion of straining; indeed, he banished all sense of strain from his composition as completely as he eschewed the ugly or painful in his choice of subject. His figures in some of his later works might gesticulate and roll their eyes; but they are easily composed, and, as was fitting in one who overlooked and judged, he brought to art a quality which led all his other ones, —the quality of high serenity.

After his drawings, and in almost equal degree, it is Raphael's composition which brings us nearest to him as an artist, closest to his real intention. In other ways the pupil-assistant is constantly interposed between the master and ourselves, but collaboration, which may blunt outline and make color heavy, is almost powerless to distort composition. Through the art of composition he takes his spectator directly by the hand; by concentration he focuses the eye of that spectator upon the point in his picture which is most important; then, by the ordering of the lines, and lights, and shadows, he leads him, as he wishes, from point to point, and gifts him with a sense of well-being, born of the wise distribution of the masses, the chiaroscuro, and the lines. This itinerary is involuntary to the spectator, but is, therefore, all the more delightful, and of this art of composition Raphael was the greatest master of the modern world.

The Frescos of Raphael

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE MIRACLE OF BOLSENA' PLATE I

THIS world-renowned fresco, painted above and on each side of a window in the 'Stanza d' Eliodoro' in the Vatican, was, with the possible exception of the group of women on the left, painted entirely by Raphael's own hand. It is dated 1512. The subject represents a miracle wrought at

Bolsena in 1263, during the pontificate of Urban IV., when a German priest, who doubted the doctrine of transubstantiation, was convinced by seeing blood flow from the Host that he was consecrating. The scene shows the priest kneeling before the altar in the center of the picture, gazing in astonishment and awe at the bleeding wafer; behind him are white-robed choristers bearing tapers; and below, a crowd of eager people with upturned faces look upon the miracle. On the other side of the altar, Pope Julius II. kneels in prayer. Cardinals and prelates are seen in the background, and in the right foreground the papal guards in their liveries, each figure a masterpiece of painting, form a striking group.

"This work," writes Mr. Henry Strachey, "is perhaps the finest piece of painting, regarded simply as painting, that ever came from the hand of Raphael. The harmony and richness of color are such that it might make a Venetian envious; and of the composition, all that need be said is that it is worthy of Raphael at his best."

"If there were no architecture around it," write E. H. and E. W. Blashfield, "'The Miracle of Bolsena' would still be a beautiful picture; but in its accordance with the circumscribing architectural forms it is especially a magnificent composition. In the center the square altar-cloth is a sort of keystone, the pope and the ministrant priest kneel at either side, their lines converging upwards; behind them a choir-screen of carved wood curves slightly in contradiction to the arch of the lunette, which latter is echoed by a small archway just above the center of the screen. To the left and right the kneeling acolytes, prelates and Swiss guards, the woman standing with upraised arm, the steps at either side of the altar, all lead the composition upwards and towards the center, while the pillars at the top continue the uprights of the window which is pierced through the wall. Everything in this fresco shows how easy to Raphael was the compositional filling of unusual architectural forms, such as broken lunettes or spandrels; he proved this facility again and again, but never more notably than in 'The Miracle of Bolsena.'"

'THE SIBYLS' PLATE II

RAPHAEL'S greatest fresco outside of the Vatican is this much-injured group of sibyls, attendant angels, and genii painted over the arch of the entrance to the Chigi Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria della Pace, Rome. In no other of the artist's works is Michelangelo's influence so strongly perceptible. "He has walked through my chapel," said the painter of the Sistine frescos when he looked upon Raphael's Sibyls; but although similar in motive, these figures are far more human in type than are those of Michelangelo, and in their graceful forms and floating draperies are distinctly Raphaelesque.

At the extreme left of the fresco is the Cumæan Sibyl, her eyes upturned to heaven. Beside her the Persian prophetess writes upon a tablet held by an angel. On the right is the aged Tiburtine Sibyl, holding an open book upon her knee, and behind her the Phrygian Sibyl turns to read from a tablet

in the hands of an angel seated above. Angels fly through the air with scrolls bearing prophecies, and three winged genii, the central one holding a torch, complete the group.

Cinelli relates that when Raphael, having received from the rich banker Chigi 500 ducats on account for this fresco, asked for what was still due him of the sum previously agreed upon, he was met by a refusal from Chigi's cashier, whereupon he demanded that the matter be referred to an expert. Michelangelo was selected to decide the question, and at once declared that each head alone was worth 100 ducats. Chigi immediately ordered that 400 ducats should be paid to Raphael, admonishing his cashier at the same time to "be courteous with Raphael and satisfy him well, for if he makes us pay for the draperies too we shall be ruined!"

THE 'INCENDIO DEL' BORGO' PLATE III

IN 1514 Raphael began the decorations of the Stanza dell' Incendio, in the Vatican, in which the work was for the most part intrusted to his pupils, the painting of the 'Incendio del' Borgo,' from which the room derives its name, being the only one of its four large frescos in which his hand is to any extent perceptible.

The scene represents a miracle accomplished, some six centuries before, by Pope Leo IV., who, by making the sign of the cross, arrested the flames which had broken out among the wooden houses of the Borgo (a quarter of Rome near the Vatican) and threatened to destroy St. Peter's. The old basilica is seen in the background, on a balcony of which the pope appears, surrounded by prelates. Its steps are crowded with fugitives, and from the houses in the foreground the terrified inhabitants escape as best they may. On one side an old man is borne on the shoulders of his son,—a group probably suggested by Virgil's description of Æneas bearing the aged Anchises from the flames of Troy. A woman drops her child from the top of a high wall into the upstretched arms of a man standing below; a naked youth, grasping the top of the same wall, hangs against it as he drops to the ground, all the muscles of his body showing in tension. On the other side of the picture groups of women—including a striking figure of a girl with a water-jar on her head, her garments blown by the wind—aid in the attempt to extinguish the flames.

"In this celebrated work," writes Müntz, "qualities of the first order are blended with great faults. The individual figures are admirable, the energy of the expression is equaled only by the boldness of the design, and the modeling is perfect—but we feel that Raphael has here renounced that unity and rhythm which had formerly ruled his compositions. In the place of a large and excited crowd, there are but a few groups, sometimes even solitary figures, all without any very intimate cohesion. Hence the scattered interest which in some degree lessens the effect of the work." But although there are evidences here of the decadence that was so soon to follow Raphael's death, although the dramatic element in this exaggerated form fails to move

us, we are yet conscious of the force of the artist, and realize that we are still in the presence of his marvelous creative power.

'PARNASSUS' [DETAIL] PLATE IV

ON one of the walls of the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican, Raphael painted the celebrated fresco 'Parnassus,' in which Apollo, god of poetry and music, is seated under the shade of laurel-trees on the summit of the sacred mountain, surrounded by the nine Muses. Beside this group are the epic poets of the past, Homer, raising his blind eyes to Heaven, and near him Virgil and Dante. Below, on the slope of the mount, the lyric poets of Greece and Italy, among them Pindar and Horace, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Sappho, and others, converse in groups on either side. The central portion of this fresco, showing Apollo and the Muses, is here reproduced.

In his recent work on Raphael, Mr. Henry Strachey says of the figure of Apollo, "For general harmony of line, for perfect balance of mass, and for noble grace the Apollo is hard to match. How perfectly balanced is the disposition of the limbs, and yet how unconstrained! The lights fall naturally in exactly the places which require emphasis, and this perfection of balance in the form of the figure gives the Apollo its grand serenity."

Though less monumental in composition than the 'Disputà' and 'School of Athens,' the 'Parnassus,' as Perkins says, is to the other frescos of Raphael what the 'Pastoral Symphony' is to other symphonies of Beethoven. It has a serene and idyllic beauty all its own.

'THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS' PLATE V

ON the wall of the Stanza della Segnatura of the Vatican, opposite the 'Disputà' (shown in Plate VIII), Raphael painted the so-called 'School of Athens,' representing an assembly of those Greek philosophers, poets, and men of science who by their labors and profound thought were acknowledged by the Church to have prepared the way for the enlightened faith of Christianity. Under a portico of idealized Renaissance architecture leading to the palace of wisdom stand Plato and Aristotle, surrounded by groups of sages and scholars, among whom are Socrates, Alcibiades, and Xenophon. Diogenes, the Cynic, clad in rags, reclines on the steps below. On the left, Pythagoras, teacher of arithmetic, forms the center of a group, and on the right Archimedes (in whom Raphael has painted a portrait of the architect Bramante) is engaged in drawing geometrical figures on a tablet on the ground. Among those about him are Ptolemy and Zoroaster bearing respectively the terrestrial and celestial globes, and farther back Raphael has introduced his own likeness and that of the painter Sodoma.

In so complex a subject as 'The School of Athens,' in the representation of which a knowledge of the general history of Greek philosophy and familiarity with the classic authors were required, Raphael is said to have made use of the suggestions and assistance of the men of letters then gathered in Rome; but in the grandeur and dignity of the composition, in the feeling for

space, and the skilful arrangement of the grouped masses this creation stands as a stupendous result of his own thought and labor.

'THE DELIVERANCE OF ST. PETER' PLATE VI

"IN the Stanza d' Eliodoro of the Vatican (so-called from the fresco it contains of 'Heliodorus driven from the Temple') and on the wall opposite 'The Miracle of Bolsena,'" writes Julia Cartwright, "Raphael painted 'The Deliverance of St. Peter,' in significant allusion to the memorable escape of Pope Leo X. from the hands of his French captors after the battle of Ravenna. In the central space above the windows the delivering angel is seen through the prison-bars, stooping to awaken St. Peter, who lies bound between two soldiers. On the right the same bright form leads the apostle by the hand down the steps and past the sleeping guards, while on the left a soldier bearing a lighted torch rushes up the opposite flight of stairs to give the alarm. The most striking thing in this picture is the fine effect produced by the three separate lights—the angel whose radiance illumines the darkness of the prison, the flaming torch in the soldier's hand, and the crescent moon, which hangs over the sleeping city. The way in which these different lights were handled roused the admiration of Raphael's contemporaries to the highest pitch, and made Vasari declare this fresco to be the painter's most wonderful work."

SCENES FROM THE STORY OF CUPID AND PSYCHE PLATE VII

THE frescos representing the story of Cupid and Psyche in an open loggia (since inclosed) of the Farnesina Villa, were designed by Raphael, and painted almost wholly by his pupils Giulio Romano, Gianfrancesco Penni, and others. In his illustrations of the story, consisting of a series of twelve frescos, two on the ceiling and ten in the triangular pendentives enframed in borders of fruit and flowers with a background of blue sky, Raphael has followed the version of Apuleius, a Latin author of the second century, whose works were popular at the time of the Renaissance.

Psyche, the youngest daughter of a certain king, aroused by her beauty, so the story goes, the jealousy of Venus, who accordingly directed Cupid to punish the princess by inspiring her with love for an unworthy mortal. But Cupid, in the attempt to carry out his mother's commands, fell in love with Psyche and bore her away to a lovely valley, where every night, and always invisible, he visited her, warning her not to attempt to look upon him. Psyche, however, burning with curiosity to behold her lover, disobeyed his command, and was abandoned by the god in anger. After wearisome wanderings in search of him, and innumerable hardships imposed upon her by Venus, Cupid's heart was touched and he besought Jupiter to give him Psyche. This request being granted, Mercury was called to conduct her to Olympus. Upon her appearance in the assembly of the gods she was given the draught of immortality, and the marriage feast of Cupid and Psyche was forthwith celebrated.

Plate VII reproduces two scenes from this fresco; in one Cupid is showing Psyche to the Graces (of whom the one with her back turned to the specta-

tor, and noticeable for the delicate modeling of her form, is said to be the only figure in the whole series painted by Raphael himself); and in the other, Mercury, in obedience to Jupiter's command, is conducting Psyche to Olympus, which he points out to her wondering gaze as they approach.

Owing in part to the inferior brush-work of pupils, and in part to the unfortunate "restoration" made by Carlo Maratta in the seventeenth century, much of the beauty of Raphael's designs has been marred; but as Vasari's recent editors say, "This series of frescos is at once a high-water mark of the vigor of Italian art and a monumental example of its decadence. We have nowhere a more astonishing proof than here of the strength of the spirit of the Renaissance, a strength that could burst through and triumph over all faults of material execution. In spirit and in decorative adaptability of the designs to the spaces filled, the pendentives of the Farnesina count among the best of Raphael's works; in execution they are so coarse and sometimes so slovenly as to be at the first glance almost repellent. Raphael, fresco-painter, painter of Madonnas, sculptor, mosaic-worker, architect of St. Peter's, overburdened with commissions, harassed by patrons, gave over the whole execution of this work to his pupils; yet in spite of the brick red flesh-tints and brutal outlines, in spite of Maratta's staring blues in over-painted skies, the spirit of the epoch and of Raphael is so strong that in these pendentives we see again the joyous, serene life of the Greeks as reconquered by the Renaissance."

THE 'DISPUTÀ' PLATE VIII

THIS great fresco, the first large work painted by Raphael in the Vatican, occupies one of the side walls of the Stanza della Segnatura. Its arrangement seems to have been suggested by the arched mosaics of the apses of early churches, and as an example of monumental composition it is unsurpassed. The comparatively modern title, the 'Disputà,' or 'Discussion Concerning the Sacrament,' is a misnomen, for the scene might better be defined as 'The Glorification of the Christian Faith.' In the upper part of the fresco the Almighty in glory is surrounded by angels and cherubim; lower down, relieved against a background resplendent with gold, Christ is seated between John the Baptist and the Virgin; and underneath are twelve patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. Angels float in the clouds amidst which these groups are placed, and in the center four winged genii, two on either side of the dove, symbolic of the third member of the Trinity, fly earthwards bearing the Gospels to a multitude below, composed of saints and confessors, learned doctors, exponents of the law, painters, poets, old men and youths, gathered about an altar which supports the mystic symbol of Christ's presence. Among those represented Raphael has placed at the right, among popes and cardinals, Savonarola, in the habit of a monk, who had been put to death in Florence as a heretic only eleven years before. Near him may be seen the laurel-crowned head of Dante, and on the extreme left Fra Angelico. The figure leaning on the balustrade in the foreground has been identified as Bramante, then the architect of St. Peter's.

Mr. Berenson cites this great fresco as an example of Raphael's consummate skill as a space-composer. "Look," he says, "at that majestic theophany known as the 'Disputà.' The most obvious architecture could not better indicate the depth and roundness of a dome; but no architectural dome could so well convey a sense of the vastness, yet commensurability, nay, shall we not say of the companionship, of space. How much greater, how much purer than one's ordinary self—how transfigured one feels here! The forms in the 'Disputà' are noble in intention, as they always are in Raphael's best work. But think away the spaciousness of their surroundings. What has become of the solemn dignity, the glory that radiated from them? It has gone like divinity from a god."

"This celebrated work," writes Müntz, "is justly regarded as the highest expression of Christian painting and the most perfect summary of fifteen centuries of faith. It is more than a masterpiece of art; it marks an epoch in the development of the human mind."

'GARLAND-BEARER' PLATE IX

THIS fragment is all that remains of some armorial bearings frescoed by Raphael in the Vatican, and destroyed when alterations in the palace caused the room they decorated to be demolished. This so-called 'Garland-bearer,' one of the supporters of an escutcheon of Pope Julius II., was then cut from the wall and is now preserved in the Academy of St. Luke in Rome. The figure, which, as Taine says, "is as strong, as full of life, and as simple as a Pompeian antique," is, notwithstanding its battered and mutilated condition, a work of great beauty, and is characteristic of Raphael at his best period.

'THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA' PLATE X

IN the year 1514 Raphael painted this famous fresco in his friend Agostino Chigi's villa on the banks of the Tiber, now known as the Farnesina Villa, from the Farnese family, into whose possession it passed at the end of the sixteenth century.

"As Philostratus," writes Perkins, "described Galatea the sea-nymph, sailing in triumph over the sea in a shell drawn by dolphins surrounded by nymphs and tritons, holding her purple robe over her head to catch the zephyr and to shield herself from the sun's rays, so Raphael has painted her, with such slight changes as suited his purpose. Standing in an attitude of consummate grace, with her mantle fluttering in the wind, she holds the reins loosely in her hands, leaving the guidance of her dolphin steeds to a cupid, who lies like a sunbeam upon the water. His fellows, with arrows fitted to their bow-strings, circle the air like swallows on the wing, and a crowd of burly tritons, sounding their conch-shells, and bearing nymphs in their strong arms, splash through the blue waters in all the pride of exuberant life."

In a letter written to his friend Count Castiglione, in the summer of 1514, Raphael says: "As for the 'Galatea,' I should think myself a great painter if

I could believe half the kind things that your lordship writes about it. I am forced, however, to recognize that they are chiefly dictated by the love you bear me. If I am to paint a beautiful woman I ought to see several, and to have you at my side to point out the special beauties of each. But since good judgment and fair women are rare, I work from a certain ideal that I have in my mind. Whether this ideal have in it any artistic excellence I know not, but at least I do my best to attain it."

The figure of the fair-haired Galatea, and indeed the greater part of the whole fresco, was painted by Raphael himself; it is only in the coarser painting of the tritons and the dolphins that the touch of Giulio Romano and of other pupils is observable. The original colors have faded, and the beauty of the work has been sadly impaired by time, but the joyousness of Greek life still breathes from this frescoed wall, so that we seem to feel the fresh breeze that blows the white foam, and smell the salt of the sea over which Galatea is borne in her triumph. As Symonds has said, "The rapture of Greek art in its most youthful moment has never been recaptured by a modern painter with more force and fire of fancy than in the 'Galatea.'"

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL FRESCOS BY RAPHAEL AND OF THOSE EXECUTED BY HIS PUPILS FROM HIS DESIGNS

ITALY. PERUGIA, Chapel of San Severo: The Trinity — ROME, CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO: The Prophet Isaiah — ROME, FARNESINA VILLA: Triumph of Galatea (Plate X); Story of Cupid and Psyche (see Plate VII) — ROME, ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE: Garland-bearer (Plate IX) — ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA PACE: The Sibyls (Plate II) — ROME, THE VATICAN, THE STANZE [STANZA DELLA SEGNATURA]: Poetry; Theology; Philosophy; Justice; Apollo and Marsyas; Adam and Eve; Astronomy; Judgment of Solomon; 'Disputà' (Plate VIII); School of Athens (Plate V); Parnassus (see Plate IV); Jurisprudence; Justinian giving his Code to Tribonian; Gregory IX. publishing the Decretals. [STANZA D'ELIODORO]: God appearing to Noah; Abraham's Sacrifice; Jacob's Dream; Moses and the Burning Bush; Heliodorus driven from the Temple; Miracle of Bolsena (Plate I); Deliverance of St. Peter (Plate VI); Retreat of Attila. [STANZA DELL' INCENDIO]: Coronation of Charlemagne; 'Incendio del' Borgo' (Plate III); Battle of Ostia; Oath of Leo III. [SALA DI COSTANTINO]: Baptism of Constantine; Defeat of Maxentius; Address of Constantine to his Troops; Donation of Rome to Sylvester; Overthrow of Paganism — ROME, THE VATICAN, THE LOGGIE: Fifty-two scenes from the Old and New Testaments in decorative settings — ROME, THE VATICAN, BATH-ROOM OF CARDINAL BIBBIENA: Mythological subjects.

A SHORT list of the principal books dealing with Raphael was given in Volume 1, Part 12, of this SERIES, which treats of his easel-pictures. For an exhaustive bibliography, however, the reader is referred to 'Les Historiens et les critiques de Raphael, 1483-1883,' by Eugène Müntz. (Paris, 1883.)

MASTERS IN ART

Donatello

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

DONATELLO
ST. GEORGE
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

DONATELLO
THE ANNUNCIATION
CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

DONATELLO
BRONZE ALTAR PANELS
CHURCH OF SANT' ANTONIO, PADUA

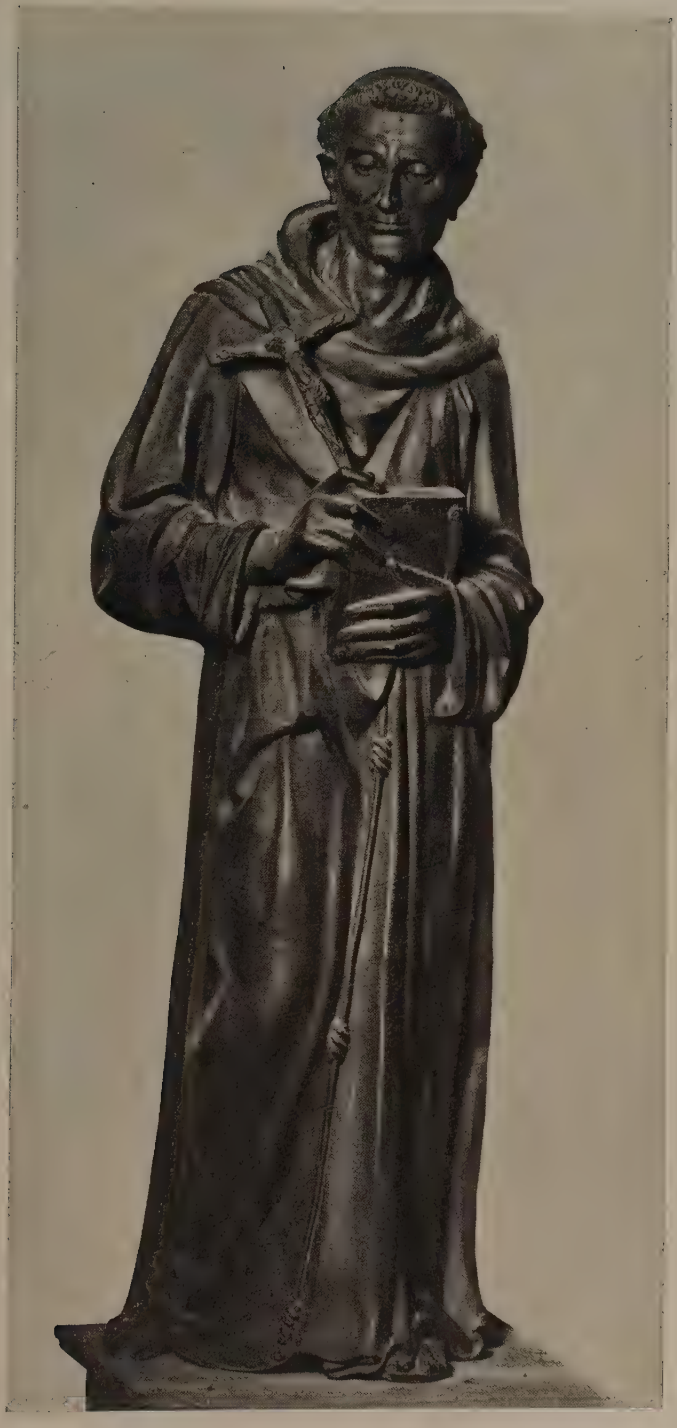
DONATELLO
THE CHILD JESUS
CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DE' VANCHETONI, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

DONATELLO
DAVID
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

DONATELLO
SINGING GALLERY [DETAIL]
MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE

DONATELLO
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST
CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

DONATELLO
ST. FRANCIS
CHURCH OF SANT' ANTONIO, PADUA

DONATELLO
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

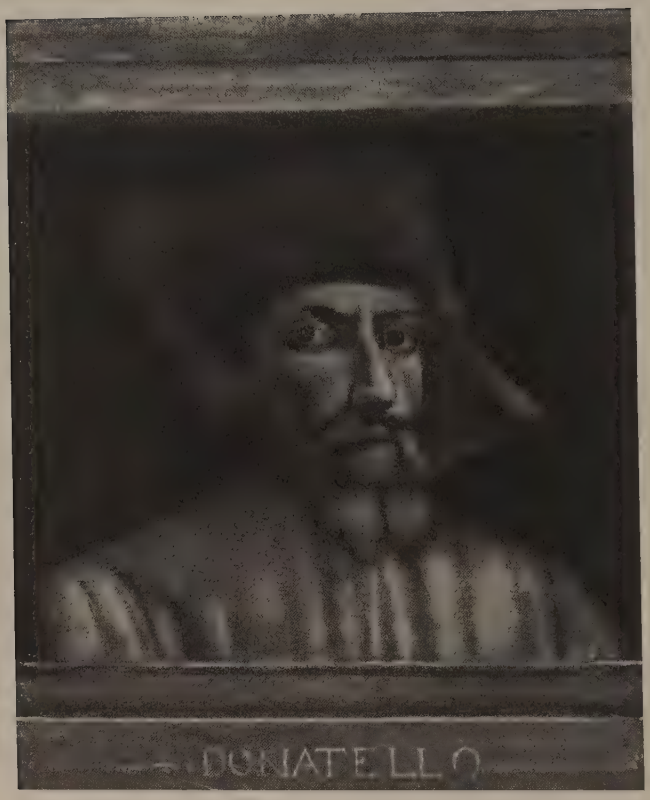
MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

DONATELLO

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GATTAMELAT

PIAZZA DEL SANTO, PADUA



PORTRAIT OF DONATELLO BY PAOLO UCCELLO LOUVRE, PARIS

No description of Donatello's personal appearance has come down to us, but from this likeness, painted by his friend and fellow-citizen, Paolo Uccello, it is evident that his face does not belie the contemporary accounts of his honesty, simplicity, uprightness, and unfailing kindliness — qualities which endeared him to all who knew him. The portrait is a portion of a picture containing five heads, representing besides Donatello, Giotto, Brunelleschi, Manetti, and Uccello himself.

Donato di Niccolò di Betto Bardi

CALLED

Donatello

BORN 1386: DIED 1466
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

THE sculptor Donato di Niccolò di Betto Bardi, better known by the affectionate diminutive "Donatello," or "little Donato," given him by his contemporaries, was born in the city of Florence, probably in the year 1386. His father, Niccolò di Betto Bardi, a wool-carder by trade, was exiled from Florence on account of unlucky participation in civic politics, and the boy was befriended by the noble family of the Martelli, in whose household he was brought up from early childhood, and to whom he endeared himself by his loving and lovable disposition, his industry, and his fondness for study.

Like many other Florentine artists, Donatello began his career in a goldsmith's shop; but the story told by Vasari of his boyhood shows that even at an early age he had turned his attention to sculpture. Having stated that Donatello "produced many works in his youth, but because they were many they were not considered to be of any great account," the old chronicler goes on to say: "For the Church of Santa Croce in Florence he executed a Crucifix in wood on which he bestowed extraordinary labor; and when the work was completed, believing himself to have produced an admirable thing, he showed it to Filippo Brunelleschi, his most intimate friend, desiring to have his opinion of it. Filippo, who had expected from the words of Donatello to see a much finer production, smiled somewhat as he regarded it, and Donatello seeing this entreated him, by the friendship existing between them, to say what he thought of it. Whereupon Filippo, who was exceedingly frank, replied that Donatello appeared to him to have placed a peasant on the cross, and not a figure resembling that of Christ. Donatello hearing himself censured where he had expected praise, and more hurt than he was perhaps willing to admit, replied, 'If it were as easy to execute a work as to judge it, my figure would appear to thee to be Christ and not a boor; but take wood and try to make one thyself.' Filippo, without saying anything more, returned

home and set to work on a Crucifix, wherein he labored to surpass Donatello, that he might not be condemned by his own judgment; but he suffered no one to know what he was doing. At the end of some months the work was completed, and one morning he invited Donatello to dine with him, and the latter accepted the invitation. Thereupon, as they were proceeding together towards the house of Filippo, they passed by the Old Market, where Filippo purchased various articles, and giving them to Donatello said, 'Do thou go forward with these things to the house and wait for me there; I will be after thee in a moment.' Donatello, therefore, having entered the house, had no sooner done so than he saw the Crucifix, which Filippo had placed in a suitable light. Stopping short to examine the work, he found it so perfectly executed that, feeling himself conquered, full of astonishment, and, as it were, startled out of himself, he dropped the hands which were holding up his apron, wherein he had placed the purchases, when the whole fell to the ground, eggs, cheese, and other things, all broken to pieces and mingled together. But Donatello, not recovering from his astonishment, remained still gazing in amazement when Filippo arrived, and inquired, laughing, 'What hast thou been about, Donatello? And what dost thou mean us to have for dinner, since thou hast overturned everything?' 'I, for my part,' replied Donatello, 'have had my share of dinner for to-day; if thou must needs have thine, take it. But enough said: to thee it has been given to represent the Christ; I can only carve peasants!'"

Donatello's Crucifix is now in the Bardi Chapel of the Church of Santa Croce, Florence; Brunelleschi's in the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

According to Vasari, Donatello was one of the artists who, in 1401, competed for the commission to execute a pair of bronze gates for the Florentine Baptistery, but as he was at that time only about fifteen years old it is unlikely that he entered the lists, although he did assist Ghiberti, the successful competitor, in the execution of the second gate.

Vasari's statement that at about this time Donatello went to Rome with his friend Brunelleschi, who, disappointed not to have attained the victory that it was unanimously agreed belonged to Ghiberti, determined to leave Florence for a time, is rejected by a few recent critics, who believe that Donatello's first visit to Rome was not undertaken until many years later. There is, however, so much to support the truth of Vasari's account—so much in Donatello's work during the ten years following which can be accounted for by such an acquaintance with antique art as a visit to Rome would have given him the opportunity to acquire—that it is difficult to regard the story as apocryphal; and accordingly Vasari's narrative is here followed.

Upon their arrival in Rome the two friends, we are told, entered eagerly into the study of the antique. They made sketches and notes of all the examples of classic art that they discovered in the city or the vicinity, and carried on their archæological studies so diligently that the people of Rome called them "treasure-seekers"—a name, Vasari says, "that they frequently heard applied to them as they passed along the street." Their money giving out, they had recourse to their early craft of goldsmith work, and so supplied their

modest wants, and enough besides for the continuation of their studies. Brunelleschi devoted his thoughts and attention more and more to the development of architecture, the branch of art in which he afterwards became famous; but Donatello, we are told, "had eyes only for sculpture," and when in 1405 he returned to his native city, leaving Brunelleschi in Rome, it was as a sculptor that he rapidly won renown.

Soon after his return to Florence we find him busily engaged in the execution of works commissioned by the authorities of the Church of Or San Michele and by the Cathedral Board of Works. Statues of heroic size of 'St. Peter' and 'St. Mark' were executed by him for niches on the outside of Or San Michele, where later his famous 'St. George' was also to find a place. For the cathedral he carved a statue of 'Joshua,' and a great seated figure of 'St. John the Evangelist.' For the bell-tower of Florence—Giotto's Campanile—he executed statues of 'Jeremiah,' 'Habakkuk,' 'Abraham and Isaac,' and the one erroneously called 'King David,' but better known as 'il Zuccone' (the "bald-head"—literally, the "pumpkin"), which he is said to have regarded as one of his most satisfactory achievements. The model chosen for this statue was an old man, ungainly in form and of singularly unprepossessing features, but so faithfully did Donatello portray him that the statue seemed to its creator well-nigh alive. "Speak then! plague take thee, why wilt thou not speak?" he would frequently exclaim while at work upon it; and, "By the faith that I place in my 'Zuccone'" became his customary expression when wishing to give special force to a statement.

In these statues for the Campanile Donatello first showed his striking originality and vital force. Working from living models, he departed from the conventional ecclesiastical types, and imbued the figures of his prophets with life, making them intensely realistic, even repellent, in their fidelity to nature.

Donatello's life from this time on was that of an earnest and sincere workman, who formed one of that group of skilled craftsmen whose time, thought, and labor were devoted to enriching the beauty of their city by means of their art. He was unmarried, and his household consisted of his mother, a widowed sister, and her son. A simple Florentine citizen, ever a favorite among his fellows by reason of his kindly nature and unfailing readiness to help those less fortunate than himself, Donatello, although by no means wealthy, was, Vasari tells us, "most liberal, friendly and courteous to all, being ever more careful for his friends than for himself. He attached little value to his gains, but kept what money he had in a basket suspended by a cord from the roof, and from this all his assistants as well as his friends took what they needed without being expected to say anything about it."

In the year 1426 we find Donatello closely associated in his work with the architect Michelozzo. Their first coöperative achievement was the beautiful tomb of Pope John XXIII., erected in the Florentine Baptistery by order of the Medici family. This was followed by a more elaborate monument in memory of Cardinal Brancacci, which was executed at Pisa, whence it was shipped to Naples and placed in the Church of Sant' Angelo a Nilo in that city.

During the two following years Donatello seems to have spent some time at Siena, where several of his works are still preserved; and in 1433 he made a journey to Rome, whence he returned to Florence the next year with fresh inspiration and renewed enthusiasm for ancient art. Michelozzo, who had meantime been absent from Florence for a twelvemonth, having followed Cosimo de' Medici into exile, now returned, since Cosimo was recalled to power, and renewed his association with Donatello.

It was at about this time that Donatello and Michelozzo executed a joint commission which they had received a few years before, to carve a marble pulpit for the outside of the Cathedral of Prato. In this pulpit Donatello made use of the same motive—a row of dancing children—as in his celebrated 'Singing Gallery' executed somewhat later. To this period also belong a number of his best-known works, among others the 'Annunciation' in the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, the bronze 'Cupid' in the Florentine Bargello, or National Museum, and the 'David' commissioned by Cosimo de' Medici, who, we are told by Vasari, "held the talents of Donatello in such high esteem that he kept him continually at work; and so great was the affection which Donatello on his part bore to Cosimo that, at the slightest intimation, he comprehended all that was desired, and obediently obeyed every wish." Besides these numerous commissions Donatello was employed by Cosimo to restore the examples of classic art contained in the Medici collection, and to carve eight marble medallions, enlarged copies of antique gems, to adorn the court of the Medici Palace.

The ten years following Donatello's second return from Rome were perhaps the happiest and most prosperous of his long and active life. Notwithstanding his success and the favor constantly shown him by the head of the Medici family, however, he seems ever to have retained that simplicity of manner and mode of life which was one of his marked characteristics and chiefest charms. Possibly his austerity in the matter of dress may have seemed to Cosimo out of place in one of Donatello's standing, for we are told that on the occasion of a festival he sent the sculptor a new suit of clothes, "a rose-colored mantle and cap, with a cape beneath the mantle," in which he wished his friend to appear. "And Donatello," adds the chronicler, "wore it once or twice, but after that he sent it back to Cosimo, because, as he said, it appeared to him to be too dainty."

As an illustration of Donatello's independent spirit, Vasari tells us that a certain Genoese merchant, who had been introduced to the sculptor by Cosimo, commissioned Donatello to make a life-sized bust. When it was finished, however, and the time came for payment, the merchant complained that the price was too high. The matter was finally referred to Cosimo, who caused the bust to be carried to the upper court of his palace and placed between the battlements overlooking the street in order that he might see it better. He then suggested that the price proposed by the merchant was too small; but the latter replied that the bust had taken the sculptor less than a month to do, and at that rate the sum he had offered would amount to more than half a florin a day; whereupon, "Donatello," says Vasari, "turned about in

great anger, this remark having offended him highly; and telling the merchant that he had found means in the hundredth part of an hour to spoil the whole labor and cares of a year, he gave a blow to the bust, which fell to the street below and was dashed in pieces, at the same time observing to the merchant that it was easy to see he was better versed in bargaining for horse-beans than in purchasing statues. Regretting what had happened, the merchant would then have paid him double the sum demanded on condition of his reconstructing the bust; but this Donatello could not be persuaded to do by all his promises; nor would he consent even at the request of Cosimo."

Donatello's fame was by this time wide-spread. In 1443 he was invited to Padua to decorate the high altar of the Church of Sant' Antonio, and while in that city received the commission for his celebrated bronze equestrian statue of the *condottiere*, or paid military leader, Gattamelata. These important works occupied a period of about ten years, and were held in such high repute by the Paduans that they regarded the sculptor as almost superhuman in his genius. They besought him to remain among them as their fellow-citizen, but Donatello was determined to return to Florence. "If I staid here any longer," he said, "I should forget all I have ever known through being so much praised. Willingly, therefore, I return home, where I get censured continually; such censure gives occasion for study, and brings as a consequence greater glory." Accordingly he set forth on his homeward journey, stopping on his way in Venice to carve a wooden statue of John the Baptist for the Florentine chapel in the Church of the Frari there, and again in Faenza and Siena, and finally reached Florence, where, by order of the Medici, he entered upon the last of his long series of works—two bronze pulpits for the Church of San Lorenzo. But before they were finished his strength began to fail, and the work was completed by Bertoldo, one of his devoted pupils, to whose care many other designs were also intrusted by the master.

"Donatello passed his old age cheerfully," writes Vasari, "and when he became too decrepit to work longer, he was taken care of by Cosimo and others of his friends. It is said that when Cosimo found himself at the point of death he left Donatello in charge of Piero his son, who, being a most careful executor of his father's will, bestowed on him a farm, the income of which was of such amount that Donatello might have lived on it most commodiously. He made great rejoicings over this gift accordingly, considering himself to be more than secured from the fear of dying of hunger by such a possession; but he had not held the property a year when he returned to Piero, restoring the farm to him by proper legal forms, declaring that he would not have his quiet destroyed by thinking of household cares and listening to the troubles and outcries of the farmers who came pestering him every third day, now because the wind had unroofed the dove-cote, now because his cattle had been seized for taxes, and anon because of the storms which had cut up his vines and fruit-trees; with all which he was so completely worn out and wearied that he would rather perish with hunger than be tormented by so many cares! Piero laughed at the simplicity of Donatello, and to liberate

him from this grievance, resumed possession of the farm, but assigned him an income of equal or larger value, secured on the bank and to be paid in cash; of this Donatello received the due proportion every week while he lived, an arrangement which rejoiced him greatly."

So Donatello again made his home in Florence in a "poor little house" in the Via del Cocomero not far from the great cathedral. Towards the end of his life, when all his near relatives had died, and he was alone save for the care bestowed upon him by friends and pupils, he was struck with paralysis; but, though helpless and bedridden, his courage and cheerfulness did not forsake him. Vasari relates how some distant kinsmen, hearing that his end was near, visited him as he lay upon his sick-bed, and having condoled with him upon his affliction, begged him to leave them a small farm which he owned near Prato. But Donatello, who "showed good sense and rectitude in all that he did," replied, "I cannot content you in this matter, kinsmen, because I wish, as indeed appears to me to be reasonable, to leave the farm to the peasant who has always tilled it and bestowed great labor upon it, and not to you who have never done anything in connection with it, and now wish for it as some recompense for your visit to me. Go, and the Lord be with you!"

On the thirteenth of December, 1466, Donatello died. He was buried in the Church of San Lorenzo in Florence, near to the tomb of Cosimo de' Medici, as he had himself desired, "that his body might be near him when dead, as his spirit had been ever near him when in life."

"The death of Donatello," Vasari writes, "was much regretted by his fellow-citizens, by the artists, and by all who had known him in his life; and to the end that they might do him more reverence after death than he had received when alive, they performed his obsequies most honorably, and he was accompanied to his grave by all the painters, architects, sculptors, goldsmiths, and in fine, by nearly all the inhabitants of the city."

The Art of Donatello

SIDNEY COLVIN — 'THE PORTFOLIO' 1883

DONATELLO was one, with Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, of the famous trio who at the opening of the fourteenth century initiated a new era of art and genius in Italy. The inspiration of a former age of art had been exhausted and its great men had passed away. At Florence during the second and third quarters of the fourteenth century there had flourished an admirable school of sculpture, founded in equal degree on the teachings of Giotto and of the early Pisan masters. Its chief men had been first Andrea Pisano and afterwards Orcagna, who, working in connection with Gothic forms of architectural decoration, had produced sculptures unsurpassed for justice and simplicity of design, and for thoughtfulness and dignity of religious and symbol-

ical expression. In these qualities the men of the new age could not surpass their predecessors. But they had other worlds to conquer; they had mastery to acquire over a thousand details of natural fact; they had antiquity to rediscover and emulate; they had an eager curiosity to satisfy, and a spirit of experiment to carry them into fields unexplored by the grave and concentrated devotional spirit of other days.

Of all the masters of this new age, Donatello was the most many-sided and had the greatest and most stimulating influence on others. . . . He had a sympathy with and a grasp of what is most rough and real in life, as well as with what is most tender and ideal. At one time in his career the realist in him seemed to be completely gaining the mastery. But in most of his work his genius moves with ease and certainty at an appropriate distance between these two extremes. In his celebrated statues in Florence made to adorn the external niches of the Church of Or San Michele, as well as in those, farther removed from the eye, which stand in like manner in niches in the upper courses of the Campanile, he has excellently combined the claims of life and reality with the claims of dignity and style. . . .

The statues of this class, looking down from their niches upon the crowd in its daily traffic—the saints and evangelists of Or San Michele, and the prophets and patriarchs of the Campanile—chiefly won for Donatello his preëminent renown among his fellow-citizens. But these and their like formed only a small portion of his multifarious activity. He and the troop of assistants whom he had gathered about him were equally skilled in marble-cutting, bronze-casting, wood-carving, and the chasing of precious metals, and equally at home in work of the greatest and of the minutest scale. In marble, we at one time find him fashioning imposing single figures to produce their effect from a height in the open air; at another, rivaling Luca della Robbia in the grace and spirit of his choirs of dancing children for the adornment of the balustrades of pulpits; at another, setting an example to the generation of artists that followed him in the designing of elaborate funeral monuments in honor of departed poets and prelates; at another, fashioning the effigies of saints in relief on sarcophagus or altar-shrine with a delicacy of hand and feeling such as scarcely another master has equaled. . . .

Of all the great artists of the early Renaissance in Florence, certainly of all her sculptors, Donatello stands out as the most gifted, energetic, and universally capable. Open-handed, cordial, loyal, and free from jealousy, his fellow-citizens and fellow-craftsmen are recorded to have loved him as much as they admired him; and the sculptor of the 'St. George' and of the statue of Gattamelata is praised not more as an artist than as a man.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

DONATELLO is the artists' artist. The connoisseur can feel the vitality, the power, the fire shown by the master; but only the trained practitioner can wholly appreciate the skill and knowledge which have directed this force and made this power manifest. If Michelangelo be the greatest genius that has held chisel and brush at once, Donatello may be called the

greatest sculptor of the Renaissance, since he is the genesis even of Michelangelo. To make the marble *live* was Donatello's first care; next, by calculation, judgment, ponderation, to give its utmost effect in relation to its placing and its distance. The result is a robustness, a sanity, a vitality, which have made his art a well-spring of inspiration to lesser men, who have found room to soften and to change and to lessen, each after his own manner, and yet to develop into individual masters, upon the lines laid down by the great pioneer. . . .

Donatello's only limitation seems to be in the choice of subject; he celebrates old age, middle age, and infancy; gnarled and rugged old age in his prophets, grand and serene manhood in his 'St. John the Evangelist,' infancy in all its phases, from the roguishly timid babies who shrink backwards as if in fright upon the cornice of his 'Annunciation' in Santa Croce, through the thoughtful children of his portrait busts, to the bacchanalian *putti*, who girdle the pulpit of Prato in an almost delirious dance. But in all this he finds no place for women (since his 'Judith' in the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence, is the least satisfactory of his statues), and with the exception of the 'Annunciation,' he seems quite to forget a certain kind of grace that is purely feminine, and to banish it from his works, readily substituting dramatic expression for beauty, and not disdaining actual ugliness as a factor in the production of the former.

HANS SEMPER 'DONATELLO'S LEBEN UND WERKE'

SPEAKING broadly, it may be said that all the sculptors and painters of the second half of the fifteenth century and of the early part of the sixteenth were affected by Donatello's revolutionizing influence. It was he who laid the foundation of the style of Renaissance art in general, both in its conception and in its relationship to the art of antiquity and to nature. He completely swept away Gothic traditions and established as an incontestable canon for all future time, even down to our own day, the penetrating, untiring, and intuitively poetic study of nature in all her rich and infinite variety. He recognized the fact that Greek art alone had been founded upon that principle, and had for that very reason attained to such a high state of perfection; and he sought, sometimes guided solely by the antique, sometimes breaking for himself new paths, to derive from the living source of all that is beautiful works that should equal in excellence those of Greek art. In fact no other artist drew so directly from nature her innermost life, or so completely mastered the language of the forms and movements which reveal that life. It is as if the very pulse of nature beat within his veins, as if from the beginning nature's creative instinct were active in his being. To this cause is due the marvelous inspiration which guided his hand even when groping with uncertain knowledge; and if at times he faltered, and created forms not absolutely correct, even these are imbued with life.

By virtue of a fertile fancy, which shaped everything on which it laid hold into a new and ever vital form of art, Donatello also laid the foundations for a succession of the most important technical innovations, and for the intro-

duction of original, or long forgotten, motives. Not only did he originate the technique of the *relievo stiacciato*, or very low relief, in which the delicate effect of drawing pure and simple is united with the finely gradated tones of modeling, and bring to a degree of perfection hitherto unattained the art of working in marble and in clay and of chasing in metal; but we owe to him also the first real portrait statues and portrait busts since the days of antiquity, the first bronze equestrian statue, and also, if not the first representations of children, at any rate the first successful introduction of the child as a decoration for a frieze—a motive which has ever since been employed with endless variation, and to which the Renaissance, as well as modern art, owes some of its most graceful and harmonious creations. Finally, it is Donatello who imparted to the figures of the saints, and to all sacred history, that humanly touching, and at the same time powerful character, that dramatic animation, which even the sculptors of the golden age of the Renaissance could not exceed. When an attempt was made later to intensify this harmony, first created by Donatello, the limits of nature and of truth were overstepped. No other sculptor has so perfectly represented the playfulness and roguishness of the child, the impetuosity and courage of the youth, the energy of the mature man, or portrayed more lovingly and with more depth of feeling the innocence or the divine motherhood of the Madonna.

The laws of perspective and of foreshortening; the optical impression of a plastic work of art considered from the standpoint of the spectator; the natural conditions of drapery and stylistic problems and their limits; the mechanism and anatomy of the human body as the most important basis of a free, unrestrained art that aims at perfection; the lofty expression of lines combined with the living truth;—all these main principles of the art of the Renaissance Donatello was the first to introduce, and in the application and practice of them he manifested a supreme mastery.—FROM THE GERMAN

MARCEL REYMOND 'LA SCULPTURE FLORENTINE'

DONATELLO'S work may be considered as the culmination of all the efforts made by the Germanic-Latin civilization under the inspiration of Christian thought. Without neglecting that search for purity of form and harmony of line which has too often been the sole preoccupation of the artist, he believed that the ultimate aim of art should be the expression of ideas, and maintained that the highest beauty of form is attained only by virtue of truth and force of expression. For Donatello, therefore, the essential in art was not form, but the idea which should speak through that form, whether it be young and smiling to suggest the charm of womanhood and childhood, or violent and terrible to express the dramatic conception of the religious life. For the Greek ideal he substituted the modern ideal as conceived by the spirit of Christianity. . . .

It is quite possible that Donatello may not appeal to us, but we must recognize what he was. He should not be looked upon as a champion of the Renaissance; nor should we try to see in his works, so full of the intensity of life, a reflection of classic sculpture. Whether Donatello wished it to be

so or not, his achievement is the most energetic protest ever made by art against the doctrines of antiquity. If Phidias, in the Parthenon sculptures, has expressed the ideal type of beauty as contained in the human form, Donatello, striving above all else to give voice in his works to the feelings of his heart and soul, may be said to have discovered a new ideal.—FROM THE FRENCH

HOPE REA

'DONATELLO'

AMONG the noble army of artists, few, probably, have been so absolutely sincere in their work as Donatello. The temptation to follow the convention of the time because it was the expected thing, or because it looked the correct thing, seems never to have assailed him. His idea once clear in his mind, he pressed forward to that mark unflinchingly, so that his works reflect, as it were, the very heart of the man. . . .

In the Santa Croce 'Crucifix,' an early, though probably not, as often stated, actually his earliest, sculptural work, we may see his strenuous effort after realism. The art of the sculptor contemporary with this work was not in itself very eloquent. Proportions were uncertain, draperies conventional, poses rigid—sometimes one saw, as it were, an attempt to reproduce a classic character, but generally such attempts resulted in a crude adoption of some superficial mannerism of drapery or detail; that which was behind, giving soul to classic sculpture, was not recognized and much less reproduced. In Donatello's 'Crucifix' we are led to conclude that the realization that accurate representation of form was the first essential in his art had already come to him; indeed, it seems possible that, to his boyish mind, truth to life may have appeared the goal of sculpture. If so, how salutary must have been Brunelleschi's terse criticism. He had so far mastered form as to have carved a man, he had sculptured a peasant; but a peasant is not a Christ. The further step in art, that form must not only imitate but also suggest, he realized on seeing Brunelleschi's more ideal effort, and frankly acknowledged that he had made his discovery: "To thee it is given to sculpture a Christ; I can only carve peasants!"

Whether by a journey to Rome and prolonged companionship with Brunelleschi, or by other means, it seems indisputable that he became increasingly touched by the new spirit, which was in effect one with that of the older art. In work after work of his early years we see the bonds of tradition loosening, and the new ideal growing up before him. . . .

Within the next ten years follows a remarkable series of statues in the round and of heroic size which manifest the development of his idea as an artist, and his gradual increase of mastery in his art, until, with the 'St. George,' executed in 1416, a climax is reached which would have completed the reputation of any other man, and ranked him among the great masters. From this long series of twelve heroic statues taken direct from the life it may fairly be assumed that Donatello desired the discipline and opportunity which this form of work afforded him, and that through it he considered that he could win the mastery to express that which he felt might be expressed

by sculpture, and which, up to his time, had not been achieved since the last artist of antiquity had laid down his chisel. In order to estimate the full significance of this new departure on the part of Donatello, we must bear in mind that for centuries previously the most generally adopted form of sculpture in Italy had been relief, while the manner of expression was very diffuse, and much by way of accepted symbols. Statues, when present, were for the most part accentuated points of ornament, and not prime vehicles for conveying the artist's idea. . . .

Donatello's predecessors were medieval, one and all; he himself was a scholar in the masonic schools; yet we see that he turns his back on the old fashion of relief, the mode of expression by story and symbol, and begins his series of heroic statues. In short, whether directly inspired by it or not, he chose the way of antiquity, and recognized the apprenticeship necessary in order to follow this path. He realized, with the older sculptors, that it is out of absolute knowledge of what is in nature that the artist may pass beyond her, and so inform his work that by its own proper power, without help of symbol or of allegory, it may speak the ideal which is in its creator's mind. Thus we find him, in the strength of this new realization or inspiration, setting himself to carve out certain ideals, but giving himself the while the severest discipline possible. By way of the peasant he will attain to sculpturing a Christ. . . .

Nothing is more difficult than to appreciate justly the position and influence of such a profound genius as was that of Donatello. It may be said that for fully fifty years he was a guiding and inspiring force in art throughout Italy, and that, after him, the whole standard of art was altered, and the archaic forever left behind. In order to follow, in any strict sense of the word, such a master, the followers would require to have an intellectual and artistic equipment equal to the full appreciation of the master spirit that they had set before them. This does not appear to have been the good fortune of any of the sculptors immediately succeeding Donatello. With them, beauty of line and form was obviously valued for its own sake, and diligently sought after. In Donatello, however, we find a different aim. Form was with him only a means to an end, that end being the expression of some ideal conception, generally heroic in quality. Thus beauty of form is with him never essential; it may or may not be present; his genius was to pass behind the mere form, and, grasping the spirit, bring it to the surface, so that it became visible in the form, be it of an emaciated 'St. John,' or a knightly 'St. George.' Donatello, of all sculptors of the Renaissance, is the master of conveying spiritual suggestion by means of his art. One only of his successors is worthy to be named with him, one only was in any fashion truly his follower, and he was Michelangelo. The sculptor of the Medici tombs also touched that highest level of sculptural art, and achieved a grandeur of expression fit to rank with that of the earlier master. The direct influence of Donatello is, in fact, more apparent in the painters than the sculptors. Masaccio, the Pollajuoli, to mention the principal ones, owed him much; and through the latter his influence doubtless passed on to Botticelli, as through Verocchio possibly to Leonardo da Vinci. . . .

That Donatello's fame suffered partial eclipse for a certain period is not to be wondered at when we consider the changes in matters of taste that have passed over Europe during the last four centuries. A more artificial time inevitably failed to appreciate justly his unflinching truth and spiritual aim. It is possible, indeed, that Donatello may never again become a popular hero; but so long as his works remain, so long must he continue to be "*il maestro di chi sanno*"—the master of those who know.

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'DONATELLO'

THE most modest, disinterested, and devout of men, and as an artist a most daring innovator, whose proud, free genius led the way into new paths—such was Donatello. "The eminent Donatello and the wonderful Michelangelo—the two greatest men that have existed from the time of antiquity down to our own days," these are the words in which the famous Benvenuto Cellini praised his illustrious predecessors. But though countless admirers have swung their censers before Michelangelo for three hundred years, it has remained for our own time to reëstablish Donatello, who ranks with him, and who antedates him as the sovereign master of modern sculpture. We should welcome with enthusiasm the privilege of canceling the lengthy and undeserved oblivion to which Donatello has had to submit—Donatello, who, standing with his friend Brunelleschi on the threshold of the fifteenth century, bore, like another Atlas, the vast and splendid edifice of the Renaissance upon his shoulders, and ushered in the era of freedom to which we are proud to belong. . . .

It is not easy to sum up briefly the multiple and important services which Donatello rendered to the Renaissance, or to indicate the profound influence which he has exercised on the development of modern art. The sources from which he drew his inspiration were two, antiquity and nature. But did Donatello, who understood the antique so well, equal the creations of antiquity? We may answer yes or no, according to the point of view we take. Compared to the statues that adorn the pediments and metopes of the Parthenon it is undeniable that the works of the Florentine sculptor have something dry, harsh, thin, or summary about them. A more profound knowledge of the human body underlies the simplicity of the Greek work, a knowledge acquired not by such conscious study of anatomy as formed part of Michelangelo's training, but from the constant observation of the naked figure in the palestra. The Greek simplicity, however, arises not solely from a profound science, but from a science which could only have been brought to such a pitch of perfection by sacrificing one whole side of human nature, the moral side—or, to speak more definitely, the expression of the passions. It is physical beauty, or oftener still the representation of physical effort, which supplants all else in the work of the sculptors who sprang from the schools of Phidias, Polycletus, Lysippus, and Praxiteles. What more than a mere body, made vigorous and supple by exercise, has the 'Discobolus,' whose painfully bent frame has become merely a human spring, to show us? or the 'Faun,' whose chiefest glory was to dance gracefully? But Christianity, in setting moral

beauty above animal beauty, soul above body, bred up geniuses who were capable of expressing the inner passions; and in the first rank of these shines Donatello. Inferior to the ancients in the harmonious interpretation of the human body, how he surpasses them in the expression of the emotions and the agitations born of moral life! Has passion ever been voiced more eloquently?

In comparison with the sculptors of the Middle Ages, Donatello is distinguished by the many means of expression which he added to those inherited from his predecessors. It was through him that Italian sculpture became at length definitely enfranchised. There were no secrets of anatomy, physiognomy, perspective, style, of which it was not now in command, no subject which it could not interpret excellently. Gaiety (a half-ironical gaiety) was a note as easy to Donatello as was the grave or the moving. He showed himself by turns tender and proud, witty and pathetic. He could equally provoke smile or tear, body forth mockery or express ecstasy, give proof of wit or exhibit passion—in a word, both in respect of form and of idea, Donatello achieved the most unfettered independence—that independence which is the characteristic sign of modern art.

Compared with his contemporaries, Ghiberti and Luca della Robbia, Donatello was a revolutionary. They stood, as it were, as peacemakers between the old and the new; while he broke violently with tradition, they, more prudent and conservative, tried to weld past conventions to new formulæ. Profoundly imbued with Christian sentiments, they yet did not disdain to borrow from antiquity such of its formulæ as might aid in expressing those sentiments with greater dignity, and held the balance more stably poised between the study of nature and the search for the ideal. Therefore, though Donatello gained many more direct disciples than they, their works harmonized better with the spirit of the fifteenth century—an era little given to excess in any direction.

On the other hand, we have to wait till the coming of Michelangelo to see the *terribilità* of Donatello revived, for only an absolutely superior artist could, without risk of disaster, attempt to revive it. Thus, though Donatello made numberless disciples, and has not ceased to inspire the sculptors of all lands even down to our day, it is not because he invented a really fruitful and instructive *method*. His influence arises rather from the superiority of his genius than from the superiority of his principles. Primarily an inventor, an originator, he never attempted to elaborate a doctrine. His constant self-contradiction, the impossibility of foreseeing his intention, his fluctuations between the study of nature and of the antique, cannot but dishearten those who seek mere counsel and teaching from him; and it is solely due to the fascination of his sublime genius that Donatello has been able, like Michelangelo, to dominate European art during so many centuries.

The secret of Donatello's genius lies in the power of the artist *when at work;* the absence of all doubt or scruple in his procedure; the feeling that his achievement gives us, that before his hand touched the chisel the idea was wholly framed in his brain, and that his will bodied forth that idea in marble or bronze with an incomparable freedom and audacity. Such was the rapidity

and surety with which his conceptions seem to have assumed palpable form that the critic has no time to follow the process or to trace the effort. In Donatello the *seeker* after the effect is eclipsed by the *finder* of it.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Donatello

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ST. GEORGE' PLATE I

IN the year 1416 Donatello, at the request of the Gild of Armorers, executed this marble statue of 'St. George,' their patron saint, to decorate a niche in the exterior of Or San Michele, the special church of the various gilds of Florence. In 1887, at the time of the celebration of the fifth centenary of Donatello's birth, it was removed to the National Museum of that city, in order to protect it from further injury by the weather, and a bronze cast of it was placed in the niche where the original had formerly stood.

From Donatello's own day to the present time the 'St. George' has elicited praise from all beholders. There is a tradition that Michelangelo, struck by the lifelike quality of the statue, exclaimed one day as he passed the church where it stood, "*Cammina!*"—"March!"

"We must not look for that delicacy of detail and science of modeling in the 'St. George' which characterize Donatello's later works," writes M. Marcel Reymond, "but the idea is so grand and is expressed with such power that this statue is justly regarded as a masterpiece." In it Donatello shows that he had emancipated himself from the Gothic style, and we feel, as Dr. Semper has expressed it, that "the spirit of Greek art in its noble simplicity and clearness is here united with the vivid, pulsating life of the Italian Renaissance."

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE II

"THE early opinion that this exquisite monument was the outcome of Donatello's study during his first visit to Rome in 1403," writes Hope Rea, "is now pretty generally rejected by authorities. The style of the architectural setting is too completely of the early Renaissance for that date, and is no merely tentative effort, but a masterly achievement. The same may be said of the figures of the Madonna and the angel; both have what Vasari called 'that marvelous gesture of moving themselves within the stone' that belongs to the 'St. George' and succeeding works, but was hardly attained earlier in the sculptor's career. The movement of the Madonna is indeed marvelous in its complexity. She has risen from her seat, was moving away, is arrested, turns, and listens. All this is indicated in the pose. The angel, having just touched the earth with an exquisite lightness, bends the knee,

while the respective positions of the hands, and the slight backward tilt of the head, give a grace and expressiveness that are beyond praise."

The bas-relief of 'The Annunciation' in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence, is cut from *pietra serena*—a soft gray stone—and the details of the moldings and background are picked out in gold. It is Donatello's only work of any magnitude in which the principal figure is that of a woman; and in no other of his important achievements is there perceptible such general suavity of style and tenderness of feeling.

BRONZE ALTAR PANELS FROM PADUA PLATE III

IN the year 1450 Donatello, assisted by his pupils, finished a series of bronze statues and reliefs for the high altar of the Church of Sant' Antonio in Padua. In little more than a century later, upon the erection of a new altar, these works were removed and placed in different parts of the church, and it was not until 1895 that a reconstruction of the original altar was undertaken, when Donatello's various bronzes were assigned as nearly as possible to the positions that they were in the first place intended to fill. As now arranged the twelve reliefs of playing and singing angels form the lowest tier of decorations of the altar-front. Above them are two reliefs of the miracles of St. Anthony of Padua, together with symbols of the evangelists, and a 'Pietà.' Above these again stand seven life-size statues of the Virgin and saints. The whole is surmounted by a 'Crucifix.' On the back of the altar, almost as rich in decoration as the front, bronze reliefs of miracles and symbols surround a large terra-cotta 'Entombment.'

The twelve panels of playing and singing angels—two of which are reproduced in plate III—"are in themselves," writes Hope Rea, "remarkable both for art and for craftsmanship. The ordinarily accepted canons of relief are here gloriously over-ridden, and problems of technique are solved with such an absolute sense of power that one is lost in admiration before these music-making *bambini*." M. Eugène Müntz says that these figures, in which the artist, departing from the intense realism of his early period, gives free rein to his fancy, are in their varied and picturesque attitudes, and with their fluttering draperies—each intent on his own song or the music of his instrument—"like a poem in twelve stanzas dedicated to the honor and praise of childhood."

'THE CHILD JESUS' PLATE IV

THIS marble bust of a child, to which, for no apparent reason, the title '*Bambino Gesù*' has been given, is one of the most charming of the number of delicately modeled heads of children attributed to Donatello, though rejected by some critics, notably by M. Marcel Reymond, as not by his hand. It has been suggested by Baron Liphart that many of these busts might be portraits of different members of the Martelli family—possibly some of those works which Vasari tells us were "freely presented by Donatello to that family in proof of the love and devotion which he bore them." As a

strong resemblance exists between some of these heads, and as we know that the sculptor was on terms of intimacy with the Martelli family, his early patrons, it is by no means unreasonable that such may be the case.

In this little bust, now in the Church of San Francesco de' Vanchetoni, Florence, the exquisite modeling of the head, the lifelike expression of the baby face, and especially the hair, which is noticeable here as in so many of Donatello's sculptures for its appearance of living growth, offer strong grounds for placing the work among that master's genuine achievements.

'DAVID' PLATE V

"THE most obvious traces of classic form are found in this 'David,'" writes L. J. Freeman, "a bronze figure of a youth, made in 1435 for Cosimo de' Medici, and now in the National Museum, Florence. The first nude bronze statue of the Renaissance, it must go back to Roman times for a predecessor. Its easy pose, with one hip thrown out, is distinctly reminiscent of the Praxitelean type. The bodily forms are most interesting in being a combination of ideal and natural, as if made with the antique in mind and with a model before the eyes. The two elements are easily distinguishable, but are felt to vibrate in harmony with the life of the whole figure. Perhaps herein lies the charm, in the naïve yet amazingly clever union of the ideal with the realistic, the echoes of the antique blended with the strident modern. The spare yet well-covered torso, and the legs, so graceful in act and in outline, contrast with bony, protruding shoulder-blades and thin awkward arms, apparently truthfully copied from some young Florentine. The decorative details of the work speak of Donatello's early training in a goldsmith's shop as well as of his study of classic ornament. Goliath's helmet, at the base of the statue, with its design of busy cupids, is worthy of a Roman hero, and each strap and greave is as beautifully wrought as a bit of jewelry. Of all the Davids to follow from other sculptors, none compares with this in masterly treatment of material, and in that charm which suggests, now the youthful athlete, now the herdboy of the Campagna."

'SINGING GALLERY' [DETAIL] PLATE VI

DONATELLO'S 'Singing Gallery,' or Cantoria, of which a portion of the frieze is here reproduced, was executed between 1433 and 1440, and placed over one of the doors of the sacristy of the Cathedral of Florence, opposite a similar gallery which Luca della Robbia had been commissioned to make two years before. (See Volume 2, Part 21, of this SERIES.) Both works are now in the Museum of the Cathedral, where their comparative merits may be studied.

Luca's gallery, with its panels of singing boys and girls, exquisite in the elegance and purity of its lines, is more lovely than that of his rival, but from a distance, and at the height at which it was originally intended to be seen, Donatello's, with its frieze of dancing children, is more effective as a decorative whole. Luca's panels, as a recent critic has said, "are *pictures* of

life; Donatello's are life itself—and yet a life which he has created, not imitated."

The style of relief here employed by Donatello is one that was peculiar to himself; the figures, although modeled on the surface but slightly and with the utmost delicacy, stand out in high relief from the background, for their outlines, instead of being rounded back to meet it, as is usual in bas-relief sculpture, project with almost square-cut edges from the ground, thus securing by means of emphatic and effective shadows the boldness necessary to work which is to be seen from a distance.

The architectural and ornamental forms of the Cantoria show the influence of the antique, which is apparent also in the use of mosaics in the background. As to the subject, the sculptor has portrayed "the whole gamut of movement possible to childhood." "In a sort of wild bacchanalian frolic," writes Dr. Semper, "these little beings wheel and whirl, tumbling, jumping, reeling, as they hold on to one another, and dance to the music of their horns. The expressions of their faces are marvelously varied and full of life; some shout, others laugh, while others again seem wholly absorbed in their wild revels. The closest study of living children is here combined with suggestions of the cupids of classic art, reanimated by the genius of Donatello."

'ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST' PLATE VII

IN a chapel of the Cathedral of Florence, so dimly lighted that it is difficult justly to estimate its full grandeur, may be found one of Donatello's greatest works—the heroic marble statue of St. John the Evangelist, which he carved between 1408 and 1415 for the façade of the cathedral. M. Marcel Reymond calls attention to the fact that in the profoundly Gothic character of this work, in the dignity of the attitude, and simplicity in the arrangement of the draperies, Donatello, young as he then was, has summed up all the excellences of his predecessors, and at the same time created a marvelous example of monumental statuary.

Eugène Müntz considers the 'St. John the Evangelist' "the gravest and most magistral figure of the fifteenth century"; and believes that this comparatively little-known work by Donatello contains the germ of Michelangelo's great 'Moses.' "If the two figures were to be brought face to face," he says, "it would be apparent at a glance how largely the sculptor of the sixteenth century was indebted to the creation of his predecessor"; and while not presuming to accuse such a mighty and original genius as Michelangelo of "plagiarism," M. Müntz feels that, in justice to Donatello, the priority of invention in his great statue of 'St. John' should be recognized and proclaimed.

'ST. FRANCIS' PLATE VIII

OF the seven life-size bronze statues representing the Virgin and saints, sculptured by Donatello for the high altar of the Church of Sant' Antonio, Padua (see the description of plate III), this figure of 'St. Francis' alone gives evidence of that strength and power of expressing character which

mark his earlier works. Although stately in pose and by no means monotonous in treatment, most of these Paduan statues lack the vigorous, energetic qualities which we associate with Donatello's similar achievements; but in this figure of 'St. Francis'—in the strong face with its firm mouth and thoughtful expression, and in the fall of the simply handled draperies—we recognize his peculiar touch. "The head," writes M. Marcel Reymond, "is living and realistic, full of energy, dramatic power, and noble spirituality. It is one of Donatello's most perfect achievements."

'ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST' PLATE IX

IN this bas-relief, cut in *pietra serena*, we have an example of that skill in the representation of children which has won for Donatello the title of "the poet of child life." Unlike the 'Angels' of the High Altar of Padua, whose attitudes and faces proclaim them to be creations of the sculptor's fancy, the youthful 'St. John' was evidently modeled from a real child, the skin garment and reed cross (attributes of the Baptist), and the aureole which surrounds the head denoting his identity.

"In this exquisite profile bust," writes Perkins, "we are at a loss to know what most to admire, the modeling of the cheek and jaw, the expression of the half-open mouth, or the treatment of the hair, whose wayward growth and silken texture are rendered with unsurpassed truth and skill."

This relief, to which no date is assigned, was probably executed between 1434 and 1444. It is now in the National Museum, Florence.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GATTAMELATA PLATE X

HIGH upon its pedestal in the quiet square in front of the Church of Sant' Antonio, Padua, its dark bulk outlined against the blue Italian sky, stands this colossal bronze statue erected in honor of Erasmo da Narni, better known as Gattamelata—a celebrated *condottiere*, or paid military leader, of the Venetian forces, who died in 1443. It was begun by Donatello in 1446, and completed seven years later. The first bronze equestrian statue that had been attempted since the days of antiquity, this famous work marks an epoch in the history of Renaissance art. The difficulties of the task set Donatello were twofold; not only did he have to master the subject of equine anatomy, but the problem of material execution had also to be solved, for the casting necessary for so large a work, entirely in the round, was on a scale heretofore unprecedented in Italian art. As to the result, Vasari's words may well be quoted: "Such is the excellence of the work that it may be compared with those of any ancient master for design, animation, art, harmony, and care in execution; insomuch that it not only astonished all who then beheld it, but continues to amaze those who examine it in the present day."

"Here, as at Florence," writes Taine, "Donatello has dared to risk the entire truth with all its crude details—the faithful imitation of the actual person with his own features and characteristic traits; and here, as in Flor-

ence, the result is a fragment of living humanity, snatched breathing out of his century, and prolonging by its force and originality the life of that century down to the present day."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF DONATELLO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

The letter *r.* placed after the title of a work indicates that it is a Relief; *m.*, that it is of Marble; *b.*, of Bronze; *w.*, of Wood, and *t.*, of Terra-cotta.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL ART HISTORY MUSEUM: Entombment, *r.b.* — VIENNA, MILLER COLLECTION: Bust of a Child — ENGLAND. LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Christ giving Keys to St. Peter, *r.m.*; Pietà, *r.m.* — FRANCE. LILLE, WICAR MUSEUM: Herod's Feast, *m.* — PARIS, LOUVRE: Madonna of the Pazzi, *r.*; The Flagellation, *r.b.* — PARIS, DREYFUS COLLECTION: John the Baptist and Christ-child, *r.*; Bust of a Child, *m.* — PARIS, ANDRÉ COLLECTION: Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, *r.b.* — GERMANY. BERLIN, ROYAL MUSEUM: Madonna, *r.m.*; Children, *r.b.*; The Flagellation (*bis*), *r.*; Madonna, *r.*; Bust of John the Baptist, *t.*; Bust of Lodovico of Mantua; Angel, *r.b.*; John the Baptist, *b.* — ITALY. FAENZA GALLERY: St. Jerome, *w.*; Bust of John the Baptist, *m.* (?) — FLORENCE, BAPTISTERY: Tomb of Pope John XXIII., *m. and b.* (in part by Michelozzo); The Magdalene, *w.* — FLORENCE, CAMPANILE: John the Baptist, *m.*; 'Il Zuccone,' *m.*; Jeremiah, *m.*; Habakkuk, *m.*; Abraham and Isaac, *m.* — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE: The Annunciation (Plate II); Crucifix, *w.*; St. Louis of Toulouse, *b.* [CHAPEL OF THE PAZZI]: Frieze of Cherubs' Heads — FLORENCE, CATHEDRAL [EXTERIOR]: A Prophet, *m.*; Two Prophets, *r. m.* [INTERIOR]: St. John the Evangelist, *m.* (Plate VII); Joshua, *m.*; A Prophet, *m.* [OLD SACRISTY]: Frieze of Children with Garlands, *w.* — FLORENCE, GIANFIGLIAZZO PALACE: Escutcheon — FLORENCE, LOGGIA DEI LANZI: Judith and Holofernes, *b.* — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO: Two Pulpits, *b.* (in part by Bertoldo); Singing Gallery, *m.* (in part by Bertoldo) [OLD SACRISTY]: Eight Medallions; Frieze of Cherubs' Heads; St. Laurence and St. Stephan, *r.*; St. Cosmas and St. Damian, *r.*; Bust of St. Laurence, *t.*; Two pairs of Doors, *b.*; Tomb of Giovanni de' Medici, *m.*; Balustrade before Altar, *m.*; Lava-mani, *m.* — FLORENCE, MARTELLI PALACE: David, *m.* (unfinished); John the Baptist, *m.*; Bust of John the Baptist, *m.*; Escutcheon — FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: Singing Gallery, *m.* (see Plate VI) — FLORENCE, NATIONAL MUSEUM: St. George, *m.* (Plate I); David, *b.* (Plate V); Cupid, *b.*; Bust of Son of Gattamelata, *b.*; John the Baptist, *m.*; John the Baptist, *r.* (Plate IX); Heraldic Lion, called 'Il Marzocco'; Bust of Niccolò da Uzzano, *t.* (?); Crucifixion, *r.b.*; Statuette of a Child, *b.* — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF OR SAN MICHELE [EXTERIOR]: St. Peter, *m.*; St. Mark, *m.*; St. George and the Dragon, *r.m.*; God the Father, *r.m.*; Niche for Statue of St. Thomas, *m.* — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Fountain, *m.* — FLORENCE, RICCARDI PALACE: Eight Medallions, *m.* — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DE' VANCHETONI: Bust of John the Baptist, *m.*; Bust of the Child Jesus, *m.* (Plate IV) — MONTEPULCIANO, CATHEDRAL: Monument to Aragazzi (?) — NAPLES, CHURCH OF SANT' ANGELO A NILO: Monument to Cardinal Brancacci, *m.* (in part by Michelozzo) — NAPLES, MUSEUM: Head of a Horse, *b.* — PADUA, PIAZZA DEL SANTO: Equestrian Statue of Gattamelata, *b.* (Plate X) — PADUA, CHURCH OF SANT' ANTONIO: High Altar, *b.* (see Plates III and VIII) — PADUA, PALAZZO DELLA RAGIONE: Model of Horse for Gattamelata Statue, *w.* — PISA, CHURCH OF SAN STEFANO: Bust of San Rossore, *b.* — PRATO, CATHEDRAL [EXTERIOR]: Pulpit, *m.* (in part by Michelozzo) — ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN ARACŒLI: Tomb of Giovanni Crevelli, *r.m.* — ROME, ST. PETER'S: Tabernacle, *m.* — SIENA, BAPTISTERY: Herod's Feast, *r.b.*; Statuettes of Faith and Hope, *b.*; Three Children, *b.* — SIENA, CATHEDRAL: Tomb of Bishop Picci, *r.b.*; John the Baptist, *b.*; Madonna, *r.* (?) — TURIN, MUSEUM: Sword-hilt — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: Door of Shrine, *r.b.* (?) — VENICE, CHURCH OF THE FRARI: John the Baptist, *w.*

Donatello Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH DONATELLO

ANGELINI, G. Donatello e le sue opere. Florence, 1887 — BOCCHI, F. Eccellenza della statua di S. Giorgio di Donatello. Florence, 1584 — BODE, W. Donatello in Padua. Paris, 1883 — BODE, W. Italienische Bildhauer der Renaissance. Berlin, 1887 — BODE, W., Editor. Denkmäler der Renaissance Sculptur toscanas. Munich, 1892 — BODE, W. Florentiner Bildhauer der Renaissance. Berlin, 1902 — BURCKHARDT, J. Der Cicerone. Leipsic, 1898 — CAROCCI, G. Donatello. Florence, 1887 — CAVALLUCCI, C. J. Vita ed opere del Donatello. Milan, 1886 — CICOGNARA, L. Storia della scultura. Prato, 1820–23 — Diario delle feste per lo scoprimento della facciata di S. Maria del Fiore e il centenario di Donatello. Florence, 1887 — FRANCIONI, A. Elogio di Donatello. Florence, 1837 — FREEMAN, L. J. Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. London, 1901 — GLORIA, A. Donatello Fiorentino e le sue opere mirabili nel tempio di Sant' Antonio in Padova. Padua, 1895 — GUASTI, C. Il Pergamo di Donatello pel Duomo di Prato. Florence, 1887 — MELANI, A. Donatello, Studio Storico-Critico. Florence, 1887 — MELANI, A. Manuale di scultura italiana. Milan, 1899 — MILANESI, M. Catalogo delle Opere di Donatello e Bibliografia. Florence, 1887 — MÜNTZ, E. Donatello. Paris [1885] — MÜNTZ, E. Histoire de l'art pendant la Renaissance. Paris, 1889 — OLIPHANT, M. O. W. The Makers of Florence. London, 1876 — PERKINS, C. C. Tuscan Sculptors. London, 1864 — PERKINS, C. C. Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture. New York, 1883 — PRÉVOST, G. Aperçus sur Donatello. Paris, 1878 — REA, H. Donatello. London, 1900 — REYMOND, M. Donatello. Paris, 1890 — REYMOND, M. La Sculpture florentine. Florence, 1898 — ROSENBERG, A. Donatello (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler, etc.) Leipsic, 1878 — SCHMARSOW, A. Donatello. Leipsic, 1886 — SEMRAU, M. Donatellos Kanzeln in S. Lorenzo. Breslau, 1889 — SCOTT, L. Ghiberti and Donatello. London, 1882 — SEMPER, H. Vorläufer Donatellos. Leipsic, 1870 — SEMPER, H. Donatello, seine Zeit und Schule (in Quellenschriften für Kunstgeschichte). Vienna, 1874 — SEMPER, H. Donatellos Leben und Werke. Innsbruck, 1887 — SPRINGER, A. Die Renaissance in Italien. Leipsic, 1896 — TROMBETTA, P. Donatello. Rome, 1887 — TSCHUDI, H. v. Donatello e la critica moderna. Turin, 1887 — VASARI, G. Lives of the Painters. New York, 1897.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ARCHIVIO STORICO DELL' ARTE, 1888: D. Gnoli; Le opere di Donatello in Roma. 1888: C. Phillips; Esposizione della R. Accademia di Londra. 1889: I. Palmarini; Donatello in Pisa. 1895: C. Boito; La Ricomposizione dell' Altare di Donatello — ARCHIVIO STORICO LOMBARDO, 1886: G. B. Intra; Donatello e il marchese Lodovico Gonzaga — NUOVA ANTOLOGIA, 1887: E. Panzacchi; Donatello. 1887: G. B. Toschi; I bassorilievi di Donatello. 1887: G. B. Toschi; Le statue ed i busti di Donatello — GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1899: E. Bertaux; Autour de Donatello. 1892: C. de Fabriczy; Recherches nouvelles sur Donatello — JAHRBUCH DER PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN, 1884: W. Bode; Die italienischen Skulpturen der Renaissance in den Museen zu Berlin. 1894: H. v. Geymüller; Die architektonische Entwickelung Michelozzos und sein Zusammenwirken mit Donatello. 1900: C. v. Fabriczy; Donatellos hl. Ludwig und sein Tabernakel an Or San Michele. 1901: W. Bode; Donatello als Architekt und Dekorator. 1902: W. Bode; Florentiner Bronzestatuetten in den Berliner Museen — NATIONAL REVIEW, 1887: C. M. Phillimore; Donatello and the Duomo at Florence — PORTFOLIO, 1883: S. Colvin; Donatello — REPERTORIUM FÜR KUNSTWISSENSCHAFT, 1889: C. v. Fabriczy; Neue Daten über Donatello. 1900: F. Cordenons; L'altare di Donatello al Santo — ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST, 1887: J. Strzygowski; Ein neuer Donatello. 1893: R. Graul; Die Sammlung italienischer Bildwerke im Berliner Museum. 1896: F. Haack; Zur Entwickelung des italienischen Reiterdenkmals.

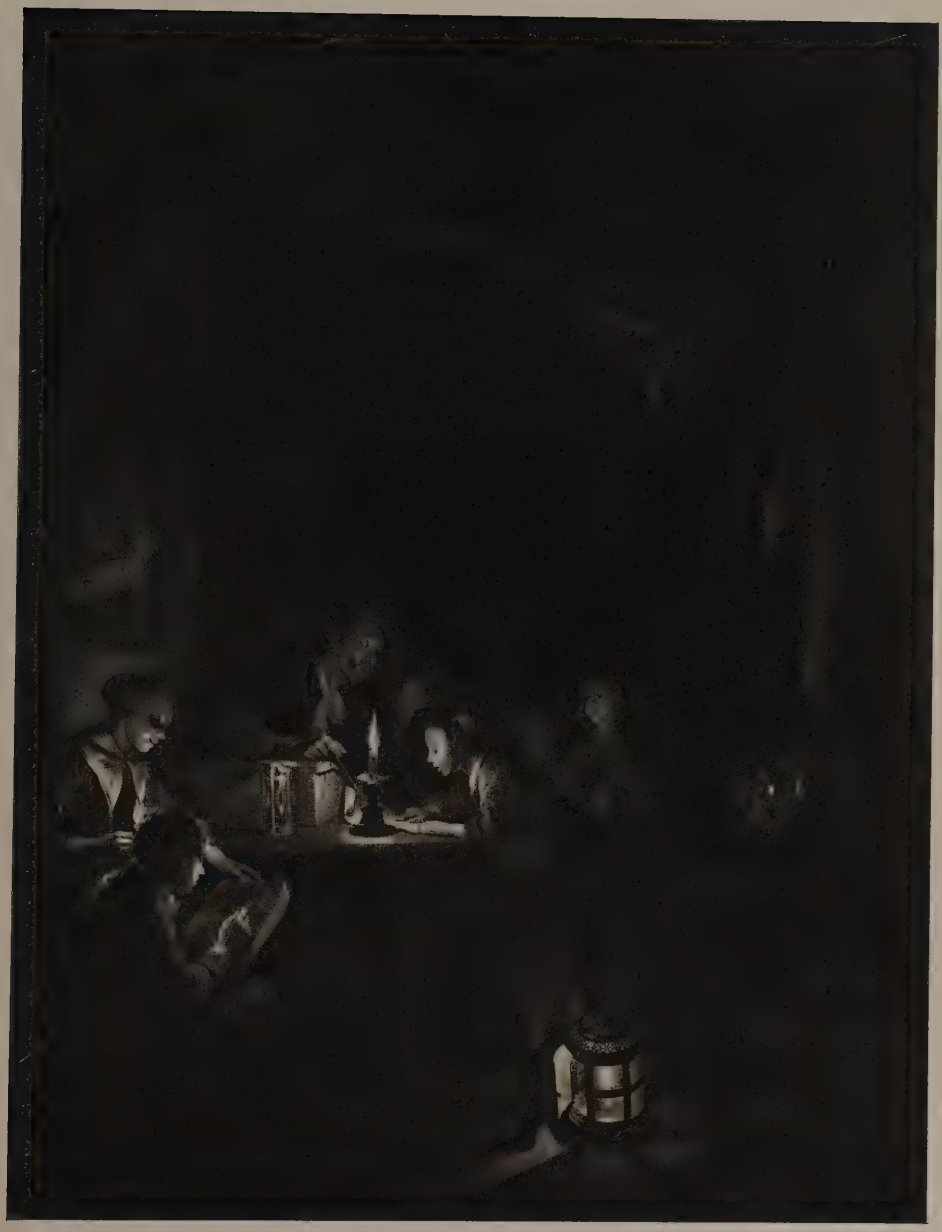
MASTERS IN ART

Gerard Dou

DUTCH SCHOOL

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GERARD DOU
THE POULTERER'S SHOP
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

GERARD DOU
THE EVENING SCHOOL
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

GERARD DOU
THE LOST THREAD
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

GERARD DOU
THE YOUNG MOTHER
THE HAGUE GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GERARD DOU
A LADY AT HER TOILET
MUNICH GALLERY

GERARD DOU
THE GROCER'S SHOP
LOUVRE, PARIS

GERARD DOU
GIRL WITH A FOWL
LOUVRE, PARIS

GERARD DOU
THE DROPSICAL WOMAN
LOUVRE, PARIS

GERARD DOU
WOMAN WATERING A PLANT
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GERARD DOU
THE PHYSICIAN
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOU BY HIMSELF
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Gerard Dou painted at least ten portraits of himself, all of small dimensions and finished with his characteristic care and elaboration of detail. The one here reproduced shows him at the age of thirty-five. He wears a dark red velvet mantle and vest, and holds a pipe in his hand. His eyes are light brown; his mouth delicately modeled. This portrait, which measures seven and a half inches high by five and three-quarters inches wide, is painted on wood and bears the signature "G. Dov."

Gerard Dou

BORN 1613: DIED 1675
DUTCH SCHOOL

GERARD DOU, the son of Douwe Janszoon, known as De Vries of Arentsvelt, and Maria Jansdochter, his wife, was born on April 7, 1613, at Leyden, Holland. His name is spelled variously Douw, Dow, and Dou. The last form has been adopted here as being the most generally accepted; and the artist himself spelled it Dou—or rather Dov. In any case, the pronunciation should be such as will rhyme with the English word "how." Early in the seventeenth century Gerard's father had settled at Leyden, where he carried on a prosperous trade as glass-worker and engraver, with a number of pupils and apprentices working under him. Desirous that his son should follow his profession, Douwe Janszoon sent the boy, when only eight years old, to an experienced engraver and skilful draftsman, Bartholomeus Dolendo by name, that he might learn from him the fundamental principles of drawing. At the end of a year and a half Gerard left this master, and was apprenticed to one Pieter Couwenhorn, an engraver on glass, who taught him that form of applied art, then much in vogue, and with whom he remained beyond the customary two years period of apprenticeship. When thirteen his preparatory studies seem to have been considered complete, for when he had reached that age his father took him into his workshop "and employed him," so his earliest biographer, Orlers, tells us, "in glass-engraving and glass-working, wherein he did him good service and profit." Gerard, however, seems to have had no real love for his work, but showed such eagerness to devote himself to painting that two years later his father yielded to his wishes, and placed him in the studio of an artist of Leyden who was destined in time to become the greatest of all Dutch painters—Rembrandt van Rijn.

At that early period of his career, however, Rembrandt's fame was not established, and it is probable that a friendship between the families of Dou and van Rijn, who lived in the same neighborhood and belonged to the same citizen class, added to the fact that Rembrandt had studied in Amsterdam under Lastman, one of the most renowned painters of the day in Holland, led Gerard's father to the choice of the young artist of twenty-two as a master for his son. Gerard was now fifteen, and for the next three years worked with untiring industry in Rembrandt's studio, where, with two other pupils,

Jan Lievens and Jan Joris van Vliet, he learned to paint from the life and became skilled in the management of light and shade as was only possible to one working under the influence of Rembrandt, that master of chiaroscuro. Portraiture was the branch of art that engaged the attention of teacher and pupils; sometimes they served one another as models, sometimes they painted the features of a friend, but oftenest they tried their hands at likenesses of the master's father and mother, who frequently sat for them. When Rembrandt began to paint figure subjects Dou was not slow to follow his example, and in several works executed at this period, notably a picture of 'A Hermit,' now in the Dresden Gallery, an 'Old Woman Spinning,' in the Schwerin Gallery, and two incidents in 'The History of Tobit,' Rembrandt's influence is perceptible. But even in these early pictures there is evidence of Dou's characteristic fondness for detail and excessive finish, which steadily increased as time went on.

Rembrandt's talent, meanwhile, developed with marvelous rapidity; his name became widely known, and at the end of three years from the time that Dou had become his pupil, having a large number of orders for portraits in Amsterdam, he decided to leave Leyden and take up his permanent residence in that city, then the art center of Holland. Dou, however, remained in his native town, where he at once established himself independently. He took a studio on the Galgewater and devoted himself to his art so assiduously, and with such success, that "everybody who saw his pictures," Orlers tells us, "could but admire their beauty and fine details, and his pieces soon were held in great esteem by lovers of art and were bought very dear."

At first Dou gave his attention to portrait-painting, which at that period was the most lucrative branch of art in Holland, but his excessive carefulness and painstaking elaboration of details so wearied his sitters that commissions for portraits became rare—a state of affairs that can occasion no surprise when we learn that he required five days merely for the painting of a lady's hand! "By this tediousness," writes Sandrart, a painter and art writer who was personally acquainted with Dou, "he spoiled all pleasure in sitting in such wise that a usually amiable face was distorted (and the 'counterfeit' likewise) with vexation, melancholy, and displeasure."

That love of cleanliness for which the Dutch are famous was carried to an excess by Dou. It is said that when he seated himself at his easel he would wait until any dust that might have been raised by his entrance into his studio had subsided. Not until then would he very quietly take his palette and brushes out of the box in which they were kept and begin to paint, putting everything carefully away again when the day's work was over. To protect his painting from any floating particle of dust, an open Chinese parasol was placed above his easel, and to avoid this dreaded dust as much as possible he selected a studio that overlooked a canal of stagnant water. He ground his own colors on a glass table, made his own delicate and flexible brushes, bestowed infinite pains upon the priming of his canvases and the quality of his panels, and, finally, prepared his own varnishes, which the excellent condition of his pictures to-day proves to have been of exceptional durability.

All this laborious care, as well as the minute and delicate character of his execution, required more time than could be spared by those who sat for him, and Dou, finding that orders for portraits were rapidly becoming fewer, decided to abandon that branch of art and devote himself to the painting of the small subject pictures which have made his name famous. These he could paint as he pleased and at his leisure. As an instance of his indefatigable patience, Sandrart says that when he visited him one day in his studio he found him engaged in painting a kitchen interior, and bestowing special pains upon the execution of a broomstick "hardly bigger than your finger-nail," upon which, according to Dou's own acknowledgment, he had been at work for three days!

The familiar subjects of his tiny masterpieces and the exquisite finish of their details completely captivated the taste of the public of his day, and brought him both purchasers and pupils in plenty; and in less than ten years from the time of his leaving Rembrandt's studio his works had attained wide celebrity and commanded fabulously high prices. His most enthusiastic patron was Pieter Spiering, Minister from the court of Sweden at The Hague, who, besides being Queen Christine's political representative, was one of the agents commissioned to collect for her every kind of rare and precious object. Spiering greatly admired the smooth, highly finished style of painting in which Dou excelled, and it is said that he gave the artist an annual income of 1,000 florins merely for the privilege of having first choice of whatever pictures he should paint each year, although paying him the full price of the picture he had selected. The great value set on Dou's works is still further shown by the fact that when, in 1660, Charles II. returned from the Continent to England, the States of Holland agreed to present to his majesty in proof of their sympathy and friendship for the House of Stuart, a magnificent gift consisting of a number of pictures by the most celebrated painters of Italy and Holland, and that among them were included three by Gerard Dou. These, it is said, met with such favor that Charles conceived the idea of bidding the famous painter to his court. No records exist, however, to show that this invitation, if actually extended, was accepted, and there is every probability that Dou was never absent from Leyden for any length of time, but that his life was passed quietly and uneventfully in his native town.

He is said to have been an incessant worker, and to have so impaired his eyesight by the minute finish of his painting that he was obliged to wear spectacles when only thirty years old. He was unmarried, and a niece, Antonia van Tol, kept house for him in his home by the Galgewater. His wealth was undoubtedly considerable, for not only did he inherit a handsome fortune from his father, but the large sums which his pictures fetched were alone sufficient to enable him to live in comfort and luxury. Famous as an artist and respected as a man, "Monsieur Dou," as he was usually called, was evidently one of the "gentlemen" among the painters, as his numerous portraits of himself plainly show.

No facts have come down to us concerning his closing years, no particulars of his last illness and death, which took place when he was sixty-two

years old. A brief entry in the register of St. Peter's Church, Leyden, tells us the date on which he died, and from the list of burials we learn that he was buried in that church on the ninth of February, 1675.—BASED ON THE ENGLISH VERSION OF DR. W. MARTIN'S MONOGRAPH ON GERARD DOU

The Art of Gerard Dou

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

NEVER perhaps were two artists more dissimilar than Rembrandt and his pupil Gerard Dou. To one had been given the fire of genius; to the other an inexhaustible patience. In the early part of his career Rembrandt carried his work to a higher state of finish than at a later period, when his manner of painting became broader and more vigorous; but although he bestowed infinite pains upon the modeling of certain parts of his pictures, notably upon the painting of the flesh and the arrangement of the draperies, although he depicted the minutest wrinkles of the face, provided they gave added meaning and expression, and was above all most painstaking in the representation of the hands, it was as nothing in comparison with the extreme finish which Dou strove to acquire, and which, from the beginning, he seems to have regarded as the highest expression, indeed the aim, of his art. In his most carefully finished work Rembrandt understood how to suppress accessories and sacrifice minor details, making everything subservient to the expression of the essential features of his composition, thus emphasizing all that was intended to appeal to the heart or the intellect of the spectator. But Gerard Dou, in attempting to attain that finish which he regarded as the last word of painting, gave equal importance to everything in his picture; nothing was assigned to a secondary place, as much care being bestowed upon the representation of a battered pewter pot as upon the expression of feeling in the features of a woman or thought in the face of a man. Instead of growing less pronounced under Rembrandt's tuition, this natural tendency of Dou's seemed to become more marked, and in proportion as his master's touch grew broader and freer and his style bolder, the pupil gave his attention more and more to a manner of painting that was smooth, finished, and polished to excess. . . .

Anything that Dou saw about him he was content to take for a subject; indeed, the range of his inventive powers scarcely extended beyond this. He simply observed what was going on in the neighboring shops—it might be at the grocer's, where he watched the grocer's wife weighing her wares, or at the fruit-seller's, where the saleswoman tested the freshness of her eggs at the flame of a candle, or in the mysterious laboratory of the village surgeon, who combined with the more important branches of his profession the duties of barber. If by chance the cook passed along the street on her way home

from market, carrying the vegetables that she had just bought and calculating how much money she had spent, and how much of what she still had in her hand she intended to keep for herself, why there was a picture ready-made to his hand! In short, his painter's eye found motives everywhere — now in the public square, where he stops to study the faces of the simple dupes gathered about a quack doctor who is extolling an elixir warranted, it may be, to inspire love; now in the humble home of a lace-maker, who, intent on her work, gives no thought to the artist who may be observing her; now in a boys' school just at the moment when the teacher, surprising his mischievous little crew in some mutinous plot, is administering a sharp reprimand. A favorite subject with Dou was the quiet happiness of home life — the picture that, albeit commonplace, is ever charming, of the mother of a family busied with household cares, while her children play about her. Such scenes, so simple that they may be said to border on the trivial, he made the subjects of his most charming, his most exquisite pictures. The humblest household utensil was carefully and lovingly painted, holding its place in the composition as a living figure might have done; and if the artist scarcely dared step into his studio for fear of disturbing the dust, if while painting he held his breath, it was that the last delicate touch might better be given to a piece of furniture in the room his little picture showed, that iridescent hues might be imparted to a glass of water, a higher polish given to a saucepan, or the varied plumage of a dead fowl be more exquisitely rendered. . . .

In old times concave mirrors were often to be seen in the houses of Dutch families, which when placed opposite a window reflected the interior on a reduced scale, making it appear, with the reflection of the ray of light which brightened it, even more picturesque than the reality. It would seem as if the Dutch, in their fondness for domestic life, wished to enjoy a repetition of the sight of their homes, and it was a delight to them to see in these illusive mirrors the tiny replica which epitomized, so to speak, the charm and comfort of their dwellings. Now Gerard Dou was, I believe, the first painter in Holland who conceived the idea of depicting family scenes and interiors reduced to small proportions, painting them more carefully and with greater finish in proportion as the objects themselves were on a small scale. His eye, in short, resembled those concave mirrors; domestic life was reflected therein in miniature, and the humblest details thus reduced and condensed were transformed by his art into veritable jewels.

To facilitate this style of painting he "made use of a sort of screen fastened to his foot," says Houbraken, "and into this was set a concave mirror on a level with his eyes when he was seated at his easel. This screen was placed between him and the object he was painting, and, the object being reflected in the mirror on a small scale, he had only to copy the form and color. His composition being thus arranged, he reproduced the desired object on his canvas or panel which was divided into several equal squares. A similar division was made with threads drawn across a little frame the size of the circumference of the concave glass, so that when the frame was fastened over the mirror it represented a square inscribed in a circle." Such a

practice as this might have its conveniences, but would lead to serious faults, as it would prevent the eye from acquiring that sense of justness and accuracy which can be acquired only by the habit of drawing from the direct object. . . .

Gerard Dou rarely painted out-of-door scenes; the more subdued light of interiors suited him better, and he had learned the art of chiaroscuro from Rembrandt. He generally enframed his small pictures, containing one or two figures, in a window, and frequently painted himself in such a setting, sometimes with a trumpet or a pipe in his hand, sometimes playing on a violin. This window frame was used by Dou for all his models successively; at one time for a child blowing soap-bubbles, and watching with innocent delight the diaphanous globes, colored with every hue of the rainbow, float away into the air; again, for a pretty village maiden, by no means sorry to have an excuse for showing herself at her window—be it the canary in its cage hung outside, or a letter to read, or pot of geranium to tend—and her fair face, which has for a background the transparent shadow of a room wherein we fancy we see a group of people chatting together, is set off by the vine which runs along the casement, and redeems by its graceful, capricious outline the hard rectangle of the architecture. Nor is this all; a simulated work of art frequently adorns the setting of these every-day scenes, for beneath the window at which a housekeeper hangs her poultry, or strokes the feathers of a dead fowl, admires the gay plumage of a peacock, or waters her plant of mignonette (and we find more than one example in Dou's work of just such scenes), the artist has painted a bas-relief of children playing with a goat, and has so delicately modeled the flesh of their naked forms that they seem almost alive upon this effigy of a sculptor's frieze. But possibly that this mixture of art with the trivialities of real life should seem to have nothing forced or pedantic about it, but should rather appear to be the piquant result of mere chance, Dou sometimes placed some humble object near these bas-reliefs, as for instance the chicken-coop from which the head of a cock protrudes, straining to reach the food in a broken earthen pipkin, which we see in the picture of 'The Poulterer's Shop' in the National Gallery, London.

These exquisitely painted trifles, which were the delight of the Dutch during the painter's lifetime, have kept their commercial value—indeed have even doubled it—in spite of the change that our opinions in the matter of painting have undergone. Twenty to thirty thousand francs are still paid in France, and elsewhere, for a picture by Gerard Dou, and this notwithstanding the fact that his style of painting has been decried by the critics of the new school, who regard him, and justly, as the originator *par excellence* of porcelain-painting. . . .

Dou's pictures were the first in Holland marked by such delicate finish, and they appealed to his compatriots not only because of that quality, and because their small dimensions made them suitable for the home, but also by reason of the subjects they represented, familiar scenes of every-day life. These are sometimes criticized to-day as commonplace; but in a northern and Protestant country where the people lead a calm, contemplative,

thoughtful existence—in other words a "family" life—where man associates with his lovingly tended and jealously guarded home, the idea of a sanctuary, an idea entirely foreign to the Catholic races of southern lands, it was but natural that Gerard Dou's pictures should find favor.

Masterpieces can be created by the delicate brush of the miniaturist as well as by the broad stroke of the fresco-painter, and there is no aspect of life which does not respond to one or another phase of man's nature, that does not find an answering chord in some one of the infinite varieties of his condition or his mood.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

W. MARTIN 'GERARD DOU'

DOU'S technique at its best is a marvel of finish and smoothness. Most of his panels were primed with white, so far as can be detected. A few, however, were primed with black. Like all the painters of his time, he began by under-painting; that is to say, after he had made a rough sketch on the panel indicating the light and shade in monochrome—usually in brown. This was called *doot verwen*. Then began the over-painting. He first laid on the flat color and left it to dry. The half-tints were then laid on, and worked up while wet. Finally, when all was dry once more, the high lights, which Dou treated with such brilliant mastery, were touched in with thick paint, mixed perhaps with varnish. This was the order he always followed in his work, but as he advanced he abandoned the free manner he had learned from Rembrandt, and gradually adopted the method of glazing one color with another with as much transparent smoothness as possible. He more and more avoided all inequality of texture, and, especially after 1645, strove to conceal every touch of the brush—a characteristic of all his imitators. His ideal was, apparently, to achieve the perfectly smooth surface which led Evelyn to compare his work with enamel, a finish which amazes us no less than it surprised his contemporaries.

Dou must have had inexhaustible patience. Whether he really went so far as "to draw with a frame stretched with threads in squares," because he "did not trust himself in free-hand drawing," as Houbraken tells us, is not proven; it is certainly not impossible. And it is quite certain that he would do anything to achieve accuracy and finish, and used a magnifying glass to assist his eye. He worked with slow perseverance from morning till night; and he accomplished much. We know positively that between 1628 and 1675 he painted about three hundred pictures, no small quantity when we consider their miniature-like execution.—FROM THE DUTCH BY CLARA BELL

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

WHEN one goes to Holland to study the pictured portraits of that land and its people, he should take with him no classic or academic notions of art. He should forget all about the arts of Greece and Italy, and banish the dogmas of their commentators. He is going to a place where they were

unknown, or, at the least, disregarded. Instead of looking for the essence of beauty in shape, he should look for it in fitness and character. Climate, soil, and sea, the necessities of their existence, made the Dutch what they were. A plain, honest, matter-of-fact race, fond of peace and quietude and homely joys, doing with patience whatever their hand found to do, they lived no Arcadian life of free, open-air enjoyment, fitted to develop the imaginative in mind and the beautiful in form. The realities of life were overpowering. They fought the sea for freedom of foot, they fought the Church and the Spaniard for freedom of mind and of body. Their victories impoverished rather than enriched them. The land and the sea were left them to develop —a narrow low-lying land of dikes and dunes and meadows, a misty and mournful sea, and a treacherous foot-path of commerce. The commercial necessities of existence produced the seaports of Holland, the canals, the odd, rambling streets, the quaint houses, the picturesque gables, eaves, and nooks, the tavern interiors with smoked rafters; the agricultural conditions produced the meadow, the pond, the grazing cattle, the windmill, the straggling village. There was much material here to encourage local fancy and quaint, picturesque conceits, but little to develop a far-reaching imagination. The home product of such surroundings could not be the poet, the orator, the philosopher, the great designer. Instead of these, commerce produced the merchant and the syndic, wars the cavalier and the civic guard, country life the burly peasant, and city life the burgher and the tavern brawler. . . . His mental training has made the Dutchman keen, practical in business matters, devoted to gaining the physical comforts of life. He does not nurse visions in religion, politics, poetry, or art. He calls for the common sense of things, and cares little for idealities. Obviously, as Fromentin has observed, there was nothing in art for such a people but to have its portrait painted. Dutch art is only a portrait of Holland and its people. . . .

Rembrandt was about the only painter who extended Dutch art beyond the dikes and dunes; and Rembrandt's genius and feeling meet with a response from all lands, because he told the great truths of life common to all peoples and races. But his contemporaries and followers, the mass of Dutch painters, told only the truths peculiar to Holland. Theirs was a local art, speaking for Holland and its people, but for little beyond them. Their work was self-sustained rather than comprehensive, episodic rather than historic. This is quite apparent in the Dutch choice of subject. . . .

The greatest demand upon the painter came from the wealthy private citizen, and he called primarily for the single portrait. Next to the portrait, the demand was for small pictures that should decorate the home. The subject most pleasing was the contemporary theme showing the manners and customs of the people. The Dutch had a proper respect for their own, and were not at all disposed to blush for their national life. They did not boast of it in large military pieces and naval engagements. They pictured fights, but they were usually tavern brawls. Their chief subjects were the tavern interior, the streets, the markets, the outlying village, with small figures. Hence came into vogue the genre-picture.

The Dutch have been credited with originating the genre-picture; but that is, perhaps, the result of a misunderstanding. The meaning of the word 'genre' is misinterpreted. It does not necessarily mean the painting of commonplace subjects, low life, streets, and interiors. Watteau and Meissonier were genre-painters, yet they never painted low life. The word does not, or, at the least, should not, apply to a kind of painting, but to a method of treatment. The Italians were figure-painters, because in their pictures the figure was predominant, and the landscape, or whatever background they used, was subordinated. For the sake of conciseness, we may say that they painted figures with a background. The Dutch were genre-painters in that they reversed the practice of the Italians. The figure was not predominant, nor the background subordinated. The scene was conceived and painted all of a piece. If an antithetical statement is necessary, it may be said that instead of painting figures with a background, they painted a background with figures. To give the proportions and sense of space in their landscapes, interiors, or street scenes, they had to reduce the proportions of the figures. Hence, we find the figures usually given much less than life-size, as in the interiors of De Hooch, Ter Borch, and Van der Meer of Delft. This is genre-painting, but it was not originated in Holland. It was known to some of the Italians, especially the Venetians, notably Carpaccio; but the Dutch were the first to accept it as a national form of expression. . . .

It was in workmanship that the painters of Holland were preëminently strong. The skilled eye and the trained hand were theirs, and as masters of the craft of painting they have never been excelled. . . . In charm of color, again, they were, in their way, quite unsurpassed. Their work should not be seriously considered for its linear composition. It is primarily an art revealing the sentiment of color, light, and shade. They composed a picture by massing these. Moreover, their pictures were painted primarily to reveal these beauties. In painting a portrait they were, of course, concerned with the truth of likeness, dignity, carriage, character; in painting a group, a cattle piece, a landscape, they were again intensely concerned with the exact truth of character, but that never made them forgetful of the truth of art in color, light, and decorative effect. The religious, literary, or story-telling side of painting usually did not interest them. . . .

And yet, the Dutch must not be regarded as mere surface painters, brilliantly as they painted the surface. They had an abundance of sentiment and feeling; but, unlike the English painters, they did not display these in their subjects. They displayed them in their color, light, and methods of expression. Here is the chief reason why the Dutch pictures have never been popular with the world's masses. People see little sentiment in the faces and actions, and speedily conclude that the whole art is gross and sensual. But there never was finer artistic feeling shown in art than in the pictures by these Dutchmen. They grew emotional over bursts of light, sympathetic over color harmonies, mysterious in shadow masses, and their handling of the brush shows with what delight they caressed this or that feature of detail. They loved the work for the work's sake, and this love is apparent in their pic-

tures. That there is a poetry of color, light, and space, no one, at this day, thinks of denying. The Dutch possessed it, and the Dutch picture will be found a poem of depth and earnestness if it be looked at as a pictorial poem. It is not a literary poem.

In brief, the Dutch painters loved character, fitness, honesty, truth. They were not ashamed of their own people and civilization, and they wrote the pictorial history of their time with frankness and candor. Picturesqueness, rather than symmetry and proportion, was their inheritance from nature, and this they produced with charming results. In point of view they always regarded a scene more for its appearance than for its meaning, and hence their art must be judged more by what it looks than by what it means. It was, as a whole, a local art, reflective only of Holland, and yet, within its scope, as sincere an art as that of Italy, and as perfect in every detail of craftsmanship as that of Japan. It is the autobiography of a self-contained people, who in peace, in war, in commerce, in art, have maintained their own with honesty and integrity. It is an autobiography that no world-student can afford to leave unread. . . .

The name of Gerard Dou is one of the best-known in the annals of Dutch art. It is a name that bears a wide, though perhaps exaggerated, reputation; and in artistic rank is popularly placed above that of Ter Borch, though it does not belong there. . . .

Dou was a painter who was great in little things. Largeness of view was not a part of his endowment. He saw the world through the reverse end of an opera-glass, and all creation was diminished to the proportions of a ten-by twelve-inch panel. Humanity, houses, furniture, stone jugs, carrots, and brass pots appeared as minute jewel-like objects, valuable merely for their textures, and the space they could fill on the panel. Nature, living or dead, was to his view a studio property out of which to make a picture; and the object of the picture was never to tell a new truth, express a feeling, or touch a sympathetic chord, but to show how very clever the painter was in doing this basin, or that face, or the other curtain or marble. What the painter's faith, hope, sentiment, or feeling, no one can tell from his pictures. There is hardly a shade of human personality about them. Rembrandt, Maes, Ter Borch, all show themselves in their works; but not so Dou. The subjective element is absent, or at the least apparent only by its absence; and one is justified in believing that the painter never had either a great mind or a great heart. What he did have was a clever, patient hand.

As a young man Dou was taught engraving by Dolendo; afterward he studied glass-painting under Couwenhorn, and finally spent three years under Rembrandt learning to paint in oils. Of all Rembrandt's pupils Dou showed the least appreciable effect of the master's teachings. So soon as he launched forth for himself, he seems to have forgotten all about Rembrandt's broad manner, and to have gone back to the minute and somewhat mechanical conception of the engraver and the glass-painter. Instead of reproducing the model before him with a graver, he reproduced the fixed facts of nature with

a brush. I say "fixed facts," because, though Dou painted figures and sometimes animals, he looked upon them all as still-life, and painted them as fixtures. Motion, he seemed to think, confused surfaces; and Dou was a painter of surfaces above everything else. The marble basin and the brass chandelier in his 'Dropsical Woman' in the Louvre are just as important to him as the group of figures around the sick woman. He cares quite as much for the one as for the other, and none of them is more than a something to reflect light or color—a something that is characterized by its surface.

If one is prepared to deny the need for human emotion, thought, or feeling in art—if one accepts painting as a mere report of literal facts—then Dou must be accounted an artist of rank. He was a very accurate reporter, working in the spirit of a miniaturist, and producing panels that have all the minuteness of a miniature. He was plainly careful that nothing should escape him. The stories told of his lack of success as a portrait-painter because no one would give him as many sittings as he required; of the three days of work on the broom-handle, and the five days devoted to a lady's hand, a day each for a finger, all indicate that he was a painstaking workman in the infinitely little. Time was no more an object to him than to a Japanese worker in cloisonné. Patience and conscientious endeavor were his cardinal virtues. He slaved over parts and their exact meaning; and in the end produced little more than the etymology of art.

That he was skilled is quite apparent in his work. There is no fumbling, or emendation, or feeling of clumsiness about his brush. Doubtless he altered and added much, but this is not visible in the picture. The work looks to be done easily, if carefully. He knew exact drawing, and could compose a picture in a restful manner; he knew Rembrandt's system of lighting, which he found could be applied advantageously to small pictures; he knew color as an agreeable means of telling a fact, if not as a poetic means of expressing a feeling. In textures and small-brush handling he was a consummate master. Add to this a knowledge of materials, and just what they were best fitted to accomplish, and we have the equipment of a first-rate Dutch craftsman—the equipment of Gerard Dou, painter. . . .

If true art is objective, then Dou was an artist; if it is subjective, then Dou was only a skilled craftsman. He was certainly the latter; and if we name him artisan rather than artist, he is still entitled to consideration for the beauty and purity of his workmanship.

HENRY HAVARD 'THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING'

GERARD DOU was above all a meditative painter. He possessed a keen appreciation of the picturesque, and of all Rembrandt's pupils he managed his light and shade most skilfully. Frequently he trod almost upon the heels of the master in his vigor of touch and in the transparency of his coloring, and added to these a marvelous correctness of view and an unrivaled precision of execution. Yet his prodigality of finish never degenerated into dryness, and his pictures are so transparent and of such depth that they seem like nature herself seen in a darkened mirror.—FROM THE FRENCH

CARL LEMCKE 'GERARD DOV'

REMBRANDT is the great painter of feeling; his pupil, Gerard Dou, is the painter of home life, and above all of that kind of home life that consists in a peaceful routine of daily duties and quiet content in their fulfilment. Under such conditions the home in which we live and the familiar objects by which we are surrounded become important factors in our being, for it is in such a home that our interests center, be it in work or in play, in joy or in sorrow; and Gerard Dou has portrayed with delightful truth and sympathetic interest, and in a way that no painter had ever done before him, the simple lives of simple people, representing them at their work or in their leisure hours, surrounded by all that makes life of value and importance to them, all that renders it precious and homelike. Accordingly his pictures will always be prized by those who hold these things dear. . . .

Every artist who is to become famous must penetrate into the mysterious and many-hued realm of the imagination, that he may make his works more beautiful with the splendor of his visions there. Some strive to attain one thing, some another; some aspire to much, others are content with little. Rembrandt's aspirations were great and far-reaching. Above all did he long to solve the mysteries of light and darkness; and, like Prometheus of old, who hid the fire he had stolen from Zeus within a hollow reed, he is said to have dipped the tip of his brush in the light of heaven, and brought it back with him to earth. His pupil, Gerard Dou, took the same path as his master, but not being so ambitious to penetrate to the very root of things and stealthily watch the workings of the Creator, he followed Rembrandt for only a short distance. In so doing, however, he happened upon something that man is ever seeking to acquire—he obtained a peep into that paradise on earth which emanates from heaven. What one sees in this mysterious land of the imagination is, as a rule, like a dream, only dimly remembered; but from the moment of his glimpse into it Gerard Dou knew how to give special qualities to this every-day life of ours, seeing in it the reflection of that peace and rest of the first earthly paradise; and if he were unable to paint the gods and demi-gods of Olympus, if he could depict no garden of Eden nor heavenly Jerusalem—if these things lay beyond his powers, yet for all that he could paint a heaven upon earth such as men of every condition and every age can experience, a heaven that brings contentment with fate and willingness to accept whatsoever the Lord has decreed.

Every great work of art is an important step in culture, and what Dou and his followers created was of greater import in that their pictures, filled with simple nature, and truth, and kindliness of heart, were painted at the time of the barbarous Dutch and Thirty Years' War, and the artificial epoch of Louis XIV. that followed. In the very midst of war, hate, fanaticism, humiliation, and degeneracy, in the midst of bitter controversy concerning dogmas, of outward hypocrisy, class-distinction, and servility, of the mania for absolutism, and all the ensuing dreariness and desolation of those troublous times of strife and enmity, these pictures full of truth, healthfulness,

and joyful human happiness were produced. There were such things then in the world after all!

The old woman at her spinning-wheel, the maid-servant with her lantern, the citizen, the peasant leaning over his open Dutch door—pictures such as these taught, in their own way and in their own time, a special lesson. Some recognized in them a kind of poetry with which they were familiar, others found therein the exact opposite of their own evil ways and wrong doings, and all looked with keen interest upon these mirror-pictures—true reflections of a simple world.

But it was not, of course, the inner poetry alone that Dou depicted; for an idea can be fully expressed only in perfect form. The painters of the northern countries of Europe had always had a predilection for representing every-day life; even in early times they had attempted to portray counting-houses, kitchens, writing-rooms, village inns, and the like; but as long as technical mastery was lacking, the painter was forced to lay all his emphasis upon the characteristics of the personages represented. He could copy accurately tables and chests, sheets of paper, and scales for weighing gold, but to bring the numerous objects in the linear or aërial perspective of a room into correct relation with the personages, that for a long time was impossible. Everything seemed to stand in a line, and nothing could be properly placed until the artist had learned to represent men and things within the surrounding and enveloping atmosphere of an inclosed space—and until it had become clear to him how to solve the problem of the linear perspective of such object-filled space.

In all these respects Gerard Dou was well equipped. From the time of Caravaggio and Elsheimer the new problem of light and shade had absorbed the attention of painters. The effects of reflection of light thrown back into darkness, of colors producing thereby other colors, were observed and experimented with; the magical realm of chiaroscuro was explored. In other words, the life existing even in what seems to be mere empty space was discovered, for he who understands the delicate mysteries of light and its reflections finds no emptiness even in a bare interior; movement and life are everywhere, the atmosphere is vibrant with them. Now for the first time could the painter successfully produce harmonies from the simplest kind of themes. Special objects were no longer needful to awaken interest in the spectator, for the artist now knew how to invest the barest interior with interest merely by his treatment of the air and the light. Subjectivity had acquired a new power of expression.

At a time when Rembrandt himself was still young, still acquiring knowledge and skill with every work that he produced, Dou became the pupil of that master of glowing, golden light, and of deep, powerful shadows; and as a great deal depends upon the way in which an artist has been taught to look at things, Dou became by imperceptible stages, and unconsciously to himself, learned in the mastery of light and of color. As soon as he had discovered the subject material which was adapted to his special form of talent his fortune was made. He rapidly achieved marked success, and became a mas-

ter in the painting of small subject pictures. In his studio, with its great window overlooking the still waters of a canal, he created a magic world peopled with tiny men and women, young or old just as it happened, all full of life, humor, and contentment. He was a story-teller, a poet of the home, of light and shade, and of still-life, a virtuoso of a new expression of feeling and a new technique.

A painter of the Dutch school during its best period, Dou gives evidence in his work of its well-known characteristics; he is invariable in the truth and naïveté of his conception, unsurpassed in the harmony of his composition as a whole—a harmony so perfect that we overlook the consummate art by which it has been attained. Personages, action, accessories—all combine to make one complete whole. The people he depicts are so intent upon whatever they may be doing, so absorbed in their occupations, that they at once assume an importance in the eyes of the spectator, who seems to be looking on at an actual scene taken from real, every-day life.

Gerard Dou has had many imitators, but no one has ever surpassed him in the eyes of the connoisseur. Recognized and appreciated by his contemporaries, his fame has endured even down to our own day.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

The Works of Gerard Dou

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE POULTERER'S SHOP' PLATE I

PAINTED in Gerard Dou's favorite setting, an arched window, this picture, in the London National Gallery, is one of the most popular of his works, its subtle manipulation, refined sense of color, and fidelity to nature combining to render it one of his most attractive achievements. A market-woman, in brown dress with scarlet sleeves turned back with blue, blue apron, and white kerchief bound tightly about her head, stands at the right of the picture holding up a dead hare which a young girl, clad in a plum-colored gown with broad white collar, and resting one hand upon a bright tin pail, is laughingly coaxing her to sell. On the window-sill are a duck, a peahen, and other poultry, and just outside is a wicker coop from which a rooster stretches his head in his effort to reach the food in an earthenware pipkin placed near.

Beneath the window is a decoration that Dou has introduced into several of his pictures—a stone bas-relief representing children playing with a goat, painted from a plaster cast which he owned of a well-known work by Duquesnoy, a famous sculptor of that day.

'The Poulterer's Shop' is painted on wood, and measures twenty-two inches high by seventeen and a half wide.

'THE EVENING SCHOOL' PLATE II

'THE Evening School,' in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, is one of the most celebrated of Gerard Dou's works; and although its beauty has been impaired by the darkening of its color caused by time, the artist's skill in the management of light and shade is still manifest in the magical effect produced by the various artificial lights introduced. The light of a candle placed on the desk in the middle of the picture shines on the face of the schoolmaster with his red cap, who turns with threatening finger towards the boy standing near, and also lights up the profile of a little girl who leans on the teacher's desk to spell out the words of a paper placed near the candle. On the left a boy is seated engaged in writing on a slate, while a young girl, candle in hand, stands near. Light streams from a lantern placed on the floor, and in the background other scholars are seen studying at a table by the light of a candle. The effect of the scene is enhanced by a heavy brownish-red curtain draped across the front of the picture, which is larger than Dou's works are generally, measuring twenty and a half inches high by a little less than sixteen inches wide.

'THE LOST THREAD' PLATE III

IN this picture in the Dresden Gallery we have an example of those candle-light effects so popular in Holland in the seventeenth century, and in the painting of which Gerard Dou excelled. In depicting scenes lighted thus artificially it was customary for Dutch painters, having arranged whatever subject they wished to represent in a darkened room illuminated only by lantern or candle, to view the composition from an adjoining apartment through a small hole cut in the door for that purpose, and although this method tended to render the effect of candle-light, as contrasted with the surrounding daylight, darker and redder than it really was, Dou obtained in this way some remarkably fine effects, which, in spite of the fact that time has darkened them, still possess great beauty.

'The Lost Thread' represents a familiar scene of every-day life—an old woman patiently searching for the thread which has eluded her dimmed sight, and which she needs must find before she can proceed with her daily task. Surely nothing could be more simple; yet so faithfully has the painter portrayed the scene that its very simplicity forms its charm.

The picture is on wood, and measures about thirteen inches high by ten inches wide.

'THE YOUNG MOTHER' PLATE IV

THIS picture, painted in 1658, when Dou was forty-five years old, is one of his most beautiful works, and by some considered his masterpiece. In a large, high-studded room a young woman wearing a green dress, white kerchief, and blue apron, is seated near an open casement window. She holds a cushion on her lap, and is engaged in cutting out a garment from some

green material. Near her a little girl, in a reddish gown and broad collar, kneels beside a cradle in which a baby lies. The room contains numerous pieces of furniture and a heterogeneous collection of articles hanging on the walls, suspended from the ceiling, or lying in confusion on the floor—a coffee-pot, brass market-pail, poultry, vegetables, a dead hare, a hen-coop, bunch of carrots, a broom, bird-cage, work-basket, and so on, each and all rendered with a finish so exquisitely minute and delicate that it would in truth seem as if they had been painted, as a French critic, M. Ducamp, once derisively said in describing a work by Gerard Dou, "with a brush made of the eyelashes of a new-born babe."

The picture, which bears Dou's signature on the window-frame, is painted on an oak panel and measures twenty-eight by twenty-two inches. It was presented in 1660 to King Charles II. of England, probably by the Dutch East India Company; and about a century later, having in the meantime passed through several hands, came into the collection of William V., Stadholder of Holland.

'A LADY AT HER TOILET' — PLATE V

UNLIKE the humble scenes that Dou so often painted, this little panel in the Munich Gallery represents a richly furnished apartment, in which a lady, assisted by her maid, is engaged in arranging her hair. She wears a jacket of scarlet silk trimmed with white fur, and a skirt of yellow satin upon which the light from the open casement window falls.

The picture measures twenty-nine inches wide by thirty-three high, and is painted with the artist's customary care; all the details—the ewer standing on the table, the mirror beside it, in which the lady's face is reflected, the delicate leading of the window-panes, and the pattern of the table-cloth and of the heavy curtain draped across the picture—being rendered with that excessive refinement of finish that characterizes his work.

'THE GROCER'S SHOP' — PLATE VI

WHEN Dou abandoned portraiture for the more congenial style of genre-painting, it was such a scene as the one represented in this little picture, now in the Louvre, that he delighted to portray. Here he has painted on a tiny scale, and with miniature-like delicacy, a village grocer's shop. A bunch of carrots, some onions, and an oil-jar are on a ledge in the foreground; a basket of eggs hangs above, and various other articles pertaining to the business are ranged on shelves in the background. The mistress of the shop, intent on her sale, stands behind the counter, weighing in the scales she holds the purchases just made by a young girl whose basket is ready to receive them. An old woman at the girl's side is engaged in counting her money.

The panel measures fourteen inches high by ten and a half inches wide, and bears the date 1647.

'GIRL WITH A FOWL' PLATE VII

PROSAIC and trivial though it be in subject, this picture cannot fail to interest, on account of its wonderfully delicate execution and exquisite technical finish. The variegated plumage of the cock, the shining copper pail, decorated with repoussé work, the silver coffee-pot, and the candlestick, each with its proper values marvelously rendered, the face and figure of the girl herself as she leans forward to hang the fowl on a nail in the window-frame—these were sufficient to inspire Dou's genius and spur his industry. Nowhere has he given stronger evidence of that truthfulness which is so important a factor in Dutch art, than in this small picture in the Louvre. The panel measures ten by eight inches, and is dated 1650.

'THE DROPSICAL WOMAN' PLATE VIII

THIS celebrated picture, Dou's masterpiece, which, after passing through various hands, now forms one of the treasures of the Louvre, Paris, is a marvelous example of delicate and minute painting. The scene is a drama in every-day life enacted in a spacious and lofty room where the persons represented—the sick woman in the arm-chair, her daughter kneeling at her side, the nurse who stands behind the patient, and the physician in his robe of purple silk—form a group that is full of a more tender human sentiment than generally characterizes Gerard Dou's works. In addition to the touching interest of the subject, the exquisite finish of all the details and the harmony of the colors combine to render this the greatest of the artist's achievements.

The panel on which the picture is painted measures thirty-three inches high by twenty-six wide, and was originally inclosed in an ebony case with a double door, a form of protection for his pictures not unusual with Dou. This door, on which are painted a ewer and silver bowl, is also in the Louvre, but separated from the picture.

'The Dropsical Woman' was painted in 1663, when the artist was fifty years old. This date and his signature are placed on the edge of the Bible which lies on a reading-desk in the foreground of the picture. The words "*out* (aged) 65 *jaar*," which follow, were probably added afterwards, and have given rise to some confusion as to the date of Dou's birth, which, however, has been proved by documentary evidence to have taken place in 1613.

'WOMAN WATERING A PLANT' PLATE IX

THIS picture, which has been in the Royal Collection of England for at least two hundred years, was formerly at Windsor Castle, but is now one of the treasures of Buckingham Palace, London. In addition to the usual exquisite finish which distinguishes Gerard Dou's pictures, this little painting is remarkable for its depth of tone and beauty of color. The old woman in her white cap and kerchief, whom we see at her open window watering the pot of carnations which stands outside, is a model often painted by Dou, who loved to portray with delicate touch each line and wrinkle of the aged face,

each vein of the hard-working hands. The picture is on wood, and measures about eleven inches high by nine inches wide.

'THE PHYSICIAN' PLATE X

THE scene represented in this picture, now in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, is painted in Dou's oft-repeated setting—a window arched at the top and decorated beneath the sill with a bas-relief of children playing with a goat. A heavy blue silk curtain drawn to one side reveals a room in which the figure of a young physician, clad in fawn-colored jacket and purple cloak bordered with yellow, shows in strong relief against the dark background of the interior. An old woman stands by a side window in the room wiping her eyes with her blue cotton apron. Her somber clothes and humble mien form an effective contrast to the brilliant figure of the doctor. The accessories of the picture, the tapestry which hangs over the sill of the open window, the brass barber's basin standing on it, the richly decorated decanter incased in silver, the open book—all painted with marvelous delicacy—the skilful distribution of light and shade, the sense of *atmosphere* in the picture, contribute towards making this one of Dou's most beautiful works. It is dated 1653, is painted on wood, and measures about nineteen inches high by fifteen wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GERARD DOU WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. CRACOW, COUNT CZARTORYSKI'S COLLECTION: Old Man Reading—LANCUT, COUNT POTOCKI'S COLLECTION: Old Woman Spinning—INNSBRUCK, TYROLESE NATIONAL MUSEUM: A Flute-player—PRAGUE, NOSTITZ COLLECTION: Old Man—PRAGUE, RUDOLPHINUM: Young Woman—VIENNA, PRINCE CZARTORYSKI'S COLLECTION: A Student—VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: Portrait of Gerard Dou; Card-players—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: The Physician (Plate X); Old Woman Watering Flowers; Girl with a Candle—VIENNA, VON PREYER COLLECTION: Portrait of Dou's Father—VIENNA, COUNT SCHÖNBORN'S COLLECTION: An Astronomer—BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, COUNTESS D'ALCANTARA'S COLLECTION: Portrait of L. Didæus Nieuwhof—BRUSSELS, ARENBERG PALACE: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman; Woman Counting Money—BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Portrait of Gerard Dou—BRUSSELS, COUNT D'OULTREMONT'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman—BRUSSELS, M. VAILLANT'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Girl—DENMARK. COPENHAGEN GALLERY: The Doctor; Girl at a Window—ENGLAND. BELTON HOUSE, LORD BROWNLOW'S COLLECTION: A Hermit—BELVOIR CASTLE, COLLECTION OF DUKE OF RUTLAND: Boy and Girl at a Window—CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: A Schoolmaster; Portrait of a Young Man; Girl at a Window—DULWICH GALLERY: Lady Playing the Virginals—THE GRANGE, LORD ASHBURTON'S COLLECTION: A Hermit; A Double Surprise—HAMPTON COURT: Old Woman Asleep—LIVERPOOL, WALKER ART GALLERY: Man's Head—LONDON, BRIDGEWATER HOUSE: Portrait of Gerard Dou; A Violin-player—LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Woman Gathering Grapes; Woman Watering a Plant (Plate IX); Girl Chopping Onions; The Housemaid; A Grocer's Shop; The Carpenter's Family—LONDON, COLLECTION OF EARL OF CARYSFORT: A Flute-player—LONDON, DEVONSHIRE HOUSE: A Fish-seller—LONDON, COLLECTION OF BARCLAY FIELD, ESQ: An Astronomer—LONDON, GROSVENOR HOUSE: Woman and Children—LONDON, COLLECTION OF CHARLES MORRISON, ESQ: Man

Writing — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of Gerard Dou (see Page 22); Two Portraits of Women; The Poulterer's Shop (Plate I) — LONDON, COLLECTION OF EARL OF NORTHBROOK: Man Writing; Lady at a Spinet — LONDON, LORD RIBBLESDALE'S COLLECTION: Tobias and his Father — LONDON, COLLECTION OF NORMAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, ESQ: A Hermit — LONDON, MR. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Girl at a Window — LONDON, ST. JOHN'S LODGE: Old Man — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: A Hermit (*bis*) — LOWTHER CASTLE, COLLECTION OF EARL OF LONSDALE: The Hurdy-gurdy; Portrait of a Girl; The Village Notary — RICHMOND, COLLECTION OF SIR FREDERICK COOK: Portrait of Dou's Mother; Rembrandt in his Studio; Portrait of a Woman; Woman Combing a Boy's Hair; An Astronomer — WADDESDON MANOR, MISS ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: Girl at a Window — WARDOUR CASTLE, LORD ARUNDEL'S COLLECTION: Blind Tobit — FRANCE. MONTPELLIER MUSEUM: A Mouse-trap — PARIS, COLLECTION OF MARQUIS D' AOUST: Soldier with Lance — PARIS, COLLECTION OF M. DOLLFUSZ: Rembrandt's Mother — PARIS, LOUVRE: Reading the Bible; Old Man Reading; Man Weighing Gold; The Dentist; The Dropsical Woman (Plate VIII); Portrait of Gerard Dou; A Trumpeter; Rembrandt's Mother; Girl with a Fowl (Plate VII); The Grocer's Shop (Plate VI); Dutch Cook; Ewer and Silver Bowl — PARIS, BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD'S COLLECTION: A Violin-player; Woman with Water-jug; Woman and Child — PARIS, SCHLOSS COLLECTION: Backgammon-players — GERMANY. BERLIN, VON CARSTANJEN'S COLLECTION: Old Woman with Candle — BERLIN, HOLLITSCHER COLLECTION: Girl at a Window — BERLIN, HULDSCHINSKY COLLECTION: Woman Peeling Potatoes — BERLIN GALLERY: Magdalene; Rembrandt's Mother — BRUNSWICK GALLERY: Old Man Reading; Portrait of Gerard Dou; An Astronomer — CARLSRUHE MUSEUM: Magdalene; A Lace-maker; Girl and Boy at a Window — CASSEL GALLERY: Rembrandt's Father; Rembrandt's Mother — DESSAU, AMALIENSTIFTUNG: Woman Preparing Vegetables — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: A Hermit (*bis*); A Schoolmaster; A Dentist; Portrait of Gerard Dou; A Violin-player; Three Portraits of Rembrandt's Mother; Portrait of a Girl; The Doctor; Girl Gathering Grapes; Girl Watering Flowers; The Lost Thread (Plate III); Wine-cellar; Still-life; The Cat — DÜSSELDORF, WERNER DAHL'S COLLECTION: Boy with Mouse-trap — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Girl Preparing Supper; Group of Women — GOTHA, DUCAL GALLERY: Woman Spinning — HAMBURG, KUNSTHALLE: Magdalene — HANOVER, PROVINCIAL MUSEUM: Man Mending a Pen; A Negress — MUNICH GALLERY: A Hermit (*bis*); The Quack Doctor; Portrait of Gerard Dou; Portrait of a Painter; Girl at a Window; Old Woman at a Door; Herring-seller; Woman Peeling Apples; Woman Saying Grace; Woman Combing a Boy's Hair; A Lady at her Toilet (Plate V); Girl with a Candle; Cake Stall; Woman Cutting Bread — OLDENBURG, AUGUSTEUM: Portrait of a Man — SCHWERIN GALLERY: An Astronomer; A Dentist; A Cook; A Grocer's Shop; Old Woman Spinning — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: A Hermit (*bis*); Portrait of Gerard Dou; Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Lady and Gentleman; Fisherman's Wife; The Evening School (Plate II); The Inquisitive Girl — AMSTERDAM, COLLECTION OF G. C. CROMMELIN, JR: Girl with a Parrot — AMSTERDAM, SIX COLLECTION: A Dentist — THE HAGUE GALLERY: The Young Mother (Plate IV) — THE HAGUE, COLLECTION OF DOWAGER DE BERCH V. HEEMSTEDE: Portrait of a Young Man — THE HAGUE, C. HOEKWATER'S COLLECTION: Rembrandt's Mother — THE HAGUE, STEENGRACHT COLLECTION: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Lady — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Gerard Dou; Pancake-seller — TURIN GALLERY: An Astronomer; Girl Gathering Grapes; Children Blowing Bubbles — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Old Man Reading; A Rabbi; The Doctor; Portrait of a Man; A Violin-player; Old Woman Reading; Herring-seller (*bis*); Woman Winding Yarn; Girl Preparing for a Bath; Girl Bathing; Nude Youth — ST. PETERSBURG, COLLECTION OF COUNT ORLOFF DAVIDOFF: Herring-seller — ST. PETERSBURG, COLLECTION OF GENERAL FABRITIUS: Man with a Halberd — ST. PETERSBURG, COLLECTION OF BARON VON LIPPART: An Astronomer — RIGA, COLLECTION OF COUNT BREDERLO: Portrait of a Man — WARSAW, LAZIENSKI PALACE: A Violin-player; Old Woman — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM, NATIONAL MUSEUM: Magdalene; Portrait of Gerard Dou — STOCKHOLM, COLLECTION OF COUNTESS SPARRE: Boys

Blowing Bubbles — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, DALKEITH PALACE: Portrait of a Boy — SWITZERLAND. GENEVA, COLLECTION OF LEOPOLD FAVRE: An Operation — UNITED STATES. CINCINNATI MUSEUM: A Schoolmaster (loaned) — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Woman Chopping Onions (loaned).

Gerard Dou Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS DEALING WITH GERARD DOU

ANGEL, P. Lof der Schilder-Konst. Leyden, 1642 — BIE, C. DE. Het gulden Cabinet vande edele vry Schilder-const. [Antwerp] 1661 — BLANC, C. Histoire des peintres de toutes les écoles: école hollandaise. Paris, 1863 — BREDIUS, A. Les Chefs-d'œuvre du Musée Royal d'Amsterdam. Munich, 1890 — BÜRGER, W. Musées de la Hollande. Paris, 1858 — DESCAMPS, J. B. Vie des peintres flamands et hollandais. Marseilles, 1842-43 — EASTLAKE, C. L. Pictures in the National Gallery, London. Munich, [1896] — ESTAUNIÉ, É. Petits maitres. Paris, 1893 — GOWER, R. The Figure Painters of Holland. London, 1880 — GRANBERG, O. Galerie de tableaux de la Reine Christine de Suède. Stockholm, 1897 — HAVARD, H. The Dutch School of Painting: Trans. by G. Powell. London, 1885 — HOUBRAKEN, A. De groote Schoubourg der Nederlandtsche Konstschilders. Amsterdam, 1718 — IMMERZEEL, J. Hollandsche en Vlaamsche Kunstschilders. Amsterdam, 1842 — KRAMM, C. Dou (in Hollandsche en Vlaamsche Kunstschilders). Amsterdam, 1856-63 — KUGLER, F. T. Handbook of Painting; The German, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. Revised by J. A. Crowe. London, 1874 — LAROUSSE, P. Dov (in Grand dictionnaire universel). Paris, 1866–90 — LEMCKE, C. Gerard Dov (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler). Leipsic, 1877 — LÜTZOW, C. VON. Die Gemälde-Galerie in Wien. Vienna, 1886 — MARTIN, W. Gerard Dou: Trans. by Clara Bell. London, 1902 — MÜLLER, F. H. Die Künstler aller Zeiten. Stuttgart, 1860-64 — NAGLER, G. C. Neues allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon. Munich, 1835-52 — OBREEN, FR. D. O. Archief voor Nederlandsche Kunstgeschiedenis. Rotterdam, 1882 — ORLERS, J. J. Beschrijvinge der Stadt Leyden. [Leyden] 1641 — SANDRART, J. V. Teutsche Academie der Bau-Bildhauer und Maler-Kunst. Nuremberg, 1768-75 — SCHNAASE, C. Niederländische Briefe. Stuttgart, 1834 — SMITH, J. Catalogue Raisonné. London, 1829-42 — VAN DYKE, J. C. Old Dutch and Flemish Masters. New York, 1895 — WEDMORE, F. Masters of Genre Painting. London, 1881 — WEYERMAN, J. C. De Levensbeschrijvingen der Nederlandsche Konstschilders, etc. The Hague, 1729-69 — WOLTMANN, A. AND WOERMANN, K. Geschichte der Malerei. Leipsic, 1887-88.

MASTERS IN ART

Carpaccio

VENETIAN SCHOOL

CARPACCIO
ST. VITALIS AND OTHER SAINTS
CHURCH OF SAN VITALE, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

CARPACCIO

THE ENGLISH AMBASSADORS BEFORE KING MAURO

ACADEMY, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

[259]

CARPACCIO

RETURN OF THE AMBASSADORS TO ENGLAN

ACADEMY, VENICE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

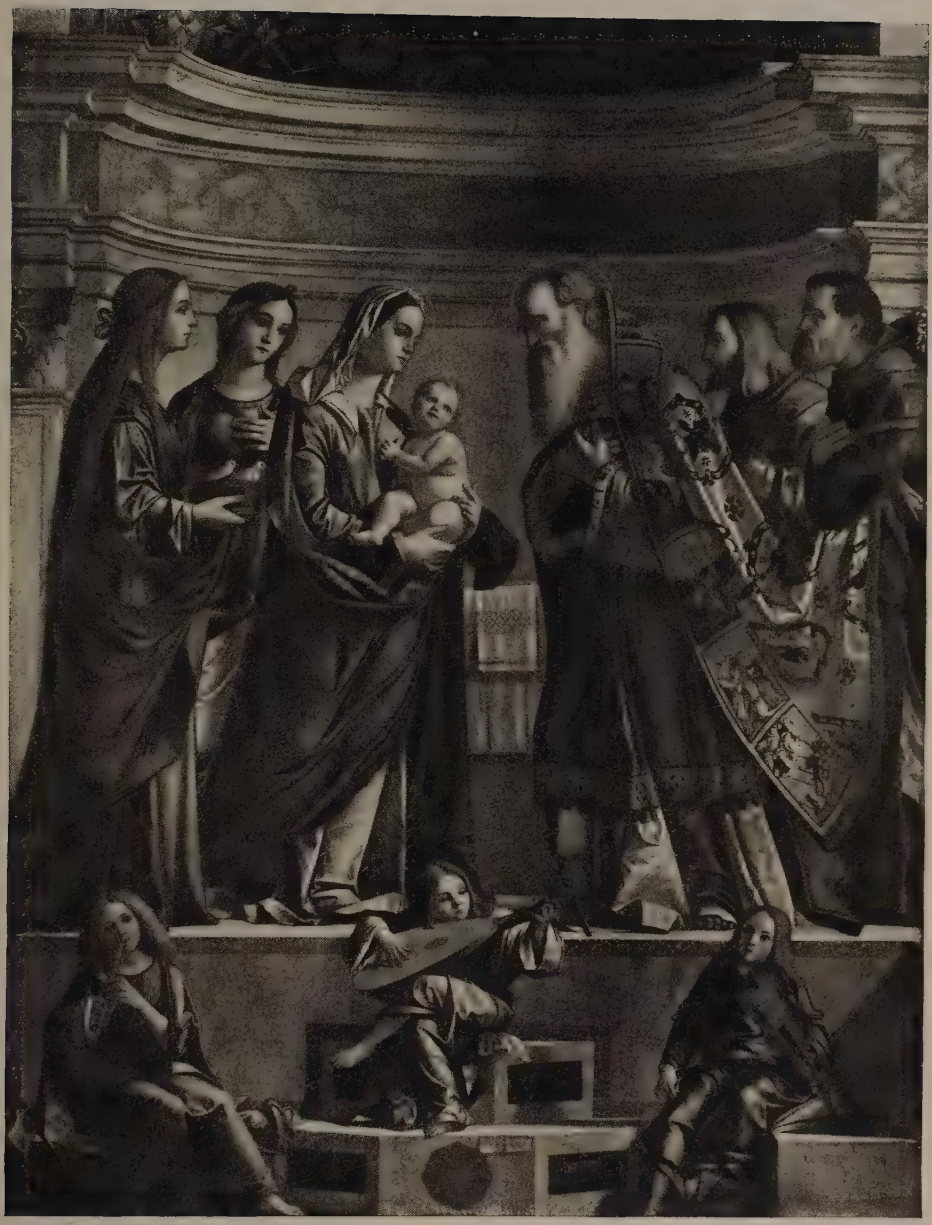
CARPACCIO

THE ENGLISH PRINCE TAKES LEAVE OF HIS FATHE

ACADEMY, VENICE

CARPACCIO
THE DREAM OF ST. URSULA
ACADEMY, VENICE

CARPACCIO
ST. STEPHEN DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTO
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN

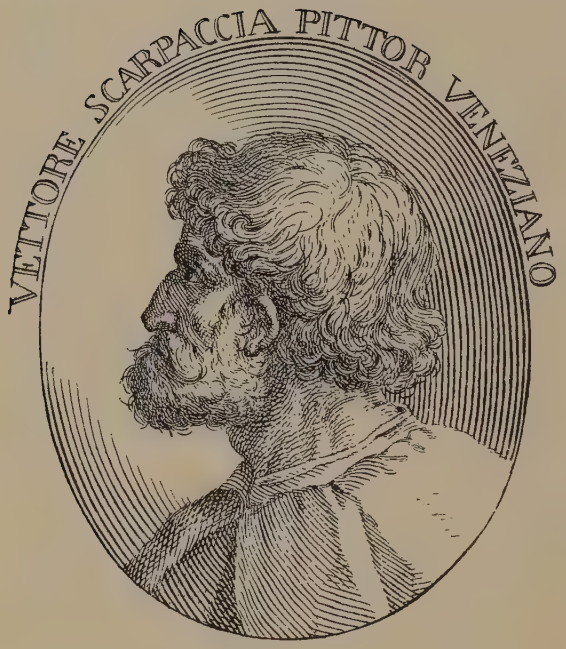


CARPACCIO
THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE
ACADEMY, VENICE

CARPACCIO
MEETING OF ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNA
ACADEMY, VENICE

CARPACCIO
ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY
CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE

CARPACCIO
COMBAT OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO DEGLI SCHIAVONI, VENICE



PORTRAIT OF CARPACCIO FROM AN ENGRAVING

In his chapter devoted to some of the early Venetian painters, Vasari says that Carpaccio is the only one of whom he has been able to procure a portrait The portrait he gives is reproduced above, but of its authenticity we have no proof; nor has any contemporary account of Carpaccio's personal appearance been handed down.

Vittore Carpaccio

BORN 1450 (?): DIED 1522 (?)
VENETIAN SCHOOL

NO painter has portrayed the life and manners of his time and surroundings more vividly than Vittore Carpaccio (pronounced Car-pahtch'yo). In pictures that still glow with the colors that his brush bestowed upon them four hundred years ago, he has set before us imperishably the palaces, streets, bridges, and open squares of Venice of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, not only showing us the city gay with the fêtes and pageants that were dear to the hearts of her pleasure-loving people, but admitting us also to the intimate seclusion of Venetian households, where we seem to participate in the interests and occupations of the personages he represents.

But of the character and personality of the man who has given us these true pictures of Venetian life during the early Renaissance, history has preserved but few and meager details, not even noting the time or place where he was born, nor when and where he died.

Vasari, who calls him, after the Venetian fashion, Scarpaccio, and whose account of his life, in a chapter devoted to several of the early Venetian painters, is exceedingly brief and unsatisfactory, says that he came from Venice. Ridolfi also speaks of him as a Venetian, "noble by reason of his ancient rights of citizenship, but more illustrious because of his talent." Zanetti, in his work on the painters of Venice, alludes to this right of citizenship, and Lanzi, in his notice of Carpaccio, says that the family of the painter was Venetian—possibly originating in the Island of Murano. Recent writers, however, are of the opinion that Carpaccio, although perhaps of Venetian descent, was born at Capodistria, then one of the possessions of Venice, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. No positive proof that such was the case can be adduced, but documents have been found in Istria showing that a family of the name of Carpaccio lived there for many generations, and that it had long been the custom to give to the eldest son of the house the name Vittore in honor of St. Victor, who from time immemorial had been regarded with special veneration by the Istrians.

If, however, it be true that Carpaccio was born at Capodistria, it is extremely probable that he went to Venice in his early youth, and spent the rest of his

life there, identifying himself so completely with the Venetians that even the pictures he painted for his native Istria bear the signature: VICTOR CHARPATIUS VENETUS PINXIT, or VICTORI CHARPATII VENETI OPUS.

Nothing is known of Carpaccio's education in art, but it is supposed that he worked in the studio of Alvise Vivarini, and became later a pupil of Gentile Bellini. Because of the predilection he has shown in his pictures for oriental costumes it has been thought that he may have accompanied Gentile Bellini when that artist was sent to Constantinople in 1479 to paint the Sultan's portrait; but no proof exists of his having done so, and the frequent introduction of eastern costumes in his works may readily be accounted for by the fact that Turks, and representatives of other races from the East, were so numerous in the streets of Venice in those days that an artist had ample opportunity to observe and study them.

Between the years 1490 and 1495 Carpaccio painted his most famous work —a series of nine pictures illustrating the medieval legend of St. Ursula—and between 1502 and 1511 he executed another series for the Dalmation Confraternity of St. George and St. Tryphonius, representing scenes from the lives of St. Jerome, St. George, and St. Tryphonius, which may be reckoned as second only in importance. A third series of five pictures, showing scenes from the life of St. Stephen, was painted for the Scuola di San Stefano. In addition to these he executed many works for churches and confraternities, of which the most celebrated is the great altar-piece 'The Presentation in the Temple,' now in the Venice Academy.

It would seem that Venice was not unmindful of Carpaccio's talents, for existing records show that he was employed by the government to embellish the Ducal Palace with his works. In 1501 he painted for it a large historic composition representing Pope Alexander III. celebrating mass in the Church of St. Mark, and a few years later he worked in the Hall of the Great Council of the Palace in collaboration with Giovanni Bellini, receiving for his services the sum of five ducats a month. Unfortunately all his paintings in the Ducal Palace were destroyed by the great fire which broke out there in the year 1577.

Carpaccio's best works were produced between the years 1490 and 1515. After that a decline in his powers is perceptible, although he does not seem to have ceased his labors until 1522, as one of his pictures bears that date. It is believed that he died at Venice, but in what year is not known.

In the absence of information concerning the life of Carpaccio, the following letter, signed by his hand and recently discovered among the archives of the Gonzaga family at Mantua, is of special interest as putting us into personal touch, so to speak, with the man who, except for this, is known to us only through his works. The letter is addressed to Francesco Gonzaga, Lord of Mantua, well known as a patron of artists; but whether it led to any result is not recorded, and there is no evidence to show that Carpaccio had any subsequent relations with the Court of Mantua, nor has any trace been found of the picture of 'Jerusalem,' for which the painter is so anxious to find a purchaser.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR,—A few days ago a person unknown to me, conducted by others, came to see me to look at a 'Jerusalem' that I have painted. As soon as he had seen it he insisted that I should sell it to him, because, as he said, he felt it to be something from which he should get great content and satisfaction. Finally we made a bargain by mutual agreement, but since then I have seen no more of him. That the matter might be explained, I inquired of those who had brought him, among whom was a priest, bearded and clad in gray, whom I had several times seen in the Hall of the Great Council in company with your Highness. Asking the man's name and condition from the priest, I was told that he was one Messer Laurentio, painter to your Illustrious Highness. I then easily understood where this person might be found, and accordingly I direct these presents to your Illustrious Highness that I may make you acquainted with my name and with the subject of my picture.

First, my Lord, I am that painter who was chosen by our Illustrious Signory to paint in the great hall, where your Highness deigned to ascend the scaffolding to see our work, which was the history of Ancona; and my name is Victor Carpatio. As to the 'Jerusalem,' I take it upon myself to say that there is not in our time another picture equal to it, not only for excellence and perfection, but also for size. The height of the picture is twenty-five feet, and the width five feet and a half, as all such things should be measured. Zuane Zamberti has spoken of this work to your Sublimity. It is true, and I know it for a certainty, that the painter belonging to your service has carried away a sketch—unfinished and of small size—which I am sure will not be to the satisfaction of your Highness. If it should please your Highness to submit my picture first to the inspection of some competent judges, upon the least intimation being given to me it shall be at the disposal of your Highness. The picture is on canvas, in distemper, and can be rolled around a piece of wood without any injury to it. If your Lordship should desire it to be painted in oil-colors, it is for your Illustrious Highness to command, and for me, with the utmost care, to execute. Of the price I say nothing, leaving it entirely to your Illustrious Highness, to whom I humbly recommend myself. The XV August, MDXI, at Venice.

I have sent a copy of this letter by another way, so that one may surely reach you.

From your Highness' very humble servant

VICTOR CARPATIO, painter.

The Art of Carpaccio

P. MOLMENTI 'CARPACCIO, SON ŒUVRE ET SON TEMPS'

NOWHERE but in Venice can Carpaccio be really studied and appreciated. There alone do we see him in all his glory, and can trace the influence of his personality on the artistic movement of his day. The society

in which he lived contributed largely in making him the artist that he was, for more perhaps than any other man did Carpaccio love his own times and Venice—that Venice that he delighted to depict, reproducing in his paintings the beauty of her skies and the splendors of her fêtes.

His canvases unfold before our eyes a brilliant vision of the past. Venetian life in its external aspects, as well as in its more intimate relations, is portrayed as if in an instantaneous photograph, and in spite of their red caps and close-fitting hose, their short jackets and parti-colored trousers, we feel that we have known and have even been on intimate terms with the people whom he paints. The artist may indeed be said to have immortalized the manners of his time. . . .

In studying Carpaccio's pictures illustrating the legend of St. Ursula we are impressed by a certain delicate sobriety in his art; it does not dazzle us, but, rather, steals softly into our inmost hearts. Close observation of nature under all its aspects, and a sense of harmony that he so well understood and preserved to so unusual a degree, are combined in Carpaccio's works with imagination and eminent creative faculties, heightened by a sentiment that is both elevated and refined. He gave his personages the most varied expressions of gentleness, fear, joy, serenity, grief, or love. Carpaccio, indeed, as Zanetti has expressed it, "had truth in his very heart."

A power of faithful imitation, a simple and natural arrangement of draperies, a study of relative values and relief, gradation in tones, skill in the management of light and shade,—all these are great qualities; but what charms us far more in Carpaccio is a certain simple and natural elegance, and a harmonious distribution of colors which are arranged without any apparent striving after effect. "Carpaccio," says Charles Blanc, "seems at times to be endowed with the seraphic sweetness of Fra Angelico, as well as with the delicate naturalism of Memling."

The Middle Age has passed away and a new era in art is inaugurated at Venice by Bellini and Carpaccio. An astute critic, Töpfer, has noted the fact that in the paintings of antique art relief and color were altogether subordinate to line. Relief served to emphasize salient points and give force to the representation of form, but did not render all the modeling; while color, differing but slightly from flat tones, was used merely to express certain conventional truths. Carpaccio, on the contrary, studied effects of modeling and coloring, and in his pictures man is invested with all the energy of life. It is indeed by his study of man, a study to which he devoted himself with an interest far keener than any that he felt in surrounding nature, that he gives us a foretaste of modern art.

Ruskin observes that Carpaccio never gave his serious attention to painting the natural objects of the earth, caring only for the beings that people it; that the blue of the sky in his pictures is too pale, the bases of the mountains too small, and that the waves of the sea and waters of the lagoons are painted with very slight regard for nature. In his representations of the stately and majestic architecture of the fifteenth century, however, we see how far Carpaccio had solved the problem of linear perspective, and when we look upon

the buildings, arcades, and towers that he painted, we fancy that we, too, are living amidst the splendors of that city around which art, commerce, and riches cast so brilliant a glamour. . . .

Venice with its rich, varied, and harmonious coloring seems like some radiant vision, the very spot of all others where the scenes of the story of St. Ursula should be portrayed. In one of Carpaccio's pictures of the legend the saint sees in a dream the angel who brings her the tidings of her future martyrdom; but the richness of the bed-hangings, the furniture of her chamber, austere in its elegance, take us back to the intimate life of Venice of the fifteenth century, when riches were allied with the most somber stateliness. In his picture of the English ambassadors in the presence of King Mauro (Plate II), the arches and open loggie recall the Porta della Carta, the Giants' Stairway of the Ducal Palace, the Church of San Zaccaria, that of Santa Maria dei Miracoli—all those buildings, in short, which arose in the fifteenth century as if by magic on the lagoons of Venice. In the painting of King Mauro dismissing the ambassadors, it is Venice that in her public fêtes borrowed the opulent coloring of the Orient, and in the solemn ceremonies of the Republic gave expression to some deeply felt sentiment, some great idea. Again, on the canvas where Carpaccio has represented St. Ursula and her virgins at Cologne, it is in reality not Cologne that he shows us, but Venice joyous and alive with the noise of arms and the activity of labor. In another picture, where the ambassadors return to their king (Plate III), Carpaccio has painted a little hill in the background covered with verdure; but we are not deceived, for here again it is Venice—Venice with the banners of St. Mark lightly floating in the breeze, the air redolent with the odors of the sea, and overhead that sky which disclosed to the painter all the colors of the rainbow.

Carpaccio, indeed, represented historic events after a fashion that was unknown before his day, nor did he hesitate to depart from the traditions of religious art, for even sacred story is warmed by a ray of Venetian sun and enlivened by that gaiety with which the very air of the lagoons is impregnated. In speaking of the angelic children seated on the steps of the throne in Carpaccio's picture of 'The Presentation in the Temple,' Symonds says that while not precisely of human lineage, they are more earthly than Fra Angelico's melodists, and justly observes that Carpaccio was the true interpreter of Venetian devotion, "at once real and devoid of pietistic rapture."

It is precisely this harmony between the real and the ideal that produces a certain delicacy of form not to be found in the work of any other Venetian painter. The voluptuous beauty of the women painted by the sixteenth century artists charms us less than the frank ingenuousness of those whom Carpaccio portrays, who, with their radiant eyes, their delicately elongated faces and slightly prominent foreheads, give the impression of beautiful and melancholy visions. In the great picture of 'The Presentation in the Temple' (Plate VII), what sweetness, what truly divine majesty, characterize the Virgin who presents her Child to the aged Simeon! And just as pure spiritual joys are here made visible under human form, so in the scene representing the meeting of St. Ursula and her betrothed (Plate IV), the sanctity of Chris-

tian love has rarely been rendered with such holy sweetness or a modesty more gracious. Carpaccio is at once naïve and truthful, frank and strong, and in studying his works we end by agreeing with the opinion of that writer, Théophile Gautier, who found in him the purity and seductive grace of Raphael combined with that Venetian coloring which no other school has ever been able to equal.

Carpaccio reproduced nature with a delicate touch, with minute fidelity, and without preconceived idea. His groups are not marked by any great variety, nor does he disturb the tranquil serenity of his composition by any artifice, but simply reproduces what he sees in such a way that the scenes follow one another without any apparent arrangement. For instance, in one of his pictures (Plate IV) we see on one side the English prince taking leave of his father; on the other, this same prince meeting St. Ursula, and again, the royal couple about to embark. Three subjects on one canvas! But what does it matter? Nothing escapes the observant spectator, from the heads that are marvelously drawn and painted, to the most minute architectural details —all rendered in a charming style that, far from mannered and soft in execution, is yet devoid of hardness. Indeed, such is the delicate sobriety of the drawing, such the beauty of the coloring, that all possibility of harshness of execution is excluded.

Although we can sometimes trace the influence of the old school of Squarcione in Carpaccio's work, and sometimes that of the early Flemish and German masters, these influences left no decided mark on his genius, and he returned to the pure fountainhead of nature itself for his inspirations, always remaining true to himself—a painter ever naïve, simple, delicate, and charming. . . .

Beauty of color and purity of form are qualities which characterize other Venetian painters of the fifteenth century, but what we look for in their works in vain is originality of composition. Carpaccio has reproduced with marvelous delicacy of observation the splendors which he himself witnessed—Venetian life, varied, vivid, luxurious, and glowing. Living as he did towards the close of that period when Venice was richest and most powerful, he had a complete appreciation of the life which surrounded him, and may truly be said to be the artistic interpreter of the Venetian people when at the very height of their glory.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

CARPACCIO is an artist of great individual fascination. He is essentially a romantic painter. Though he portrays the actual pageantry of the splendid Venetian life—though he is in this sense a realist—yet he tells his story with a peculiar grace and dignity, a certain romantic charm.—SELWYN BRINTON

ANDRÉ PÉRATÉ 'LA GRANDE ENCYCLOPÉDIE'

VITTORE CARPACCIO is one of the most charming among the precursors of the great Venetian painters of the fifteenth century. In his pictures, so skilful and well balanced, we find the germs, so to speak, of the

ample composition of Titian and the sumptuous decoration of Veronese. The most diverse qualities of the two Bellini are, moreover, blended in him—a taste for the picturesque, and a tender and touching sweetness. Again, he shares the delicacy of the Primitives, and at the same time gives evidence of the knowledge, the drawing, and the coloring of his glorious successors—a rare merit which in itself is sufficient to account for the favor he enjoys among modern artists.—FROM THE FRENCH

CARPACCIO is the first illustrator of religious life and legend in Venice, as well as the most delightful story-teller of his time; the finest poet in a city not given to audible verse.—MRS. OLIPHANT

BERNHARD BERENSON 'VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

THE Renaissance was a period in the history of modern Europe comparable to youth in the life of the individual. It had all youth's love of finery and of play. The more people were imbued with the new spirit, the more they loved pageants. The pageant was an outlet for many of the dominant passions of the time, for there a man could display all the finery he pleased, satisfy his love of antiquity by masquerading as Cæsar or Hannibal, his love of knowledge by finding out how the Romans dressed and rode in triumph, his love of glory by the display of wealth and skill in the management of the ceremony, and, above all, his love of feeling himself alive. The earlier elements of the Renaissance, the passion for knowledge and glory, were not of the kind to give a new impulse to painting. Nor was the passion for antiquity at all so direct an inspiration to that art as it was to architecture and sculpture. The love of glory had, it is true, led such as could not afford to put up monumental buildings, to decorate chapels with frescos in which their portraits were timidly introduced. But it was only when the Renaissance had attained to a full consciousness of its interest in life and enjoyment of the world that it naturally turned, and indeed was forced to turn, to painting; for it is obvious that painting is peculiarly fitted for rendering the appearances of things with a glow of light and richness of color that correspond to and express warm human emotions.

When it once reached the point where its view of the world naturally sought expression in painting, as religious ideas had done before, the Renaissance found in Venice clearer utterance than elsewhere, and it is perhaps this fact which makes the most abiding interest of Venetian painting.

The growing delight in life, with the consequent love of health, beauty, and joy, was felt more powerfully in Venice than anywhere else in Italy. The explanation of this may be found in the character of the Venetian government, which was such that it gave little room for the satisfaction of the passion for personal glory, and kept its citizens so busy in duties of state that they had small leisure for learning. Some of the chief passions of the Renaissance thus finding no outlet in Venice, the other passions insisted all the more on being satisfied. Venice, moreover, was the only state in Italy which was enjoying, and for many generations had been enjoying, internal peace. This

gave the Venetians a love of comfort, of ease, and of splendor, a refinement of manner, and humaneness of feeling, which made them the first really modern people in Europe. . . .

Thus it came to pass that in the Venetian pictures of the end of the fifteenth century we find neither the contrition nor the devotion of earlier years, when the Church alone employed painting as the interpreter of emotion, nor the learning which characterized the Florentines. The Venetian masters of this time, although nominally continuing to paint the Madonna and saints, were in reality painting handsome, healthy, sane people like themselves, people who wore their splendid robes with dignity, who found life worth the mere living, and sought no metaphysical basis for it. In short, the Venetian pictures of the last decade of the fifteenth century seemed intended not for devotion, as they had been, nor for admiration, as they then were in Florence, but for enjoyment.

The Church itself had educated its children to understand painting as a language, but now that the passions men dared to avow were no longer connected with happiness in some future state only, but mainly with life in the present, painting was expected to give voice to these more human aspirations and to desert the outgrown ideals of the Church. In Florence, the painters seemed unable, or unwilling, to make their art really popular. . . . In Venice alone painting remained what it had been all over Italy in earlier times, the common tongue of the whole mass of the people. Venetian artists thus had the strongest inducements to perfect the processes which painters must employ to make pictures look real to their own generation; and their generation had an altogether firmer hold on reality than any that had been known since the triumph of Christianity. . . .

Painting, in accommodating itself to the new idea, found that it could not attain to satisfactory representation merely by form and color, but that it required light and shadow and effects of space. Indeed, venial faults of drawing are perhaps the least disturbing, while faults of perspective, of spacing, and of color completely spoil a picture for people who have an every-day acquaintance with painting such as the Venetians had. We find the Venetian painters, therefore, more and more intent upon giving the space they paint its real depth, upon giving solid objects the full effects of the round, upon keeping the different parts of a figure within the same plane, and upon compelling things to hold their proper places one behind the other. As early as the beginning of the sixteenth century a few of the greater Venetian painters had succeeded in making distant objects less and less distinct, as well as smaller and smaller, and had succeeded also in giving some appearance of reality to the atmosphere. These are a few of the special problems of painting, as distinct from sculpture for instance, and they are problems which, among the Italians, only the Venetians and the painters closely connected with them solved with any success.

The painters of the end of the fifteenth century who met with the greatest success in solving these problems were Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, Cima da Conegliano, and Carpaccio, and we find each of them enjoyable to

the degree that he was in touch with the life of his day. I have already spoken of the pageants, and of how characteristic they were of the Renaissance, forming as they did a sort of safety-valve for its chief passions. Venice, too, knew the love of glory, and the passion was perhaps only the more intense because it was all dedicated to the State. There was nothing the Venetians would not do to add to its greatness, glory, and splendor. It was this which led them to make of the city itself that wondrous monument to the love and awe they felt for their Republic, which still arouses more admiration and gives more pleasure than any other one achievement of the art-impulse in man. They were not content to make their city the most beautiful in the world; they performed ceremonies in its honor partaking of all the solemnity of religious rites. Processions and pageants by land and sea, free from that gross element of improvisation which characterized them elsewhere in Italy, formed no less a part of the functions of the Venetian State than the high mass in the Catholic Church. Such a function, with doge and senators arrayed in gorgeous costumes no less prescribed than the raiments of ecclesiastics, in the midst of the fairy-like architecture of the Piazza or canals, was the event most eagerly looked forward to, and the one that gave most satisfaction to the Venetian's love of his State, and to his love of splendor, beauty, and gaiety. He would have had them every day if it had been possible, and to make up for their rarity, he loved to have representations of them. So most Venetian pictures of the beginning of the sixteenth century tended to take the form of magnificent processions, if they did not actually represent them. They are processions in the Piazza, as in Gentile Bellini's 'Corpus Christi' picture, or on the water, as in Carpaccio's picture where St. Ursula leaves her home; or they represent what was a gorgeous but common sight in Venice, the reception or dismissal of ambassadors, as in several pictures of Carpaccio's St. Ursula series. Not only the pleasure-loving Carpaccio, but the austere Cima, as he grew older, turned every biblical and saintly legend into an occasion for the picture of a pageant.

But there was a further reason for the popularity of such pictures. The decorations which were then being executed by the most reputed masters in the Hall of the Great Council in the Ducal Palace were, by the nature of the subject, required to represent pageants. The Venetian State encouraged painting as did the Church, in order to teach its subjects its own glory in a way that they could understand without being led on to critical inquiry; and although the paintings in the Ducal Palace doubtless gave a decided incentive to artists, their effect upon the public, for whom they were designed, was even greater. The councilors were not allowed to be the only people to enjoy fascinating pictures of gorgeous pageants and ceremonials. The mutual aid societies—the schools, as they were called—were not long in getting the masters who were employed in the Ducal Palace to execute for their own meeting-places pictures equally splendid. The schools of San Giorgio, Sant' Ursula, and San Stefano employed Carpaccio, the schools of San Giovanni and San Marco, Gentile Bellini, and other schools employed minor painters. . . .

Just as the State chose subjects that glorified itself and taught its own his-

tory and policy, so the schools had pictures painted to glorify their patron saints, and to keep their deeds and example fresh. Many of these pictures—most, in fact—took the form of pageants; but even in such, intended as they were for almost domestic purposes, the style of high ceremonial was relaxed and elements taken directly from life were introduced, and found a sudden and assured popularity, for they play a more and more important part in the pictures executed for the schools, many of the subjects of which were readily turned into studies of ordinary Venetian life. This was particularly true of the works of Carpaccio. Much as he loved pageants, he loved homelier scenes as well. His 'Dream of St. Ursula' (Plate v) shows us a young girl asleep in a room filled with the quiet morning light. Indeed, it may be better described as a picture of a room with the light playing softly on the walls, upon the flower-pots in the window, and upon the writing-table and the cupboards. A young girl happens to be asleep in the bed, but the picture is far from being a merely economic illustration to this episode in the life of the saint. Or, again, take St. Jerome in his study, in the Church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni (Plate ix). He is nothing but a Venetian scholar, seated in his comfortable, bright library, in the midst of his books, with his little shelf of bric-à-brac running along the wall. There is nothing in his look or surroundings to speak of a life of self-denial or of arduous devotion to the problems of sin and redemption.

In other words, Carpaccio's quality is the quality of a painter of the genre, of which he was the earliest Italian master. His genre differs from Dutch or French not in kind, but in degree. Dutch genre is much more democratic, and, as painting, it is of a far finer quality; but it deals with its subject, as Carpaccio does, for the sake of its own pictorial capacities, and for the sake of the effects of color and of light and shade. . . .

In the sixteenth century painting was not looked upon with the estranging reverence paid to it now. It was almost as cheap as printing has become since, and almost as much employed. When the Venetians had attained the point of culture where they were able to differentiate their sensations and distinguish pleasure from edification, they found that painting gave them decided pleasure. Why should they always have to go to the Ducal Palace or to some school to enjoy this pleasure? That would have been no less a hardship than for us never to hear music outside of a concert-room. This is no merely rhetorical comparison, for in the life of the Venetian of the sixteenth century painting took much the same place that music takes in ours. He no longer expected it to tell him stories or to teach him the catechism. Printed books, which were beginning to grow common, amply satisfied both these needs. He had as a rule very little personal religion, and consequently did not care for pictures that moved him to contrition or devotion. He preferred to have some pleasantly colored thing that would put him into a mood connected with the side of life he most enjoyed—with refined merrymaking, with country parties, or with the sweet dreams of youth. Venetian painting alone among Italian schools was ready to satisfy such a demand, and it thus became the first genuinely modern art; for the most vital difference that can

be indicated between the arts in antiquity and modern times is this, that now the arts tend to address themselves more and more to the actual needs of men, while in olden times they were supposed to serve some more than human purpose.

CARPACCIO is, in the most vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order; but is sublime, or delightful, or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it; or—as profane persons will say—as the humor takes him.—JOHN RUSKIN

W. J. STILLMAN 'OLD ITALIAN MASTERS'

CARPACCIO had the Venetian sense of color in a high degree, but the telling of his story was evidently more important to him than his technique, and he never attained the complete mastery of oils that some of his contemporaries gained. As a story-teller, however, he has had no superior in the school of Venice, and perhaps none in Italian art. His imagination is wayward, subtle, full of minute inventions and happy surprises, and his originality is distinct, and, in his most matured and characteristic work, almost separates him from the contemporary Venetian art, though in his methods he at times adheres to one or another of the teachers with whom he was associated in his early training.

Carpaccio leaves upon me the impression of an artist in whom the subject had always overpowered the art, in whom invention ran so far ahead of the power of delivery that he had no time to wait for his brush to do its work completely. To the dilettante who studies him, and who is not led aside from the intellectual conception by the critical study of methods and technical mastery, he offers more intense satisfaction than some of the greater painters —a satisfaction which I must hold to be apart from the purely artistic standard. It is on this ground that Ruskin does him honor.

Living and dying as Carpaccio did in the midst of a community in which the technical appreciation of art had been fed to the utmost by daily study of the greatest triumphs of color the world has seen, his life and his exit from it, as well as his works, attracted less attention than they merited. Thus it is that we know nothing of him personally, and know not when or where he was born, nor the time and place of his death.

WHAT stirs one most in Carpaccio is his faith, his warmth, the power he has of moving and being moved, the truth and depth of his expression, his unparalleled sincerity.—CHARLES YRIARTE

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

CARPACCIO is the minstrel, the tale-teller; more than any of the others of his school of Venice he fascinates and entertains. His canvases delight us with what seems a strange and wonderful mingling together of the

Bible and 'The Arabian Nights,' yet his piety is unaffected and his gaiety is steadied by a flavor of Flemish earnestness. He is a true Venetian of Venice, that marvelous hybrid in the arts, with its Byzantine sense of color, its quaint overlay of northern influence, its solid Italian good sense and realism; and it is partly because he tells us, with the sincerity of one who is still to a certain extent a primitive master, the wonderful story of this meeting of East and West and North, that his pictures hold us so long.

Like Gentile Bellini, Carpaccio loves a panoramic development of a subject with a regular architectural setting and a foreground filled with busy figures; but although he is a much less skilful draftsman than Gentile, he has far more invention and poetic sense. Indeed, though he is inferior to Giovanni Bellini in depth of feeling, or loftiness of style, he unites in a very happy way the qualities of the great Bellini brothers. His drawing is often faulty; his figures spindle-shanked, short-bodied, and sometimes cloven almost to the waist by their long legs; his faces are frequently homely, others of them are lacking in construction; but the charm of his work makes up for all, while the lightness of treatment of his sacred legends is qualified and ennobled by some of the clearest and most golden color to be found in the whole range of art.

The Works of Carpaccio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ST. VITALIS AND OTHER SAINTS' PLATE I

CARPACCIO painted this famous picture in the year 1514, for the Church of San Vitale, Venice, where it may still be seen in the choir of the church, behind the high altar.

According to the legend, St. Vitalis of Ravenna, who served in the army of the Roman Emperor Nero and was converted to Christianity by St. Peter, was tortured and buried alive, as a punishment for having cared for the body of a Christian martyr and given it honorable burial. In early paintings he is represented as a soldier, sometimes with a martyr's crown, and sometimes on horseback as in this picture by Carpaccio, where he is shown clad in armor and mounted on a white charger. St. Valeria, his wife, in red cloak and green robe and holding a martyr's palm, stands beside him. Near her is St. George with the standard of victory. On the other side are St. John the Baptist with a lamb, and St. James with book and staff, their long red mantles harmonizing with the landscape background beyond. Upon a balcony surmounting a high arched screen are the two sons of St. Vitalis—St. Gervasius and St. Protasius—attended by St. Peter with a book, and St. Andrew bearing a cross. One of Carpaccio's charming little angel-musicians is seated between them, and above, the Virgin and Child appear in glory.

Although not one of Carpaccio's greatest works, lacking, as Signor Mol-

menti has said, "the freshness and serenity of youthful inspiration," this altar-piece is interesting not only because of the original and somewhat curious arrangement of the different groups, but for the rich architectural details and the charming landscape seen between the open arches of the screen.

The picture measures over nineteen feet high by about eight feet wide. The figures are life-size.

SCENES FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA PLATES II, III, IV, AND V

ACCORDING to the legend of St. Ursula, a certain king of Brittany, whose name in the Italian version of the story was Mauro, had a beautiful and accomplished daughter called Ursula. Her hand was sought in marriage by numerous suitors, and among other aspirants was Conon, son of Agrippinus, King of England. Ambassadors from the English court were accordingly despatched to Brittany to present to King Mauro the proposal of their monarch that the princess should become the wife of his son. Now Ursula had determined to wed no one, in order that she might the more diligently devote herself to the service of religion; but in accordance with her father's wishes she consented to be affianced to the English prince on three conditions: first, that the King of England should give her as attendants eleven thousand virgins of noble birth; secondly, that before the proposed marriage three years should be allowed her and her companions in which to make a pilgrimage to Rome to visit certain shrines; and thirdly, that Prince Conon and his suite should become Christians.

With this reply the English ambassadors returned to their king, who at once agreed to accept all the conditions, and forthwith Prince Conon set out to pay the princess a visit before she should embark upon her pilgrimage.

In the course of time Ursula and her virgin attendants reached Rome, where they were welcomed by Pope Cyriacus, and joined by Prince Conon and his suite, who had arrived on the same day by a different route. Ursula now confided to her lover that it had been revealed to her in a dream that she and her companions were doomed to suffer martyrdom at Cologne, through which city they must pass on their return home. Warned of her impending fate, Prince Conon abandoned all hope of marriage with the princess, and kneeling by her side at the feet of Pope Cyriacus, received baptism at his hands, and assumed the name of Ethereus, to express the purity and regeneration of his soul.

The whole party then set out on their homeward journey, accompanied by the pope and several cardinals and bishops; but when they had proceeded as far as Cologne, they found themselves surrounded by the Huns, who were then laying siege to that city, and by whom they were all mercilessly put to death. Prince Conon was the first to die at the feet of his beloved princess. She herself was shot dead by the arrows of the heathen king of the Huns, and her spirit, with the spirits of all her virgin attendants and those of her betrothed husband and his companions, ascended into heaven and there received the reward of their martyrdom.

Such, in brief, is the legend of St. Ursula, a legend which before Carpaccio's

famous paintings of its various scenes were executed had long been a favorite subject with early artists and had already inspired the delicate brush of the Flemish painter, Hans Memling, whose work, 'The Shrine of St. Ursula,' in Bruges, had attained wide celebrity. Carpaccio's illustrations of the story bear a close affiliation with Memling's paintings, showing, as a recent critic has said, "how straight was the road that led in the fifteenth century from the canal cities of the North to the city of the lagoons on the Adriatic."

Carpaccio's pictures of the legend of St. Ursula were painted between the years 1490 and 1495 for the Scuola di Sant' Ursula, an institution in Venice devoted to the support and education of orphan girls. Taken collectively, these paintings, now in the Venice Academy, are the artist's greatest work. Individually, however, they are of varying merit. The finest among them, of which four examples are here reproduced, show us Carpaccio at his best —as the unsurpassed teller of legend and romance, the painter *par excellence* of the brilliant pageantry of Venice.

PLATE II: 'THE ENGLISH AMBASSADORS BEFORE KING MAURO.' In the center of this picture, which is divided into three parts, we see Mauro, King of Brittany, seated among his courtiers, receiving the ambassadors of the English king, one of whom, clad in a rich robe of black and gold brocade, kneels before him and presents a letter from Agrippinus, asking the hand of Princess Ursula for his son. In the distance, bordering a canal, are Venetian buildings rendered in delicate tones of color. To the left of this scene, in a loggia of the palace, attendants in picturesque and bright-colored costumes are gathered, and to the right we see King Mauro, his robe of soft brownish yellow relieved by the white spread and mulberry-colored canopy of the bed beside which he is seated, discussing the proposed marriage with his daughter, who, as she stands before him in gown of grayish blue and bright red mantle, enumerates the conditions upon which she will consent to marry the English prince.

The picture is on canvas, and measures nine feet one inch high by about nineteen feet wide.

PLATE III: 'RETURN OF THE AMBASSADORS TO ENGLAND.' Under a pavilion supported by marble columns the English king receives his ambassadors upon their return from Brittany. Although the scene is supposed to be laid in England, the whole character is distinctly Venetian, from the carefully detailed architecture to the various groups of people in picturesque costumes of richly brocaded tunics, bright red stockings and caps—even to the monkey which Carpaccio has placed on the steps of the king's pavilion and has humorously arrayed as a Venetian senator.

Elaborately as the details of the scene are carried out, they are all subordinated to the principal incident of the composition. "The sunlight effect under which the picture is painted," writes Sir Charles Eastlake, "the refined sense of color which it displays, and, above all, the genuine naturalism of the scene, combine to render this work one of the most attractive in the series."

The canvas is nearly ten feet high by seventeen feet wide.

PLATE IV: 'THE ENGLISH PRINCE TAKES LEAVE OF HIS FATHER.' This picture, divided by a flagstaff into two parts, represents, on the left, the English king standing on a pier surrounded by his courtiers and bidding farewell to Prince Conon, who kneels before him to receive the paternal blessing before setting out to visit his affianced bride. The feudal castles with crenelated towers introduced in the background are intended to represent an English port, but are more suggestive of Italian architecture.

Immediately to the right of the flagstaff we see the landing of the prince in Brittany and his meeting with Ursula, while at the extreme right of the picture, the prince and princess kneel before King Mauro. Here again the architectural setting carries us to Venice, as do the brilliant costumes, elaborate in detail, and rich in their varying tones of red, the blue waters of the sea, in which ships of fantastic shape are anchored, and, above them all, the luminous Italian sky. Of the whole series, this canvas is the most pictorial and entertaining. It measures nine feet one inch high by twenty feet wide.

PLATE V: 'THE DREAM OF ST. URSULA.' This picture, which measures about nine feet square, and is the most naïvely charming in the series, shows us the bedchamber of St. Ursula, who lies peacefully sleeping in her high four-post bedstead with its canopy and coverlet of red. Through a doorway on the right an angel enters in a flood of early morning light, bearing in his hand a palm, emblem of Ursula's future martyrdom.

In Mr. Ruskin's poetical description of this picture, unfortunately too long to be given here, each exquisitely rendered detail of the medieval room is noted—the arched windows, painted crimson around their edges, and partly open to the morning sky; the Greek vases on the sills, with a plant in each; the sage-green cloth that covers the lower part of the walls, white and bare above; the low reading-table with white fringed cover, and open book lying on it; the case of books near by; the small blue slippers of the princess beside the bed; her crown placed on a ledge at the foot; and the little dog, which, though awake and vigilant, takes no notice of the entrance of the heavenly visitant.

"The other pictures of the series," writes Mrs. Oliphant, "may be more rich in incident and expression, and have a higher dramatic interest, but the sleep of Ursula is exquisite and goes to every heart."

'ST. STEPHEN DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS' PLATE VI

THIS picture, one of a series consisting of four canvases and an altar-panel, painted by Carpaccio between 1511 and 1515 for the Scuola di San Stefano at Venice, is now in the Brera Gallery, Milan. Of the other pictures of the series, all representing scenes from the life of St. Stephen, one is in the Louvre, one in the Berlin Gallery, and another in the Museum of Stuttgart. The fifth picture—the altar-panel—has disappeared.

In the painting reproduced in Plate VI Carpaccio has represented the youthful St. Stephen, in his deacon's habit of red embroidered with gold, disputing with the doctors of the law, who, dressed in brown, scarlet, and blue

gowns, with black caps or white turbans on their heads, are grouped about him, some seated beneath an open portico supported by columns, others standing just outside. The canvas measures about four feet eight inches high by nearly six feet wide. The figures are about a quarter the size of life, the heads are well modeled, and the faces full of expression.

The architectural setting of the scene is especially well rendered. The various buildings, both European and oriental in character, are painted with all the care that Carpaccio invariably bestowed upon the architectural details of his pictures, which are here thrown into relief by a background of a charming Italian landscape with blue sky and light clouds.

'THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE' PLATE VII

THIS celebrated picture, Carpaccio's masterpiece, was painted in the year 1510 for the Church of San Giobbe, Venice. It is now in the Venice Academy, where it hangs near the great altar-piece by Giovanni Bellini painted for the same church (see Volume 1, Part 9, of this SERIES), and with which, though less golden in color, it may well be compared in grandeur of composition and beauty of conception.

The Virgin stands in an apsidal recess decorated with mosaics, bearing the Child Jesus in her arms and attended by two richly dressed young women, one of whom carries a basket containing doves. The Virgin's robe is pale crimson, her long mantle peacock blue, and a white linen veil covers her head. Opposite to her, in an attitude of deep reverence, is St. Simeon followed by two priests. He is clad in the garments of a bishop, with cope of gold and purple brocade bordered with a band on which various scenes from the Old Testament are exquisitely represented in feigned embroidery. On the marble steps leading to the recess are seated three golden-haired children in bright-hued robes.

"This is a very impressive work," writes Sir Charles Eastlake. "In the finely conceived and venerable head of Simeon we find united an expression of tenderness and dignity rarely realized by any painter of this period. The Infant Christ is exquisitely graceful. The Virgin's features, though beautiful, are less interesting than those of her nearest companion. Among the chief charms of the picture is the delightful trio of angels—one may almost call them celestial children, for they are wingless—which supplements and completes the composition. In every detail the sense of color is refined and harmonious, though time, and possibly the light in which it is hung, have imparted a somewhat gray tone to the picture."

'THE MEETING OF ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNA' PLATE VIII

IN this picture, painted in the year 1515 for the Church of San Francesco, at Treviso, and now in the Venice Academy, Carpaccio has represented the story, told in the Apocrypha, of the meeting of the parents of the Virgin before the Golden Gate. St. Anna's robe is blue with yellow sleeves, and she wears a long red mantle. St. Joachim is clad in a green robe, red

tunic, and gray cloak embroidered with gold. At the right of the picture stands St. Ursula in a blue gown, yellow underskirt, and rose-colored mantle. A crown is placed upon her blond hair, and she holds a banner and a martyr's palm. St. Louis of France is on the left, in purple robe and mantle of blue and gold brocade with ermine cape.

"The action of the principal group is pathetic in motive," writes Sir Charles Eastlake, "notwithstanding the large and cumbrous folds in which the draperies are cast. The carefully detailed architecture of the background indicates a transition from medieval to Renaissance types. The painting, which is executed on panel, is distinguished by a smooth hard impasto, and by the use of rich but carefully gradationed colors. The facial shadows are light and transparent, while those which define the draperies are forcible to excess. The drawing of the hands throughout is refined and delicate."

Taine, giving less attention to the technical qualities of the work, was struck by the poetic beauty of the faces. "No more serene and peaceful countenances can be imagined," he writes. "St. Ursula, pale and gentle, her head slightly inclined to one side, is indeed a saint; all the candor, humility, and piety of the middle ages are expressed in her face and attitude."

The picture measures about six feet high by five and a half feet wide, and the principal figures are two-thirds the size of life.

'ST. JEROME IN HIS STUDY' PLATE IX

BETWEEN the years 1502 and 1511 Carpaccio painted a series of pictures for the Church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni (St. George of the Slavonians) belonging to the Scuola or Confraternity of St. George and St. Tryphonius, which had been established in Venice fifty years before by some charitable men of Dalmatia, of the Illyrian or Slavonic nation, for the relief of poor sailors and others of their own nationality.

Upon entering this little church we find ourselves in a rectangular room with walls wainscoted in dark wood. Above the wainscoting are nine pictures by Carpaccio, each about four feet and a half high, and all varying in width, representing seven scenes from the lives of St. Jerome, St. George, and St. Tryphonius, and two from sacred history. Such is the harmony of color produced by these paintings in the dim light of the church—a harmony of violet, rose, green, white, yellow, and ultramarine—that, as Mr. Ruskin has said, the effect is that of "soft evening sunshine, or glow from embers on the hearth; resolving itself into a kind of checkering, as of an eastern carpet of more than usually broken and sudden variegation."

The three paintings on the right of the entrance represent scenes from the life of St. Jerome. Born about the middle of the fourth century, this saint was celebrated for his piety and his learning; his Latin version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate, being alone sufficient to establish his fame as a scholar, and cause him to be regarded as the special patron of students of theology.

In the picture reproduced in Plate IX, one of the finest and best preserved of the series, Carpaccio has given us one of the earliest examples of genre-

painting. Clad in a white surplice and red gown, a dark brown cape covering his shoulders, St. Jerome is seated at his writing-table. All the appointments of the room—the Venetian furniture, elegant and graceful in form, the books and ornaments arranged on shelves, the manuscripts scattered over the floor, even the little white dog watching his master so intently—show that Carpaccio, as Signor Molmenti has observed, did not derive his inspiration from the mysticism of the middle ages, but, in a spirit characteristic of the Renaissance, has portrayed a scene taken from the actual world about him. "This realism," writes Symonds, "if the name can be applied to pictures so poetical as Carpaccio's, is not like the Florentine realism, hard and scientific. A natural feeling for grace and a sense of romance inspire the artist, and breathe from every figure that he paints."

"The picture of 'St. Jerome in his Study,'" writes Mr. Henry James, "is a pearl of sentiment, and I may add, without being fantastic, a ruby of color. It unites the most masterly finish with a kind of universal largeness of feeling, and he who has it well in memory will never hear the name of Carpaccio without a throb of almost personal affection."

'COMBAT OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON' PLATE X

THIS picture in the Church of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, Venice (see the description of Plate IX), is an example of the painter's skill as a teller of legends and fairy-tales. It represents a scene from the life of St. George, who, so the story goes, delivered the land of Lybia from the ravages of a terrible dragon which had put to flight all who had ventured to attack it, and had destroyed many by its poisonous breath. To appease the hunger of this monster the people were obliged to provide it with two sheep daily, and when all the sheep had been consumed they drew lots and gave the dragon their children. Finally the lot fell upon the only daughter of the king of that country, who, in his grief, offered the half of his kingdom if his child might be spared the dreadful fate. His prayers and protestations were, however, in vain, and accordingly the princess, clothed in her royal robes, went forth to the sacrifice. As she stood in the place where the monster came each day for his victims, it happened that St. George passed that way, and upon learning from the princess the cause of her sorrow, offered himself as her champion to do battle with the dragon, which at that moment was seen approaching. Thereupon, making the sign of the cross, St. George rushed to the combat, and after a fierce struggle, vanquished the monster and led him dying into the city, where he agreed to kill him, on condition that the king and all the people would embrace Christianity.

The picture reproduced in Plate X represents the combat of St. George and the dragon. The saint in armor, mounted on a brown horse, and with his yellow hair floating in the breeze, rides full tilt at the dragon, transfixing him with his spear. The rescued princess, in long red mantle, stands at the right. The ground is strewn with the remains of former victims, and in the distance, near a blue sea, is seen an eastern city, its towers and minarets outlined against the glow of a sunset sky. Much has been written in praise of

this famous picture, most notably by Mr. Ruskin, whose excessive admiration for it and others of the series is poetically, but in no way critically, expressed in a supplement to his 'St. Mark's Rest,' entitled 'The Shrine of the Slaves.'

"This St. George," write Vasari's recent editors, "rides straight out of the Seven Champions of Christendom; he is very famous among æsthetes and artists, and has been praised so highly that he has had perhaps a little more than his deserts. Rising in his stirrups, bending forward at the waist, painted as by one who knew how real knights at real joustings looked, and how they sat their horses, this flaxen-haired, black-armored hero is a most charming militant saint, but his horse, though it gallops with plenty of movement, is a hobby-horse after all, and to place the St. George on a par with the statue of Colleone or that of Gattamelata would be to mistake the nature of art criticism."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY CARPACCIO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. CAPODISTRIA, CATHEDRAL: Madonna, Child, and Saints — CAPODISTRIA, TOWN HALL: Entry of a Podestà — PIRANO, CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS: Madonna, Child, and Saints — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Christ Adored by Angels; Communion of St. Jerome; Burial of St. Jerome — ENGLAND. HAIGH HALL, LORD CRAWFORD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Lady — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Madonna with Saints and Doge Giovanni Mocenigo — LONDON, MR. R. H. BENSON'S COLLECTION: A Saint Reading — FRANCE. CAEN, MUSEUM: Santa Conversazione (in part) — PARIS, LOUVRE: St. Stephen Preaching — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna with St. Catherine and St. Jerome; Consecration of St. Stephen — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Madonna and Infant St. John — STUTTGART, MUSEUM: Martyrdom of St. Stephen; Glory of St. Thomas — ITALY. FERRARA, CIVIC PICTURE GALLERY: Death of the Virgin — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Finding of the True Cross (a Fragment) — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Stephen Disputing with the Doctors (Plate VI); Presentation of the Virgin (in part); Marriage of the Virgin (in part) — POZZALE, CHURCH: Madonna and Saints — VENICE, ACADEMY: Meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anna (Plate VIII); The Presentation in the Temple (Plate VII); Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Christians; The Patriarch of Grado Healing a Madman; Institution of Pilgrimages to Jerusalem; NINE SCENES FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA: The English Ambassadors before King Mauro (Plate II); King Mauro Bids Farewell to the Ambassadors; Return of the Ambassadors to England (Plate III); The English Prince Takes Leave of his Father (Plate IV); Pope Cyriacus Meets St. Ursula and her Virgins; The Dream of St. Ursula (Plate V); St. Ursula Arrives at Cologne; Martyrdom of St. Ursula; St. Ursula in Glory — VENICE, CORRER MUSEUM: Two Venetian Ladies; Visitation; Portrait of a Man — VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: Lion of St. Mark — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE: St. George and the Dragon — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO DEGLI SCHIAVONI: St. Jerome in his Study (Plate IX); Death of St. Jerome; St. Jerome and the Lion; Conversion of Matthew the Publican; Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane; St. Tryphonius Killing the Basilisk; King Aia and his Wife Baptized by St. George; Combat of St. George and the Dragon (Plate X); St. George Bringing the Dying Dragon into the City — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI E SAN PAOLO: Coronation of the Virgin — VENICE, LAYARD COLLECTION: St. Ursula with her Father; Assumption of the Virgin; Augustus and the Sibyl — VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN VITALE: St. Vitalis and other Saints (Plate I).

Carpaccio Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH CARPACCIO

ALEXANDRE, A. Histoire populaire de la peinture: école italienne. Paris [1894] — ALLEN, G. Venice. London, 1898 — BERENSON, B. Venetian Painters of the Renaissance. New York, 1897 — BLANC, C. Histoire des peintres de toutes les écoles: école vénitienne. Paris, 1868 — BOSCHINI, M. La Carta del Navegar Pitoresco. Venice, 1660 — BOSCHINI, M. Descrizione di tutte le pubbliche pitture della Citta di Venezia, etc. Venice, 1753 — BRINTON, S. The Renaissance in Italian Art. London, 1898 — BURCKHARDT, J. Der Cicerone. Leipsic, 1898 — CARTWRIGHT, J. Christ and His Mother in Italian Art. London, 1897 — CROWE, J. A., AND CAVALCASELLE, G. B. History of Painting in North Italy. London, 1871 — EASTLAKE, C. L. Notes on Pictures in the Royal Gallery at Venice. London, 1888 — FLAT, P. Les Premiers Vénitiens. Paris, 1899 — JAMESON, A. Sacred and Legendary Art. Boston, 1896 — KÁROLY, K. The Paintings of Venice. London, 1895 — KUGLER, F. T. Italian Schools of Painting. Revised by A. H. Layard. London, 1900 — LAFENESTRE, G., AND RICHTENBERGER, E. La Peinture en Europe: Venise. Paris [1898] — LANZI, L. History of Painting in Italy. Trans. by T. Roscoe. London, 1828 — LAROUSSE, P. A. Carpaccio (in Grand dictionnaire universel). Paris, 1866-90 — MANTZ, P. Les Chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture italienne. Paris, 1870 — MOLMENTI, P. Carpaccio, son temps et son œuvre. Venice, 1893 — MOLMENTI, P. La Patria di Carpaccio. Venice, 1893 — MORELLI, G. Italian Painters. The Galleries of Munich and Dresden. Trans. by C. J. Ffoulkes. London, 1893 — MÜNTZ, E. Histoire de l'art pendant la Renaissance. Paris, 1889 — OLIPHANT, M. O. W. Makers of Venice. London, 1888 — PAÜLI, G. Venedig. Leipsic, 1900 — PÉRATÉ, A. Carpaccio (in La Grande Encyclopédie). Paris [1890] — RIDOLFI, C. Maraviglie dell' Arte. Venice, 1648 — RIO, A. F. De l'art chrétien. Paris, 1867 — RUSKIN, J. Fors Clavigera. Orpington, 1872 — RUSKIN, J. Guide to the Pictures in the Academy at Venice. Venice, 1877 — RUSKIN, J. St. Mark's Rest (First and Second Supplements). Orpington, 1879 — SCHAEFFER, E. Die Frau in der venezianischen Malerei. Munich, 1899 — STANCOVICH, P. Biografie degli uomini distinti dell' Istria. Trieste, 1828 — STILLMAN, W. J. Old Italian Masters. New York, 1892 — SYMONDS, J. A. Renaissance in Italy. London, 1897 — TAINE, H. Voyage en Italie: Florence et Venise. Paris, 1866 — VASARI, G. Lives of the Painters. New York, 1897 — WESSELY, J. E. Klassiker der Malerei. Leipsic, 1882 — ZANETTI, A. M. Della pittura veneziana. Venice, 1771.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ARCHIVIO STORICO DELL' ARTE, 1897: G. Ludwig; Vittore Carpaccio — ARCHIVIO VENETO, 1885: F. Stefani; P. Molmenti, Il Carpaccio e il Tiepolo. 1887: B. C.; Autografi dei Carpaccio — L'ART, 1880: P. Molmenti; Les Tableaux de Carpaccio dans la Chapelle de Saint-Georges des Esclavons à Venise — L'ARTE, 1899: C. Loeser; I quadri italiani della Galleria di Stoccarda — ARTE E STORIA, 1883: G. Frizzoni; Una Escursione artistica a Capodistria. 1898: A. della Rovere; Vettore Scarpazzo, detto il Carpaccio — JAHRBUCH DER PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN, 1897: S. Colvin; Über einige Zeichnungen des Carpaccio in England — KUNSTFREUND, 1885: H. Thode; Ein Brief des Vittore Carpaccio — MAGAZINE OF ART, 1884: F. M. Robinson; Vittore Carpaccio.

MASTERS IN ART

Rosa Bonheur

FRENCH SCHOOL

ROSA BONHEUR
SHEEP IN A MEADOW
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
THE HORSE FAIR
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

TOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

ROSA BONHEUR
HEAD OF A DOG
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
AMERICAN MUSTANGS
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
A FAMILY OF LIONS
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
HAYMAKING IN AUVERGNE
LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS

ROSA BONHEUR
HIGHLAND SHEEP
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
CATTLE AND SHEEP IN THE PYRENEES
PRIVATE COLLECTION

ROSA BONHEUR
PLOWING IN NIVERNAIS [DETAIL]
LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS

ROSA BONHEUR
DEER IN THE FOREST — WINTER
PRIVATE COLLECTION

PORTRAIT OF ROSA BONHEUR FROM A PHOTOGRA

Rosa Bonheur was somewhat below medium height. Her hands were small
delicate, her head finely formed, and her features regular. She had dark ey
exceptional brilliancy; and her hair, brown in youth and silvery white in later
was worn cut short and parted on one side. Her strong, expressive face was ma
by sincerity and honesty, and her smile was peculiarly charming. She dressed
the utmost simplicity, and when at work it was her custom to wear male atti
generally a blue linen blouse and woolen trousers. The portrait reproduced abo
from a photograph taken in 1889, when she was sixty-seven years old.

Rosa Bonheur

BORN 1822: DIED 1899
FRENCH SCHOOL

THE biographical sketch of Rosa Bonheur from which the following extract is taken was prepared under the supervision of the artist herself; but having been written during her lifetime, was of necessity incomplete, and supplementary paragraphs have accordingly been added.—THE EDITOR

E. F. ELLET . . . . . 'WOMEN ARTISTS'

ROSALIE MARIE BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux on March 16, 1822. Her father, Oscar Raymond Bonheur, was a painter who had in his youth taken the highest honors at the exhibitions of his native town. He devoted part of his time to giving drawing lessons for the support of his aged parents, and an attachment sprang up between him and one of his pupils, Sophie Marquès, a lovely and accomplished girl. Her family opposed the union on account of the artist's poverty, and after marriage the young people were thrown entirely on their own resources. Rosalie, or Rosa as she was called, was the eldest of their four children. She was an active, impetuous child, impatient of restraint, and having a detestation of study. But if she hated her books, she dearly loved all objects of nature, and was happiest when rambling in wood or meadow gathering flowers. She was fond, too, of amusing herself in her father's studio, drawing rough outlines on the walls, or burying her little hands in clay and making grotesque attempts at modeling, or cutting out paper figures, the subjects of which were invariably the same. "First," she tells us, "I made long strips of paper, then with my scissors I cut out the shepherd, then the dog, then the cow, the sheep, and finally the tree, always in the same order. . . ."

In 1828 Raymond Bonheur left Bordeaux, and established himself in Paris, where he was joined by his family the following year. Interested in the ideas then fermenting in the public mind, he entered into the excitement that preceded the revolution of July. Periods of national effervescence are not favorable to art; the painter could not sell his pictures, and had to betake himself once more to giving drawing lessons. His wife gave lessons on the piano, but the growing agitation of the social and political world made their united exertions profitless.

Madame Bonheur died in 1833. The three elder children were then placed with an honest woman — la Mère Catherine — who lived in the Champs Elysées; Juliette, the youngest, being sent to friends in Bordeaux. "La Mère" sent her little charges to the Mutual School of Chaillot. Rosa, now in her eleventh year, generally contrived to avoid the school-room, and spent most of her time in the grassy and wooded spots afforded in the Bois de Boulogne, and other environs of Paris. Two years passed thus, the children being plainly clad and living on the humblest fare. Rosa, meanwhile, with her passion for independence and outdoor life, incurred almost daily the reprimands of la Mère Catherine, who was distressed at her neglect of school. But this sort of gipsy life could not last. Raymond Bonheur married again, took a house in the Faubourg du Roule, brought the three children home, and endeavored to put them in a way to make a position for themselves. The two boys, Auguste and Isidore, were placed in a school where their father gave three lessons a week by way of payment, and Rosa was placed with a seamstress, in order that she might learn to make a living by her needle.

Nothing could have been more disagreeable to the poor girl than the monotonous employment to which she was thus condemned, and whenever her father came to see her she would throw herself into his arms in a passion of tears and beseech him to take her away. Disappointed at the failure of his attempt to make an orderly and industrious needlewoman of his wild daughter, he was too fond of her to persevere in an experiment so repugnant to her feelings, and therefore broke off the arrangement with the seamstress and took her home.

After thinking over many plans for her, Raymond Bonheur at length succeeded in making an arrangement for Rosa's reception in a boarding-school in the rue de Reuilly, Paris, on the same terms as those he had obtained for her brothers. For a short time Rosa was delighted with her new life. She speedily became a favorite with her young companions, the leader in all their games, and the inventor of innumerable pranks. But the teachers were far from being equally satisfied with their new pupil, who could not be induced to learn a lesson, and who threw the household into confusion with her doings. One of her favorite amusements was to draw caricatures of the governesses and professors, which caricatures, after coloring, she cut out carefully, and contrived to fasten to the ceiling of the school-room by means of pellets of bread. The sensation created by this novel exhibition of portraits, over the heads of their originals, may be imagined; but the teachers were naturally more displeased than diverted. The mistress of the establishment, however, struck with the vigor and originality of these drawings, placed them privately in an album, where, it is said, they have been treasured to this day. But Rosa none the less generally found herself condemned to bread and water about five days in the week. . . .

Besides the constant trouble in which her love of frolic and mischief involved her, there was another annoyance that poisoned her peace and rendered her stay in the school intolerably painful. All the other pupils, being

daughters of rich tradesmen, were elaborately dressed, had their silver forks and cups at table, and plenty of pocket-money; but Rosa, with her calico frocks and coarse shoes, her iron spoon, tin mug, and empty pockets, felt keenly the inferiority of her position. Too generous to be envious, the proud and sensitive child yet recoiled instinctively from a situation which awakened in her mind an unreasoning sense of injustice. To this period is to be traced her firm resolve to achieve a name and a place for herself in the world—a resolve which sustained her through the subsequent phases of her artistic development. Meanwhile, her secret discontent preyed on her spirits and affected her health. She became more and more neglectful of her studies, until, her teachers and her father being discouraged by her seeming idleness, the latter withdrew her from the school and once more took her home.

More than ever perplexed what to do with her, her father now left her for a time entirely to herself, and Rosa, full of unacknowledged remorse for her incapacity and uselessness, sought refuge from her uncomfortable thoughts in his studio, where she amused herself with imitating everything she saw him do, drawing and modeling, day after day, with the utmost diligence, happy as long as she had in her hands a pencil, a piece of charcoal, or a lump of clay. In the quiet and congenial activity of the studio, her excited feelings became calm and her ideas grew clearer; she began to understand herself, and to devise the path nature had marked out for her. As this change took place in her mind, the desultory and purposeless child became transformed into the earnest, self-conscious, determined woman. She drew and modeled from morning till night with enthusiastic ardor; and her father, amazed at her progress, and perceiving at last the real bent of her nature, devoted himself to her instruction with the greatest interest and care. He put her through a serious course of preparatory study, and then sent her to the Louvre to copy the works of the old masters, where, surrounded and stimulated by the creations of the great painters—the first to enter the gallery and the last to leave it, too much absorbed in her model to be conscious of anything that went on around her—Rosa worked with unwavering zeal. The splendid coloring of the Italian schools, the lofty idealism of the German, and the broad naturalism of the Dutch, alike excited her enthusiasm; she studied them all with equal delight, and copied them with equal felicity. To aid her father in his struggle for the support of his family, now increased by the birth of two younger children, was the immediate object of her ambition. The fidelity of her copies insured them a speedy sale, and although she gained but a small sum for each, so great was her industry that these earnings became an important item in the family resources.

Rosa was now in her seventeenth year. Vowed to art as the aim and occupation of her life, she cultivated landscape, historical, and genre painting with equal assiduity, when, happening one day to make a study of a goat, she was so enchanted with this new attempt that she henceforth devoted herself to the cultivation of the special province in which she afterwards commanded such brilliant success. Too poor to procure models, she went out daily into the country in search of picturesque views and animals for sketch-

ing. With a bit of bread in her pocket, and laden with canvas and colors, or a mass of clay—for she was attracted equally toward painting and sculpture—she used to set out very early in the morning, and, having found a subject to her mind, would seat herself on a bank or under a tree and work on till dusk, coming home at nightfall browned by sun and wind, soaked with rain, or covered with mud, and although exhausted by fatigue, rejoicing in the lessons the day had furnished.

Her inability to procure models at home also suggested to her another expedient, the adoption of which shows how earnest her determination was to overcome the obstacles poverty had placed in her way. The slaughtering and dressing of animals for the Paris markets was confined to a few abattoirs, great establishments on the outskirts of the city, containing extensive inclosures in which thousands of lowing and bleating victims were penned, waiting their turn to be led to slaughter. To one of these—the Abattoir du Roule—Rosa had the courage to go daily for many months, surmounting alike the repugnance which such a locality naturally inspired, and her equally natural hesitation to place herself in contact with the crowd of butchers and drovers who filled it. Seated on a bundle of hay, with her colors beside her, she painted from morning till dusk, not infrequently forgetting the bit of bread in her pocket, so absorbed would she become in the study of the varied types she found there. Not content with drawing the animals in their pens, she felt the necessity of studying them under the terror and agony of the death-stroke, and forced herself to make repeated visits to the place of slaughter. . . .

She also resorted diligently to all the horse-fairs and cattle-markets held in the neighborhood of Paris. On these occasions she invariably wore male attire, a precaution she found it necessary to adopt as a protection against the annoyances that would have made it impossible for her to mingle in such gatherings in feminine costume. In her masculine habit Rosa had so completely the look of a good-hearted, ingenuous boy that the graziers and horse-dealers whose animals she drew would frequently insist on "standing treat" in a pint of wine, or a glass of something stronger, to the "clever little fellow" whose skilful portrayal of their beasts had delighted them; and it sometimes required all her ingenuity to escape from their well-meant persecutions. . . .

The young artist's studies were not confined to the exterior forms of her models. She procured the best anatomical treatises and plates, with casts and models of the different parts of the human frame, and studied them thoroughly; she got legs, shoulders, and heads of animals from the butchers, and by carefully dissecting them, obtained an intimate knowledge of the muscles.

In all her studies Raymond Bonheur was his daughter's constant and only teacher. M. Léon Cogniet, whose pupil she is erroneously said to have been, merely took a friendly interest in her progress, and warmly encouraged her to persevere, but she never took a lesson of any other teacher than her father and nature.

Bonheur with his family now occupied small rooms on the sixth floor of the rue Rumford. His two sons had also devoted themselves to art,

Auguste being a painter, and Isidore a sculptor. Happy and hopeful in spite of poverty, the family worked diligently together in the same little studio. From daylight till dusk Rosa was always at her easel, the busiest and merriest of them all. In the evening, the frugal dinner despatched and the lamp lighted, she would spend several hours in drawing illustrations for books, or in molding little groups of oxen, sheep, and the like, for the figure-dealers—thus earning an additional contribution to the family purse.

Rosa delighted in birds, of which she had many in the studio; but as it grieved her to see them confined, one of her brothers fastened a net to the outer side of the window, so that they could be safely let out of their cages. She had also a beautiful sheep, with long silky wool, which she kept on a terrace outside their windows, converted by her into a garden, gay with flowers and vines. As the sheep could not descend six flights of stairs, yet needed occasional exercise and change of diet, Isidore used to place it on his shoulders and carry it down to a neighboring field, where it browsed on the fresh grass, after which he would carry it back to its aërial residence. Thus carefully tended, the animal passed two years contentedly on the terrace, affording an admirable model to Rosa and her brothers.

It was in the Paris Salon of 1841 that Rosa Bonheur made her first appearance before the critical tribunal of Paris, attracting the favorable notice of both connoisseurs and public by two charming little groups, one of rabbits, the other of sheep and goats. The following year she exhibited three paintings which attracted still more notice. From this period and for many years she appeared in all the Paris exhibitions and in those of the provincial towns, her reputation rising every year, and several bronze and silver medals being awarded to her work. In 1846 her productions were accompanied by those of her father and both her brothers, and in a subsequent exhibition the family group was completed by the admission of her younger sister, Juliette, who had also become an artist. . . .

In 1848 Raymond Bonheur was appointed director of the government school of design for girls in Paris, but his health had been undermined by the fatigue and anxieties he had borne so long, and he died of heart-disease in the following year. Rosa, who had aided him in the school of design, was now made its directress, her sister Juliette, afterwards Madame Peyrol, being the resident professor, and Rosa superintending the classes in a weekly lesson.

Her already brilliant reputation was still further increased by the appearance, in 1849, of her painting entitled 'Labourage Nivernais' ('Plowing in Nivernais'), purchased by the French government, and now in the Luxembourg Gallery; of the 'Marché aux chevaux' ('The Horse Fair'), in 1853, the preparatory studies for which occupied her during eighteen months; and 'La Fenaison: Auvergne' ('Haymaking in Auvergne').

The award of the jury in 1853—in virtue of which the authoress of 'The Horse Fair' was exempted from the necessity of submitting her works to the examining committee previous to their admission to future exhibitions—entitled her, according to French usage, to the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration was, however, refused to the artist by the emperor because

she was a woman; and although she was included in the invitation to the state dinner at the Tuileries, always given to the artists to whom the Salon had awarded its highest honor, the refusal of the decoration was maintained, notwithstanding numerous efforts made to obtain a reversal of the imperial decree.[1]

In the year 1849 Rosa had left the crowded studio of the rue Rumford and rented one in the rue de l'Ouest, where she could carry on her work in greater retirement. This studio was shared by her devoted friend, Mademoiselle Nathalie Micas, also an artist, and Rosa Bonheur's constant companion. After the great success attained by 'The Horse Fair,' however, a still more spacious studio became necessary for the now popular painter, whose works were in ever-increasing demand by dealers and private patrons, and in 1854 the two friends removed to the rue d'Assas, where they occupied more commodious quarters, and where in an adjoining garden, a portion of which was fenced off for the purpose, a number of animals were kept as models.

In July, 1855, the friends visited England and Scotland. Rosa Bonheur's name was made familiar to the English people through her great picture, 'The Horse Fair,' which at this time was exhibited in all the principal English cities, and the welcome she was accorded was an enthusiastic one. Journeying into Scotland, and charmed with the scenery of that country, she made numerous studies of Highland cattle and sheep, specimens of which she had sent down to Wexham Rectory, near Windsor, the home of her friend and host, Mr. Gambart, where she spent two months busily engaged in painting.

Not long after her return from England and Scotland she gave up the studio that she had occupied in the rue d'Assas, and having purchased an estate at By (pronounced Bee), on the border of the Forest of Fontainebleau, took up her residence in the château there. No more favorable spot could have been chosen for the home of an animal-painter. The great forest, where deer and wild boar roamed at will, afforded her every opportunity for studying suitable settings for the animals she painted, and on the grounds of her own estate there was ample room to keep and care for all kinds of animals, both wild and domestic, which might be useful to her as models. Her collection, to which she constantly added new specimens, included sheep, goats, gazelles, deer, horses, bulls, cows, wild boars, lions, monkeys, various kinds of dogs, a yak, squirrels, ferrets, an eagle and other birds.

In this retired spot, surrounded by the animals she loved, and secure from interruption from the outside world, Rosa Bonheur spent the remainder of her life, wholly given up to her art, to which to the last she devoted herself with never-failing enthusiasm.

For many years she sent no pictures to the French Salons, but her works were occasionally exhibited at different expositions, and her time was fully occupied in filling the countless commissions that poured in upon her, many

[1] The circumstances under which the honor was finally conferred upon Rosa Bonheur twelve years later are related in the words of the artist herself on page 30 of the present issue of this series. — THE EDITOR

of them from England and America. Her reputation was indeed world-wide, and collectors vied with each other in their efforts to obtain her works.

Mademoiselle Nathalie Micas was her companion in this country home, sharing her joys, her sorrows, and her daily interests. When Mademoiselle Micas' health became impaired, and it was deemed advisable to pass the winter months in a milder climate, Rosa Bonheur built a villa at Nice, where the two friends spent the time between December and May. In 1889 Mademoiselle Micas died. Her loss was a lasting sorrow to her friend, but deeply as this grief affected her, her hand showed no sign of weakness.

In 1893 she was prevailed upon by President Carnot, who visited her several times, to send some of her work to the World's Fair, Chicago. "My exhibit there," she writes, "was the occasion of my being named officer in the Order of the Legion of Honor. Shall I be suspected of vanity if I say that I have received several decorations and other honors? In 1865 the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta sent me the Cross of San Carlos from Mexico; in 1867 the Antwerp Academy of Fine Arts appointed me a member; Alphonso XII. of Spain gave me the brevet of Commander in the Order of Isabella the Catholic; the King of Belgium bestowed upon me the Cross of Leopold, and in 1884 the King of Portugal decorated me with that of the most noble Order of St. James; but of all these honors the one that was the most gratifying to me was my election to the grade of officer in the Legion of Honor."

In 1899 Rosa Bonheur sent a picture to the Salon entitled 'Cantal Cow and Bull of Auvergne.' Her reappearance as an exhibitor was hailed with delight by her many admirers, and it was proposed to bestow upon her the Medal of Honor. This distinction, however, she refused to accept. In May of that same year she was taken sick with congestion of the lungs, and after an illness of only a few days, she died at the Château of By, aged seventy-seven. According to her wishes, she was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, Paris.

ROSA BONHEUR 'MAGAZINE OF ART' 1902

TO recount my early experiences would be to tell you again the story of all beginners. I loved to catch the rapid motion of animals, the reflection of light and colors on their coats, their different characteristics (for every animal has its individual physiognomy). Therefore, before undertaking the study of a dog, a horse, a sheep, I tried to become familiar with the anatomy, osteology, myology, of each of them. I even acquired a certain knowledge of dissection; and, by the way, I must strongly advise all animal-painters to do the same. Another excellent practice is to observe the aspect of plaster models of animals, especially to copy them by lamplight, which gives more distinctness and vibration to the shadows. I can assure those who do not doubt my sincerity as an artist that I owe all I know to such patient and conscientious exercises.

In 1846 I traveled through Auvergne, and made sketches which I used for my Salon picture of 1847, 'Bœufs rouges du Cantal.' A medal of the third

class was awarded to it, the first which I had received. Years later I had the honor to be invited to Chantilly by the Duc d'Aumale. After dinner, when we were smoking and conversing, I showed him the innocent little medal, bearing the effigy of his father, King Louis Philippe. "It brought you good luck," he said to me. And it was true.

In 1847 medals were not solemnly given away as now; those to whom they were awarded had to call for them at the director's office. My father sent me there alone, wishing me to get used to relying entirely on myself, and I went with all the courage of my twenty-three years. The Director of Fine Arts delivered me the medal in the name of the king, and addressed to me a few flattering words. Great was his surprise when I replied, "Pray give my thanks to the king, and kindly tell him that I will try to do something better another time." It was success, but not yet fortune. I had to go on working hard, and sometimes to suffer also.

Our studio was a confusion of all sorts of odds and ends, and you would never guess how my father took advantage of that disorder. When he received money for his work he would take a handful and throw it about the room, and then, when we had not a farthing left at home, we searched in all the corners of the room and sometimes found a five-franc piece which saved us from starvation. . . .

In 1858 I bought the country seat of By, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. I gave two thousand pounds for it, and my first step was to build a large studio. The emperor granted me the right of shooting and hunting in the forest, which stretched round my own park. Here I lead a happy life, retired from the world, only receiving a few intimate friends now and then, and working my very best.

In the year 1865 I was one afternoon busy as usual, surrounded by my pictures; on my easel stood 'The Stags in the Long Rocher,' when I heard the rolling of wheels and the cracking of a postilion's whip, and my little maid, Olive, entered the studio greatly upset.

"Mademoiselle, mademoiselle! Her Majesty the Empress!"

I had hardly time to slip a skirt over my flannel knickerbockers, to take off my long blue blouse and put on a velvet jacket, before the empress appeared.

"I bring you," she said, "a little jewel from the emperor. He allowed me to avail myself of my last day as regent to bring you the news of your promotion to the Legion of Honor," and kissing the new chevalier, she attached the cross to my black velvet jacket. A few days after this I received an invitation to lunch at Fontainebleau, the residence of the court just then. A seat near the emperor was offered me at the table, and as long as lunch lasted he talked with me about the intelligence of animals. After lunch the empress took me on the lake in her gondola. The prince imperial accompanied us. I knew him already, as he had come to see me at By. This visit at court was very interesting, but I must have greatly disappointed Princess Metternich, who was much amused in watching me, no doubt expecting that I should break the rules of etiquette. . . .

A few more words about my home life. I live as a simple peasant woman, rising early, but retiring late. In the morning I take a walk around my garden with my dog, and afterwards a drive in my pony cart in the Forest of Fontainebleau. From nine until half past eleven, sitting at my easel, I work steadily at my painting. Then I take a very simple lunch, and when it is over, smoke a cigarette and take a glance at the papers. At one o'clock I take up my brushes again, and at five I go out. I love to watch the sun slowly disappearing behind the lofty trees of the forest. My dinner is as simple as my lunch, and I spend my evening in reading, giving the preference to books on travel, hunting, or history.—FROM THE FRENCH BY LUCIE PONSART

The Art of Rosa Bonheur

RENÉ PEYROL 'ROSA BONHEUR: HER LIFE AND WORK'

WHATEVER may be the original and personal qualities of Rosa Bonheur, who was preëminently the pupil of her father and of nature, her talent was affected, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless very perceptibly, by the influences of the age in which she lived. There is indeed no such thing as spontaneous generation in matters of art and literature, and to understand an artist or a writer properly, it is necessary to regard him from the standpoint of the age in which he lived, and of the period during which he accomplished his work.

When Rosa Bonheur began her career French painting was undergoing a great transformation. The Classic and the Romantic schools, which had for a quarter of a century been carrying on a violent warfare, were at that time beginning slowly to reconcile their difficulties, and whilst their mutual opposition—often unfair and discreditable on both sides—gradually lessened in intensity, a new school sprang up, of whose advent neither the Classic school nor the Romantic school had had any anticipation, but which soon acquired for itself an important and independent position. Between the æsthetic assertions of the romanticists and the classicists—assertions violently opposed to each other—this new school took up its position in the more peaceful pursuit of conscientiously studying nature. It discarded equally every formula which the different schools had laid down for the regulation of art and poetry, and sought to know and to express only what was true. This new school, or this new current of ideas, born of the exaggeration of certain theories, and of a strong dislike of categories and hierarchies in art, allowed the temperament of each artist to unfold itself with absolute freedom and independence. The study of truth in nature became the only and the preëminent object.

It is easy to understand what a great influence these new ideas had upon landscape and animal painting, which during the immediately preceding century had been much neglected, and which, if we except Géricault, were miserably represented up to that time. It is to the ideas of this new school that

we owe the birth of artists so diverse and personal as Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Millet, Rosa Bonheur, and the others who have followed in their track. These eminent painters developed their powers regardless of the narrow conventions of the old schools, which would only have fettered them. Studying passionately, with no other object than that of observing nature honestly, and expressing what they saw as it impressed them, they, both by their efforts and examples, imparted a new life to the French school of painting, and gave a fresh impetus to the study of nature.

Rosa Bonheur, by her absolute independence in art, and by that ardent love of nature which no artist has possessed in a greater degree, may justly be considered one of the most illustrious representatives of this new school; and if she was affected by that movement in art which gave freedom to the great painters who immediately preceded her, she in her turn exercised a corresponding influence on the painters of the succeeding generation, as much by her powerful imagination as by the sincerity of her observation and by the great knowledge she called to the service of that imagination. . . .

Nature was very prodigal in her gifts to Rosa Bonheur. Many artists, it is true, have shown a steadier judgment, a more thorough knowledge, and a greater analytical power, and many have possessed a more fervid imagination; but no one more than Rosa Bonheur has united liveliness of imagination with accuracy of perception and a scrupulous regard for truth.

M. V. 'GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS' 1900

OF all the artists of the present day there is not one, even among the greatest—Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Ingres, Delacroix—who has attained a celebrity like that of Rosa Bonheur—immediate, wide-spread, and constantly increasing from a rapidly won popularity to undisputed fame. This celebrity is due to various causes: to the peculiar circumstances of her artistic career, to the sentiment aroused by her own special personality, and to the singleness of purpose of a long life wholly consecrated to art, which was its exclusive passion and its sole end.

At first surprise was occasioned by the unprecedented and picturesque sight of a young girl calmly devoting herself to painting subjects of a nature from which it would seem as if a woman, both by training and by taste, would instinctively shrink; then the surprise was turned to enthusiasm when it became known that this young girl, so completely absorbed in her art that, disregarding social prejudices, she had dressed herself in boys' clothes, and, with courage to endure the utmost fatigue and subject herself to the most repulsive surroundings and connections, was frequenting horse-fairs and slaughter-houses, where in the midst of butchers and horse-dealers she studied her models from life.

Rosa Bonheur's earliest works proved that her art was earnest and serious, that in fact another Paul Potter had arisen in the French school. Her picture 'Plowing in Nivernais' produced a great sensation, both in the artistic world of Paris and among the general public, not only because of its affirmation of a masterliness of technique, of a virile strength of conception and of

execution, but also by virtue of the deep feeling that it expressed for the poetry of nature, and the intense love that it evidenced for the beings and the things pertaining to that nature. 'The Horse Fair' and the 'Haymaking in Auvergne' both proved that her first great work was not merely a happy chance inspiration, and justified the sudden elevation of this young woman painter of twenty-seven.

After studying the animals dedicated to the service of farm life, Rosa Bonheur wished to paint the denizens of the forest and the monarchs of the desert and the jungle. Her work continued to be as strong, as original, and as sincere as were her early productions, and called forth the unceasing admiration of the public whenever they appeared in exhibitions and at the Salon, to which at that time she was a regular contributor. In 1867 she exhibited no less than ten canvases, representing as many different subjects, all bearing witness to her indefatigable activity in the constant search for new types to study, new impressions to translate.

And then suddenly this artist, celebrated, rich, admired as she was, escaping from the world which courted her, the public which applauded her, withdrew to the solitude and seclusion of a country home on the borders of the Forest of Fontainebleau, that she might work uninterruptedly and accomplish more. For nearly half a century she lived there in retirement, surrounded by her horses, her cows, her sheep, and her dogs. She no longer sent her pictures to the Salons; and yet there was such a halo of glory about the quiet Château of By that during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the Prince Imperial of Germany issued orders to the army which occupied the department of Seine-et-Marne to respect the property and the studio of Rosa Bonheur.

What a colossal task this woman accomplished during her lifetime! She did indeed belong to the race of great French artists whose superb mastery over technique, a mastery acquired by incessant, methodical, patient, and regular work, gave them power to conceive and to execute with an ease and rapidity astonishing to less intense temperaments and more limited ambitions. Her paintings, water-colors, pastels, and drawings, even the leaves of her note-books and sketch-books, bear testimony to the genius and to the vast productive quality of one of the great animal-painters of our day and of France.—FROM THE FRENCH

ANONYMOUS 'NEW YORK TRIBUNE' MAY 27, 1899

ROSA BONHEUR'S merits have been cordially appraised by competent judges, but admiration among such judges has not been offered without qualification. She was far too capable a painter to be summarily dismissed with the contempt which students of the work of Troyon, for example, have sometimes been disposed to show toward her. When she painted the 'Plowing in Nivernais' and her masterpiece, 'The Horse Fair,' she proved that she could treat impressive subjects in an impressive manner. But on the other hand, it is true that when compared with the three or four great French artists who have devoted themselves more or less to the portrayal of animals she is inevitably compelled to take a lower rank.

The explanation is simple. Rosa Bonheur was a competent painter, handling her brushes with skill and understanding her subjects, but she lacked the spark of genius which places a picture apart. In 'The Horse Fair' there is impeccable truth and there is a certain beauty, but the charm of originality, the distinction of style, is absent. She practised a kind of dignified realism, and in the presence of her best work we feel an interest in the animals she has depicted. We are not, however, especially touched by the things which speak of the artist herself.

In the jargon of the studios it would be said that she lacks "quality." Her color is faithful to nature, it is harmonious, but it is not in itself interesting, beautiful, and singular, as it is in the works of Troyon, for example. The textures are not inadequate, but compared with the textures of the painter just mentioned they are conventional. Then, in spite of Rosa Bonheur's long study of the structure of animals, she never succeeded in putting that spontaneous and free interpretation of it into her work which makes even the smallest water-color of a panther or a lioness by Barye a miracle of insight and of art. You say of her that she was conscientious. You say of Barye that he had inspiration. To-day the animal-painters of solid reputation are followers of Barye, not of Rosa Bonheur. The inference need not be that all of Barye's followers also have inspiration; but they have all learned from him that a much greater freedom of handling and a much more elastic scheme of realism than Rosa Bonheur ever produced must be imported into their work.

She gave the world much more than a photograph when she painted a picture, but the commonplace elements of photography were discernible when she had completed her design. The secret of animal-painting as disclosed by Géricault, Troyon, and Barye is a free and vigorous treatment of the subject. There must be science, but it must be subordinated to the same æsthetic aim which presides over the painting of a figure-composition or a landscape. There must be passion, fire, power in the work, and the whole must be crowned by an individual style. The name of Rosa Bonheur will be placed in the history of art a little above the name of Sir Edwin Landseer, but it is likely to remain below the names of those masters to whom we have just alluded.

CONSUELO-FOULD 'REVUE ILLUSTRÉE' 1899

ROSA BONHEUR had a horror of all mediums lest they should be injurious to the preservation of her work. She was accustomed to outline her drawing with color without leaving any trace of the charcoal. "How could a light painting be made over charcoal?" she used to ask.

She put the color on with a full brush, sometimes leaving the under-painting to dry for two years, when she would finally come back to it, always painting boldly, and using but little oil. She was very particular in the care of her palettes, some of which were kept perfectly clean, while others were covered with numerous coatings of mixed colors which, by means of a certain process, attained at the end of a few years the smooth and veined appearance

of marble. She thought a great deal of these palettes, which absorbed the oil and enabled her to better judge of certain effects. I have seen her clean her brushes with the utmost care, each one according to its kind.

Carrying her artistic conscience to such a point, it is easy to understand why it was that she often kept her patrons waiting a long time for paintings that were almost finished. That she had not felt inspired, or that the condition of the under-painting was such that she could not proceed, would serve her as an excuse for refusing to go on with her work. No amount of money could induce her to finish a picture hurriedly. . . .

No one who had not seen them could have any idea of the treasures in the way of sketches and studies that had been collected for half a century in her famous studio. She had never been willing to part with a single one of these studies. "It is by their help that I pass judgment upon myself," she would say; "I compare my works, and I try not to slip backwards!" To the end of her life Rosa Bonheur continued to study. This was the secret of her success—a success interrupted only by her death.—FROM THE FRENCH

L. ROGER-MILÈS 'ROSA BONHEUR; SA VIE, SON ŒUVRE'

IN the thorough study which Rosa Bonheur made of animals, she not only devoted herself to the skilful portrayal of the outside covering of their forms, showing us the color and the texture of their hides, or giving the effect of fur so soft that the hand is tempted to a caressing touch, but she accurately revealed the individual temperament of each animal that she represents, its manner of comporting itself, its characteristics—everything, in short, that is essential in giving interest to figures which without these elements might become wearisome. Indeed, among all the numerous studies —oil-paintings, water-colors, and drawings—which filled the artist's studio there was none that could be called indifferent. No action, no slightest movement on the part of an animal, no change of position that produced a new arrangement of lines, escaped her watchful eye, or failed to be noted by her pencil, her ever-faithful companion. Wherever she might chance to go she showed the same enthusiasm, the same delight in proving to herself that work needs but the aid of will.

Her thorough study of osteology and anatomy enabled her to divest an animal of its skin, so to speak, so that under the outer covering of the creatures painted we are conscious of a structure not only correct but expressive. Added to this there was the constant practice of her powers of observation, a practice which she exercised for more than fifty years, and by means of which she was able to interpret the inmost spirit of each beast, and to imprint upon its features the correct expression. Many animal-painters, many too that have attained note, carrying to the point of paradox the disputed question of whether or no the lower animals have any power of thought, have not hesitated to represent them as humanly expressing human feelings. Others again, realists, of an opposite school, have held the belief that instinct was synonymous with brutishness, and have seen only dull, sodden glances in the depths of the eyes of the dumb beasts they portrayed. But Rosa Bonheur

did better. Not hampered by the literal meaning of words, she made no attempt to decide whether an animal has soul or merely instinct, but she made use of her powers of observation. Between her and the animals which she studied looks had been exchanged, and she had divined the thoughts within those brains, filled as they were with different desires and different feelings; she touched the secret springs of their joys and of their sufferings, of their peaceful contentment and of their restlessness, of their caressing confidence or of their fierce anger; she noted among them natures marked by perfect obedience, discipline, and definite domestic traits; or by cunning and perversity; or, again, by dignity, with strength for its security. To offset the innumerable dramas of human life she had discovered as many in the world of the lower animals; she had witnessed the display of passion, and of devotion so self-sacrificing as to awaken generous emotions, and had arrived at the conclusion that although the grief of dumb animals may not equal human suffering in intensity, yet the tears they shed are nevertheless a means of expression which cannot fail to touch even the most obdurate heart. This, then, is the reason why the animals Rosa Bonheur has painted are invested with so true a measure of intellectual feeling; she has, in a word, proved that there is one life for all, and that a sure and well-informed observation of nature can supply art with the exact equivalent of what is needed for the true interpretation of that life. . . .

In Rosa Bonheur's continued and intrepid encounter with difficulty she showed a spirit, an inspiration, which outstripped all else, and victory followed, slow, but sure—that victory by which she attained fame and glory even during her lifetime. It seemed as if the more praise she won from the public the more severe she was with herself, and the more determined to keep abreast of the times in all the technicalities of her art. Indeed, when we follow her career we see that her methods of work were changing and progressing as constantly as was her manner of looking at things.

Always true to herself, and with an originality entirely her own, she kept in touch with the art tendencies of the day. At times, inspired by some grand spectacle of that nature which she loved, her imagination, as her sketches made on the impulse of the moment bear witness, took bold flights which both surprised and delighted her when the fever of enthusiasm had passed—that fever which all know who have experienced the power of creation.

And Rosa Bonheur's talent was, indeed, creative. If her patient study of the old masters taught her sobriety in composition, if at one time broken promises on the part of official French juries made her more susceptible to the enthusiastic reception accorded her in England, it would be unjust if we failed to recognize that she soon freed herself from all outside influences, that she might give expression to her own feelings in the way that she believed best adapted to their interpretation.

Take for example that marvelous 'Horse Fair,' for which she made so many studies, or the 'Plowing in Nivernais,' that noble conception of the quiet life of the fields, the daily labor of both man and beast, or any one of a hundred other compositions, and we always find the same desire to express simply the

simple things which are made interesting by their accent of truth, and astonish us not only by their technical qualities, but by the force and power that they reveal and that are rarely seen in the work of a woman.

It would be a difficult task to pass any definite judgment upon the work of one who so lately was among us, but it is safe to prophesy that posterity will always cherish Rosa Bonheur's memory, and that her achievement will be held in ever-increasing respect. She began her artistic career at a very early age and soon gave promise of the talent which quickly brought her fame and glory—glory that came to her all unsought. She loved her art and only her art, and that was enough. Her work remains—full of power, and great in the conscientious effort that it shows—a lesson worthy of the great masters for those who would draw from it an example of the power of will. . . .

Who more perfectly than Rosa Bonheur has written the true psalm of life—of that eternal pulse which throbs within the heart of every being, no matter what position it may hold in the scale of creation! Is there a single touch of her pencil, a single stroke of her brush, which has not the exaltation of nature for its object? When in the presence of work like that of Rosa Bonheur thought becomes exalted and judgment of human frailties more lenient, it is but justice to offer a tribute of respect to the artist who so completely fulfilled her duty to the world.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Rosa Bonheur

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'SHEEP IN A MEADOW' PLATE I

OF Rosa Bonheur's many studies of sheep, the picture here reproduced is one of the most beautiful. The sheep are grouped together in a meadow, where the rays of the setting sun cast long shadows on the ground and light up the tufts of their thick fleeces, which are so realistically rendered in texture and quality as to be remarkable even in the work of a painter so technically skilful in this respect.

'THE HORSE FAIR' PLATE II

FOR this famous picture in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, painted when Rosa Bonheur was thirty years old, and regarded by common consent as her masterpiece, the artist made innumerable studies, at first from horses placed at her disposal by friends, and finally from actual scenes in the horse-markets of Paris, where, disguised in male attire, she was allowed to paint unmolested by the coarse crowd that surrounded her. When finished, the picture (humorously styled by its author her "Parthenon frieze") was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1853, and attained an immediate success. It

was awarded all the honors of the Salon, and Rosa Bonheur was declared henceforth exempt from examination by the jury of admission.

The subsequent history of the picture is told as follows by Mr. Ernest Gambart in a letter written to Mr. S. P. Avery:

"Though much admired, 'The Horse Fair' did not find a purchaser. Soon after being exhibited at the Salon it was placed on exhibition at Ghent, meeting again with much appreciation, but was not sold, as art did not flourish at the time. In 1855 the picture was sent by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur to her native town of Bordeaux and exhibited there. She offered to sell it to the town at the very low price of 12,000 francs ($2,400). While there I asked her if she would sell it to me, and allow me to take it to England and have it engraved. She said, 'I wish my picture to remain in France. I will once more impress on my countrymen my wish to sell it to them for 12,000 francs. If they refuse you can have it; but if you take it abroad you must pay me 40,000 francs.' The town failing to make the purchase, I at once accepted these terms, and Rosa Bonheur then placed the picture at my disposal. I tendered her the 40,000 francs, and she said, 'I am much gratified at your giving me such a noble price, but I do not like to feel that I have taken advantage of your liberality. Let me see how we can combine in the matter. You will not be able to have an engraving made from so large a canvas. Suppose I paint you a small one of the same subject, of which I will make you a present.' Of course I accepted the gift, and thus it happened that the large work went traveling over the kingdom on exhibition while Thomas Landseer was making an engraving from the quarter-size replica.

"After some time, in 1857 I think, I sold the original picture to Mr. William P. Wright, of New York, for the sum of 30,000 francs, but as he claimed a share of the profits of its exhibition in New York and other cities, he really paid me only 22,000 francs for it. I offered to repurchase the picture in 1870 for 50,000 francs, but ultimately I understood that Mr. Stewart paid a much larger price for it on the dispersion of Mr. Wright's collection. The quarter-size replica, from which the engraving was made, I finally sold to Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed it, in 1859, to the English nation, and it is now in the National Gallery, London. A second, and still smaller, replica was painted a few years later, and was resold some time ago in London for £4,000 ($20,000). There is also a smaller water-color drawing, which was sold to Mr. Bolckow for 2,500 guineas, and which now belongs to the town of Middleborough, England. That is the whole history of this great work. The Stewart canvas is the real and true original, and only large-sized 'Horse Fair.' Once in Mr. Stewart's possession it never left his gallery until the auction sale of his collection, March 25, 1887, when it was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the sum of $55,500 and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, New York."

"It is difficult to point out what there is in this painting to warrant its great popularity," writes Mr. Ernest Knaufft. "We see a sort of animated merry-go-round in front of an enclosure, behind which there is evidently a

track of speeding horses. There are a few onlookers in the background, but there is no suggestion of a crowd, no gala-day banners nor flags. In the center of the canvas are half a dozen horses—gray, brown, and sorrel—and three or four grooms; one bronzed hostler is running beside a nervous horse whose tether carries the man well-nigh off his feet. Another blue-bloused groom is finding it hard to control two gray Normandy horses, his elbows beating against his body like the wings of a drumming partridge. The horses are heavy, with amply hirsute hocks; they are saddleless and bridleless, a halter and a rope bit serving as a bridle. Their gait is the restless, jerking movement of horses being led to new quarters, and not the martial nervousness of race-horses. Indeed, the title 'Horse Fair' conveys to the American mind more of festivity than the picture presents. The title 'The Horse Market' would be more descriptive.

"What strikes me most forcibly about the painting is its realism. One feels sure that the artist painted from her conviction—that there are no trivial touches introduced for artistic effect. She must have felt that every brush-mark was necessary to tell her story; that she knew thoroughly the white horses and the bay horses, and was sure that they should be painted as she painted them; that their rounded backs, their heavy hoofs, their thick necks belong to them, that they were not thoroughbreds; and no lay criticism could have induced her to change a single detail of their anatomy. This is the key-note of her art throughout; we feel we can trust her statements; from a scientific point of view her facts are not to be disputed; she knew her ground."

'The Horse Fair,' which measures nearly sixteen and a half feet wide by seven feet nine inches high, is said to be the largest canvas ever produced by an animal-painter.

'HEAD OF A DOG' PLATE III

THIS portrait of a dog, painted by Rosa Bonheur for her friend M. Tedesco, is an example of the artist's power to portray not only the external features of an animal, but to interpret the character as well. It is a strong and even masterly work, showing painstaking care and faithful study, though done with a swift touch.

'AMERICAN MUSTANGS' PLATE IV

AMONG the many horses kept on the estate and in the stables at By were some American mustangs presented to Rosa Bonheur by an American landowner in acknowledgment of a series of studies of stallions made by her for a society formed in the United States for the importation of Norman horses. These mustangs, captured in the far western states of America, roamed at liberty in a large inclosure adjoining the Château of By, and served the artist as models for the picture here reproduced. There was but one of their number, the beautiful white animal seen in the foreground, that had been broken in, and it was only when led by him that the others, who looked upon him as their ruler, could be coaxed to follow from the stable to the pasture, or would allow themselves to be approached.

'A FAMILY OF LIONS' PLATE V

IN her representation of lions Rosa Bonheur has never been surpassed. Their power and dignity, their fierce might and calm repose, are expressed with a truth to nature which proves how thorough was the study that she made of these royal beasts.

The canvas reproduced in plate v was painted in 1881, and is one of her most important works. The lion used as a model for this picture was imported by the artist from Africa, and kept in her park at By, where, although securely caged, his presence at first occasioned some anxiety among the other animals domiciled there. But this untameable creature showed a marked partiality for his mistress, and at her approach would rise from the floor of his cage and give a great purr of welcome.

A pet lioness, frequently used as a model, was also kept at By, where she was allowed to roam at her pleasure, somewhat to the dismay of visitors unaccustomed to such associates, while the young lions that lived on the premises followed their owner about like dogs, and were only happy when in her presence. The cubs which served as models for those painted in the picture here reproduced were, however, painted from studies made at the Winter Circus, Paris.

'HAYMAKING IN AUVERGNE' PLATE VI

THIS picture, which was shown at the Universal Exhibition of Paris in 1855, was painted at the request of the State as a companion piece to 'Plowing in Nivernais,' executed seven years before. It was accorded a first-class medal and hung in the Luxembourg Gallery.

The painting is a souvenir of a visit made by the artist to Auvergne in 1846, and represents a scene in that province. In the midst of a broad meadow stands a wagon to which four reddish-brown oxen are harnessed, while peasants—men and women—pile high the hay which fills it, and other laborers are engaged in raking together what still remains upon the ground. The whole canvas is bathed in bright sunlight.

"In the 'Haymaking' as in the 'Plowing,'" writes M. Peyrol, "Rosa Bonheur records the life of the fields. Like Troyon and Millet she has caught and expressed its grandeur and poetry, and has contributed her share to that epopee of peasant life, and to those new Georgics, in which contemporary artists and writers—modern Virgils—have reinstated and extolled the foster-fathers of the human race."

'HIGHLAND SHEEP' PLATE VII

THE journey to Scotland, undertaken by Rosa Bonheur in 1855, made a deep impression upon her mind, and resulted in many studies, both of the wild and rugged Highland scenery and of the fine cattle and sheep that roam over the country. The picture here reproduced was painted from one of her sketches made on the spot, and represents a characteristic group of the hardy sheep that pasture upon the heather-covered hills and moors of Scotland.

'CATTLE AND SHEEP IN THE PYRENEES' PLATE VIII

SHORTLY before her journey to England Rosa Bonheur made a trip among the Pyrenees, pushing as far South as the Spanish frontier. The wild scenery of these mountains appealed to her far more than did the gentler aspects of nature, and her steps were often directed to the remote passes frequented only by the herds of cattle, goats, and sheep that she delighted to study. The picture reproduced in plate VIII was painted from a sketch made on one of these expeditions; and in the group of animals that she has represented with such strength and vigor, in the rugged aspect of the pasture-land in which they graze, and in the distant mountains outlined against the sky, the artist has given us a true picture of the Pyrenean scenery.

'PLOWING IN NIVERNAIS' [DETAIL] PLATE IX

THE summer of 1848 was spent by Rosa Bonheur in the province of Nivernais, in central France, where she made the preliminary study for her famous picture 'Plowing in Nivernais,' of which the principal portion is here reproduced. The finished painting, her first large canvas, was exhibited at the Salon of the following year, and the artist's reputation was at once established. The picture was purchased by the French government for the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, where it now hangs.

The subject of this work is said to have been suggested to Rosa Bonheur by George Sand's description, in one of the opening chapters of the novel 'La Mare au Diable,' of the thrifty husbandman guiding his sturdy oxen harnessed to the plow which cuts its slow way through the soil, overturning clods of earth, that exhale a vaporous moisture beneath the rays of an autumn sun.

"With this work," says M. Roger-Milès, "Rosa Bonheur may be said to have attained true greatness. From this time on she was regarded as one of the most remarkable animal-painters of the century—a century that included Barye and Troyon, if only the most famous be named." The canvas is lighted by a blue and almost cloudless sky, painted in warm, strong tones.

'DEER IN THE FOREST—WINTER' PLATE X

IN this study of deer in the Forest of Fontainebleau we have a characteristic example of Rosa Bonheur's art. The subject is treated with the utmost simplicity. Bare trees outlined against a wintry sky form a background for two young deer that have sought shelter in this sequestered spot. The animals are painted with delicate and sympathetic touch, their smooth coats and slender, graceful forms being rendered with conscientious fidelity to nature.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY ROSA BONHEUR IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

IT would be a difficult task to enumerate, and an almost impossible one to locate, the great number of paintings by Rosa Bonheur, owing to the fact that the majority of her works are in private possession, and consequently not only difficult to trace, but liable to change hands at any time. The fol-

lowing brief list includes only the most important of her paintings which are contained in such collections as are accessible to the public.

ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Horse Fair (a small replica of the picture in the Metropolitan Museum, New York)—FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: Studies of Animals—CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: A Shepherd of the Pyrenees—ORLEANS MUSEUM: Landscape and Animals—PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY: Plowing in Nivernais (Plate IX); Haymaking in Auvergne (Plate VI)—UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY: Andalusian Bulls; The Conversation—CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: The Favorite Dog setting a Rabbit; Cattle at Rest—NEW YORK, LENOX LIBRARY: Deer Drinking—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Deer in the Forest, Twilight; A Limier-Briquet Hound; Weaning the Calves; The Horse Fair (Plate II)—PHILADELPHIA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Highland Sheep—WASHINGTON, D. C CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART: A Bull.

Rosa Bonheur Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH ROSA BONHEUR

BENEDITE, L. Le Musée du Luxembourg. Paris [1894]—BOLTON, S. K. Lives of Girls Who Became Famous. New York [1886]—DUYCKINCK, E. A. Rosa Bonheur (in Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men and Women). New York [1873]—ELLET, E. F. Women Artists in All Ages and Countries. London, 1860—HAMERTON, P. G. Contemporary French Painters. London, 1868—HUBBARD, E. Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. New York, 1897—LA FORGE, A. DE. La Peinture contemporaine en France. Paris, 1856—LAROUSSE, P. A. Rosa Bonheur (in Grand dictionaire universel). Paris, 1866-90—LARUELLE. Rosa Bonheur; sa vie, ses œuvres. Paris, 1885—LEPELLE DE BOIS-GALLAIS, F. Biography of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur: Trans. by J. Parry. London, 1857—MIRECOURT, E. DE. Histoire contemporaine. Portraits et silhouettes au XIXe siècle. Paris, 1867—MUTHER, R. History of Modern Painting. New York, 1896—PERRAUD DE THOURY. Notice sur Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. Paris, 1855—PEYROL, R. Rosa Bonheur; her Life and Works. London, 1899—ROGER-MILÈS, L. Rosa Bonheur; sa vie, son œuvre. Paris, 1900—SCOTT, W. B. Gems of French Art. London, 1871—STRANAHAN, C. H. A History of French Painting. New York, 1888—THIERS, A. Marie-Rosa Bonheur (in La Grande encyclopédie). Paris, 18–.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ART JOURNAL, 1900: The Rosa Bonheur Sale—ATHENÆUM, 1899: Mlle. Rosa Bonheur—CENTURY MAGAZINE, 1884: H. Bacon; Rosa Bonheur—CHAMBER'S JOURNAL, 1863: Rosa Bonheur—ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, 1869: Rosa Bonheur—THE FINE ARTS, 1901: A. Hoeber; Painting of the Nineteenth Century—GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1900: M. V.; L'Atelier de Rosa Bonheur—THE GRAPHIC, 1899: Rosa Bonheur—HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 1901: J. Claretie; Rosa Bonheur, an Appreciation—THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 1896: R. Bonheur; The Story of my Life—LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, 1858: Rosa Bonheur—MAGAZINE OF ART, 1902: R. Bonheur; Fragments of my Autobiography—MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 1894: G. Holme; Rosa Bonheur—NEW YORK TRIBUNE, May 27, 1899: Rosa Bonheur—THE OUTLOOK, 1899: T. Bentzon; Rosa Bonheur—PORTFOLIO, 1875: R. Ménard; French Artists of the Present Day—REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 1899: E. Knaufft; Rosa Bonheur and her Work—REVUE ILLUSTRÉE, 1897: G. Cain; Rosa Bonheur. 1899: Consuelo-Fould; Rosa Bonheur—REVUE DES REVUES, 1899: V. Demont-Breton; Rosa Bonheur.

MASTERS IN ART

Guido Reni

SCHOOL OF BOLOGNA

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GUIDO RENI

THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA CONCEZIONE, ROME

ASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GUIDO RENI
'BEATRICE CENCI'
SO-CALLED
BARBERINI PALACE, ROME

GUIDO RENI
ST. SEBASTIAN
CAPITOLINE GALLERY, ROME

ASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GUIDO RENI
THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
MUNICH GALLERY

GUIDO RENI
YOUTHFUL BACCHUS
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

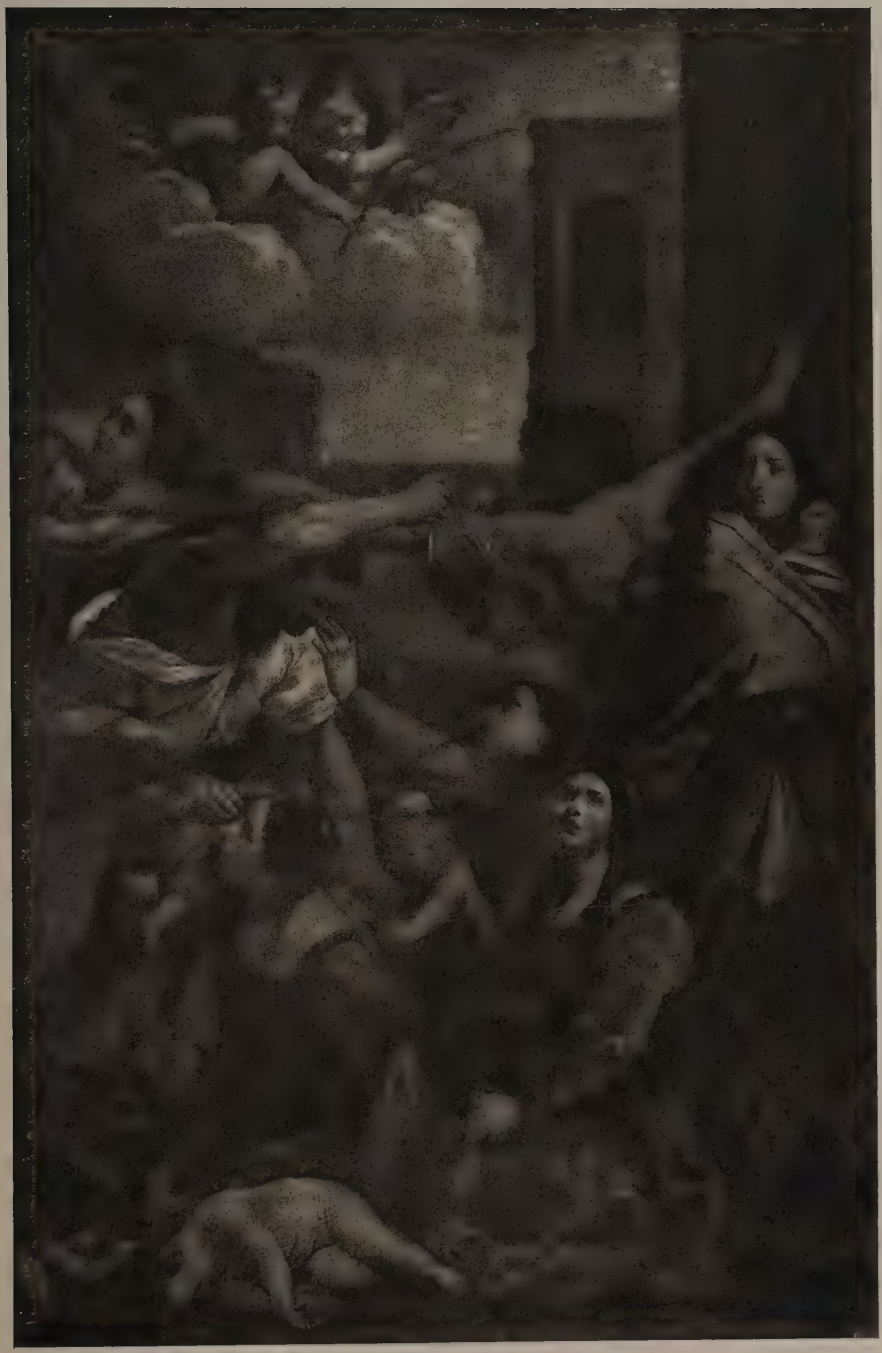
GUIDO RENI
AURORA
ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE, ROME

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON
[DETAIL]

GUIDO RENI
MADONNA DELLA PIETÀ [DETAIL]
BOLOGNA GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

GUIDO RENI
ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS
DULWICH GALLERY, LONDON

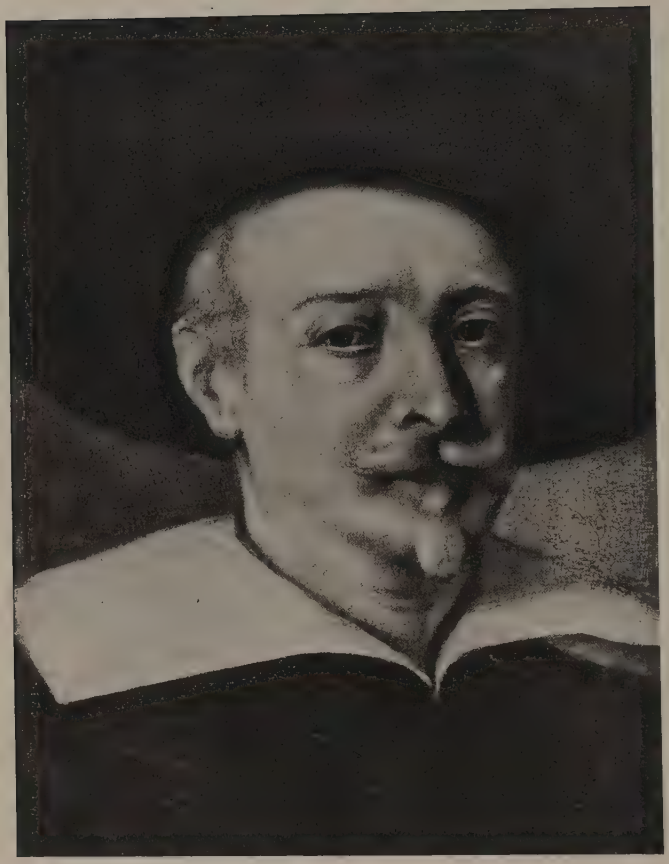


GUIDO RENI
MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS
BOLOGNA GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GUIDO RENI
MADONNA WITH ST. FRANCIS AND ST. CHRISTINA
FAENZA GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI



PORTRAIT OF GUIDO RENI, BY HIMSELF UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

The date of execution of this portrait has not been determined, but the hair, mustache, and imperial are already white. Malvasia, Guido's biographer, describes his appearance as follows: "He was of fair stature, well-knit, and of athletic figure; of palest complexion, with color in the cheeks; the eyes sky blue; the nose with somewhat elevated nostrils that pulsated when he was angry—in short, most handsome, and of parts and members corresponding."

Guido Reni

BORN 1575: DIED 1642
SCHOOL OF BOLOGNA

M. F. SWEETSER[1]

GUIDO RENI (pronounced Gwee'do Ray'nee) was born at Bologna, November 4, 1575. His father, Daniele Reni, an accomplished teacher of music and singing, immediately set about instructing the boy how to sing and to play the harpsichord, flute, and other instruments, hoping that the genius which appeared in all his lineaments would secure him eminence in music. But the old musician's hopes were fallacious; the child left his harpsichord as often as he dared, and spent his time in making sketches.

At that time the Bolognini Palace was a nursery of the arts and literature, and Daniele Reni frequently went there to assist in the concerts, taking his child with him. Now Dionisio Calvaert, a famous Flemish painter, who had a studio and a school in the palace, by some means saw certain drawings of Guido's, and these aroused his interest so thoroughly that he besought Daniele to apprentice his son to a profession for which he showed such a natural aptitude. Daniele at last consented, but with the condition that if Guido failed to make satisfactory progress within a stated period he should return to music. Guido, however, mastered the elements of his chosen profession with great rapidity, and soon began to draw from the nude and from reliefs. When he reached the age of eighteen he was promoted to the painting of his master's groundworks and to the composition of small pictures which Calvaert retouched and sold as his own works.

The famous Bolognese family of painters known as the Carracci were now in full success, and had opened their academy for the free entry of whosoever wished. Guido, becoming completely fascinated with their manner, was wont to visit Lodovico Carracci secretly and observe him while painting, until at last the Carracci manner began to appear in his own pictures. His master, Calvaert, detecting the foreign influence, flew into a rage, and rubbed out some of his most careful work; but the lad endured these reproaches in silence for many a day, until at last Calvaert attempted to punish him for using a pro-

[1] The biographical sketch, from which the account here given is abridged, is, as its author states, based upon the life of Guido Reni by Malvasia, the painter's friend and contemporary. Many passages, indeed, are but translations of Malvasia's words.

hibited color. Then he threw down his palette and fled from the studio forever. In his twentieth year, therefore, Guido entered the school of the Carracci and devoted himself to the acquisition of their style, in which, during the next few years, he executed several small compositions.

It was at this time that the painter Michelangelo da Caravaggio introduced a new and sensational manner, abounding in deep shadows and intense lights, but in other respects showing a slavish imitation of nature. The Roman nobles eulogized his works, and his fame was made, almost every gallery desiring his pictures. One of these was placed in the Casa Lambertini at Bologna, and the Carracci hastened to inspect it to see what manner of art Italy was now so praiseful of. But Annibale Carracci summoned his pupils before the new wonder in art, and spoke of it in disparagement, warning them against leaving their legitimate rules for the evanescent fame of such singular productions. "I well know," added he, "another method of making a fortunate hit. To Caravaggio's savage coloring oppose one entirely delicate and tender. Does he use lights narrow and falling? I would make them open and in the face. Does he cover up the difficulties of art under the shadows of night? I would expose under the full light of noonday the fruits of erudite and learned researches." Guido was among the disciples who heard these words, and they seemed to him the voice of a sacred oracle. He at once entered with great earnestness upon the development of these suggestions, refining the theory with prolonged studies; and at last earned the honor of being the introducer of the new manner, by which he speedily gained a reputation.

But Guido's rapid advance did not fail to awaken the jealousy of his fellow artists, and their enmity finally displayed itself in an attempt to place him under the suspicion of the Carracci, who had hitherto held him in high esteem. His quiet disposition was maligned as arrogance, his constant labor as an insatiable greediness. Incited by these conspirators, the Carracci hardened their hearts against him; and he, seeing that his rivals had triumphed, resolved to withdraw from the Academy. The occasion of the separation was as follows: Guido had received a commission to paint an Adoration of the Magi with many figures. When it was done he demanded thirty crowns, but the patron demurred, and the case was referred to the arbitration of Lodovico Carracci, who decided that, as the picture was the work of a novice, ten crowns was a good price for it. Guido bowed to this decree, but could not conceal his sense of wrong, and left the studio.

About this time, in 1598, Pope Clement VIII., about to return from Ferrara to Rome, proposed to sojourn in Bologna, and the municipality prepared to honor him by raising triumphal arches and covering the houses with tapestries and frescos. The two chief candidates for the task of painting these frescos were Cesi and Lodovico Carracci, and the votes were nearly divided between them, when, suddenly, Guido appeared as a third contestant, and was accepted as a compromise between the two.

The fame of his works had now spread through Italy; and as his Roman patrons had given him large remunerations and generous praises, he began to desire to place himself under the protection of such appreciative nobles, and

finally journeyed from Bologna to Rome with his fellow student in art, Albani. The two young men found occupation enough by day in the papal city, but their evenings were spent in playing cards, and thus, perhaps, were laid the foundations of all Guido's subsequent misfortunes.

In Rome Guido devoted himself with intense assiduity to drawing and redrawing the antique statues, and thus attempted to familiarize himself with the spirit of Greek art; and was soon taken under the patronage of the Cavaliere d'Arpino, who began to oppose him to Caravaggio. Caravaggio, beside himself with anger, libeled Guido's pictures as affected and fantastic, and threatened to meet their designer with other weapons than brush and pencil. He doubtless would have carried out this menace but that Guido carefully avoided meeting him until he had gained enough powerful patrons to render an attack dangerous.

The Cardinal Borghese was so well pleased with Guido's work that he desired to make him his court painter with a pension and establishment; and it was accordingly arranged that Guido should receive nine crowns a month, besides the accustomed portions of bread, wine, and wood, and twenty-five crowns every half-year for the rent of his house. His works were, moreover, to be paid for severally in the form of presents. Guido's house was in the palace of the Senator Fantuzzi, and there he opened an art school which attracted scores of Roman youths. Borghese soon ordered the artist to fresco the garden pavilion of a palace which he had lately bought; the result was the marvelous picture of the 'Aurora'; and fresh commissions now poured in upon Guido in great numbers.

He was next ordered by Pope Paul v. to decorate the Papal Chapel in the new Quirinal Palace, for which he was to receive one hundred crowns a month. The pope, accustomed to go to the chapel every morning to see Guido paint, once graciously told him to replace his cap upon his head, and for the future not to remove it before him. When Paul had departed the artist said, "By my faith, he has hit it; because for the future either he should not find me here or else I should most certainly have kept my head covered." Some one replied that such a course would have been a great mistake. "No," said Guido, "I should have begged His Holiness to pardon me, feigning that the air troubled my head when bare. It is for this cause that I will never go to serve kings, because I should not wish to stand bareheaded in their presence, since such an act is not seemly for men of our profession." One day, when the pope entered unexpectedly to see the new paintings, he found Lanfranco at work on the drapery of certain figures, and exclaimed, in an angry mood, "Now I see clearly what I have for some time suspected, that in this contract Guido applies himself to getting money as earnestly as to the labor itself he devotes himself but coldly." But when the pope returned the next day Guido said, "Most blessed Father, the outlining, sketching, and ground-painting are not the things that make these pictures what they shall be; they are only as a document of Your Holiness's which is of no value until you have placed your hand to it." On another occasion the impatient pontiff said, "This work protracts itself a long while. If it had been distributed

among the other Bolognese it would already have been finished." The artist replied, "It would indeed have been finished, but it would not have been from the hand of a Guido." Nevertheless, having hastened the undertaking, though against his inclination, he completed it in seven months; and the Roman court hastened thither to admire and praise the new achievement.

At this time Guido was at cross-purposes with the papal treasurer, who told him one day that his pretensions were immoderate; adding that if such prices were to be paid, he himself would renounce his prelacy and become a painter. "I do not quite know," answered the artist, "if you could succeed in that: I know only that as a prelate I should probably do better than you, at least in the duty of paying salaries."

In spite of his successes in art, however, Guido at last grew weary of the constant envy and malice of his adversaries; and being moreover thoroughly disgusted with his treatment by the treasurer, finally resolved to leave Rome, and in 1610 suddenly departed for Bologna, resolved to abandon his profession. "Why should I wish," he said, "to waste my days in wrangling with nobles and contesting with court officials, when I ought to work in gladness and quietness. What outcries do I hear every hour about my long delays or the exorbitance of my prices! In little more than three years I have completed four grand works, each of which required all that time to do it justice, and they promised me seas and mountains; yet not only is the debt unpaid, but even my pension is complained of, which they would not do in the case of a lackey." With such captious sentiments did Guido greet the friends who came to congratulate him on his return to Bologna and on his bygone successes in Rome; and gave himself over entirely to the arrangement of the pictures and antiques that he had brought from that city. He sent out word that he should paint no more except for his own amusement, but should instead take up the traffic in ancient pictures and designs.

But Guido's rivals, who had been dismayed at his reappearance in Bologna, now reported that he had done all his wonderful works far away, but that when he returned home he had become powerless; and they also spread a report that he was a man of arrogant pretensions, full of self-conceit and confidence, but feeble in execution. Wherefore Guido at last took up his brush again as an efficient weapon against these persecutors, and accepted every commission that was offered him, working rapidly and with a masterly freedom. His first important work was the 'Massacre of the Innocents.'

In the meantime, when the pope heard that the artist was no longer in Rome, and that, moreover, he had gone away so dissatisfied as to have sworn never to set foot there again, he flew into a frenzy of rage. The cardinal-nephew endeavored to condone the offence of the treasurer by stigmatizing Guido as "wishing to absorb more money than all the others together, laggardly in his work, and impertinent in manner." But the pope cried out, "No more, no more! We know our Guido well and have always found him courteous and modest. If he demanded too much, what business was it of the treasurer's? Did he pay it out of his own money? Let Guido be given whatever he demands if he will return."

The papal mandate was borne to Guido at Bologna by the cardinal-legate himself, who was not politic enough to treat the artist's refusal with dexterity, and spoke menacingly to him. Whereupon Guido boldly answered: "I absolutely will not go to Rome; I had rather be torn to pieces. It is not that I do not desire to kiss the feet of the pope once more, but his ministers do such things as I know are not only not intended by His Holiness, but are also displeasing to him." These words offended the cardinal-legate so deeply that he attempted to throw the artist into prison; but Guido, who had meanwhile been invited by the kings of France and Spain to reside at their courts, resolved to expatriate himself rather than become the inmate of a Bolognese dungeon. He therefore hid himself until an opportunity should arise for him to flee; but his friend, the Marquis Facchenetti, gained him over with sweet words. "This," said he, "is an affair concerning your pontiff, before whose throne bow even those royal crowns to whose protection you wish to flee; so that without the participation of His Holiness you could find no refuge there. Wherefore you must make a virtue of necessity, and return voluntarily." So Guido accepted the advice of his noble protector, and forthwith set out again for Rome.

As he approached Rome he was met by a long line of carriages pertaining to the Roman cardinals and princes who vied with each other for the honor of bearing him into the city. The artist was liberally remunerated for his past labors; a carriage was placed at his disposal; various delicate articles of food and wine were frequently sent to him; and it was arranged that he should draw from the treasury eighty crowns a fortnight beside his usual pension.

But these honors did not fall upon Guido without causing the courtiers to murmur at such a promotion shown to a mere painter; and the treasurer made a renewed outcry against him, charging that the work with which he was now engaged at Santa Maria Maggiore was perversely delayed that he might the longer draw his pension. Nevertheless, the chapel was finished in due time, and the pope visited it with a cortège of princes and prelates, and so admired and praised the frescos that Guido was advised to stay some time at court, since the applause attending his last work appeared to be repairing the prejudices of the long delay and heavy expense. But, finding himself unseasonably cut off from his allowance at the banker's, and desiring to avoid further trouble with the treasurer, Guido again departed from Rome, and returned to his own city.

The Senate of Bologna now commissioned him to paint a Pietà with the patron saints of the city. This was finished in 1616. In 1618 there came an order from Genoa that one of the best artists of Bologna should be engaged to paint a picture of the Assumption. Guido was suggested on all sides as the one who ought to execute it, but he demanded the enormous price of 1,000 crowns, though his former master, Lodovico Carracci, offered to do the work for 500 crowns. But nevertheless the younger painter received the commission; and, referring to the occasion on which he had left the Carracci studio, made Lodovico aware that he had now found how to get more than ten crowns for his pictures. Between 1614 and 1620 Guido was invited by the

Duke of Mantua to visit his court and paint certain frescos; but he was then so busily engaged that he sent his best pupils, Gessi and Sementi. During the same period Guido was urged to visit Ravenna by Cardinal Aldobrandini, and went thither. The painting of 'The Falling of the Manna' was the chief production of this journey.

In 1621 the superb chapel of St. Januarius at Naples was approaching completion, and several of the foremost artists of Italy were summoned to decorate its walls. Among these were Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Guido. But their engagement lasted only a short time on account of the fierce hostility of the Neapolitan artists. Guido had designed several cartoons for the chapel and had commenced to fresco when the Neapolitans began their persecutions. He was followed through the streets by armed ruffians; letters came to him threatening poison and the stiletto; and his servant Domenico was slain. Afterwards, another of Guido's men was caught by the Neapolitans, who gave him a sound drubbing, telling him that such should be the fate of every one who roamed about in cities not his own, taking the bread from the mouths of the residents thereof. Guido was greatly alarmed, and secretly fled from Naples and went to Rome, where he remained busily engaged for a long time.

During one of his later sojourns in Rome, Guido was commissioned to paint a picture of the Repulse of Attila by St. Leo, to be placed in St. Peter's Church; and the sum of 400 crowns was advanced on account thereof. Nevertheless, he delayed so long that Cardinal Pamfili (afterwards Pope Innocent x.) summoned him before the Congregation and stated the grievances against him. The papal treasurer also summoned him, and rudely demanded to know if he never intended to begin the work for which he had been paid. The artist, astounded and embittered, answered with more piquancy than relevancy, "My Lord Cardinal, the pope can make as many of your equals as he chooses, but to make my equals rests with no power but that of God."

The truth was that Guido's most malevolent failing had now involved him in serious difficulties, for he had already lost at the gaming-table the entire amount which he had received for the Attila picture. He desired to depart from Rome, but was in great trouble because he could not repay this unearned advance and his other debts. At last he borrowed enough money, deposited it to the credit of the Reverend Fabric and fled to Bologna.

When Guido once more took up his abode in his native city the saying that a prophet has no honor in his own country was for once untrue, for he was adored by the people, esteemed by the nobles, and served by all; nor did any one ever pass through Bologna, however great they might be, but that they esteemed it a favor if they might see Guido, and gaze upon him while he worked.

He was accustomed to paint with his mantle about him, gathered gracefully over his left arm. His pupils, of whom he had a great number—at one period no less than eighty, drawn from nearly every nation of Europe—vied with each other to serve him, esteeming themselves fortunate to have opportunities to clean his brushes or to prepare his palette. He had no dearth

of models in the multitude of youths and disciples which surrounded him; but all that Guido cared of them was to refresh his memory by viewing their limbs and torsos, and after that he could adjust them and correct their imperfections. In the same way any head sufficed him for a model. Being once besought by Count Aldovrandi to confide in him who the lady was of whom he availed himself in drawing his beautiful Madonnas and Magdalens, he made his color-grinder, a fellow of scroundrelly visage, sit down, and commanding him to look upward, drew from him such a marvelous head of a saint that it seemed as if it had been done by magic. Better than any other artist he understood how to portray upturned faces, and boasted that he knew a hundred ways of making heads with their eyes lifted to heaven. He often declared that his favorite models were the 'Venus of Medici' and the wonderful heads in the Niobe group.

He was always in great fear of sorcery and poisoning, and for that reason could not endure women in his house, abhorring to have any dealings with them, and, when such were unavoidable, hurrying them through as rapidly as possible. Old women were his especial detestation, and he always fled from them, and lamented grievously if one of them should appear when he was about beginning or closing some commission.

During the last fifteen years of his life Guido was, as has already been hinted, the prey of an inordinate passion for gambling, and lost much of that illustrious fame which had become so dear to him. Being often reduced to extreme necessities by heavy losses, and having contracted debts which it was beyond his ability to pay, he gave himself to painting hastily and unworthily, borrowing moreover from all his friends, and selling his time in the studio at so much an hour.

At one time such pains and humiliations seemed to have taught him a salutary lesson, and as soon as he had paid off his debts he deposited his gains in the bank for two entire years. But this was only a truce, for at the end of those two years he returned to his old vice, and began once more to play heavily. As if to deal him a harder blow than ever, fate favored him at first. In three weeks his gains amounted to 4,000 pistoles, and his friends advised him to be content therewith, to invest the money, and to forswear gambling forever. But he disdained all advice, with the result that in three evenings he lost the 4,000 pistoles and also all the funds which he had accumulated. But the intrepid old artist spoke of his misfortune as a matter of destiny. Nay, he even rejoiced at it, saying, "Since I got those detestable winnings I have never known the tranquillity which I enjoyed before they came to afflict my liberty. Now, please God, I have come out from idleness and resumed my duties. I have lost vice, and re-won virtue." With these and similar arguments he sealed the mouths of all, and praised the refractory inclination that now more than ever took full possession of him. During a month in his rooms, and two more at the clubs, his adversaries won everything from him; wherefore, pledging more and more his work, he did not refuse to accept payments on his time far in advance, until his debts finally passed the limit of possibility of payment, however far his life might be prolonged.

He now observed that his friends had grown cold, that the dilettanti kept away from his first exhibitions, and that in the assemblies where he had formerly been attended with such great courtesy he was now shunned. He prepared a number of canvases and sat down before them to divert his mind from its crushing cares; and also endeavored to complete many of the unfinished works then in his studio; but, wearied and confused by their multiplicity and hotly besieged by creditors, he lost heart, and did no more than to stand musing. Sometimes he suddenly started up, and for a long time walked to and fro rapidly, talking to himself and sighing, so that it was feared he would pass into a delirium.

Yet, during the last decade of his life, troubled though he was in many ways, Guido executed several excellent works. He had numerous commissions from ultramontane sovereigns as well as from those of Italy, and painted a 'Venus' for the Duke of Bavaria, an 'Europa' for the King of Poland, and a 'Madonna' for the King of Spain. He was also summoned to France to paint a portrait of the king, but he declined this invitation, simply saying, "I am not a portrait-painter." His last picture was a 'Nativity,' and on this he was engaged at the time of his death.

Guido fell sick of fever on the sixth of August, while the sun was in Leo. Many knights and nobles called upon him to console and inspirit him, and among these were the Senator Guidotti, who finally induced him to allow five celebrated doctors to examine his case, and to be removed from his chambers, where he was annoyed by the noises in the square. As soon as it was known in Bologna that he desired to be carried to other quarters, many of the noblest families vied to receive him into their houses; but Guido refused all offers, and chose the house of the merchant Ferri, whither he went in a horse-litter. Here he was served and attended as a great prince, and always watched over by Ferri; and to solace his weary hours concerts of musical bands were ordered, and the performers, passing up and down the street, filled it with great and continuous harmony.

In the meantime the sacrament was exposed in various churches, and many religious orders were supplicating in Guido's behalf. Not only in Bologna, but also in the surrounding cities, and most of all in Rome, prayers and vows were ascending for the recovery of the greatest living artist in Italy. But at last, strengthened by the sacrament of extreme unction, and in the arms of the Capuchin fathers, whom he had always held in great veneration, he breathed out his soul, at two o'clock of the night, on Monday, August 18, 1642, which was the sixty-seventh year of his age.

His body, robed in a Capuchin dress, was carried to the sepulcher with the greatest pomp and honor. So vast was the crowd of all ranks and ages, and the concourse to see him, both in the streets through which he was borne and in the Church of San Domenico, where he was laid in state, that the like had not been seen before, even in the great processions wherein the city annually celebrated its deliverance from the Plague.

The Art of Guido Reni

PAUL MANTZ 'LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DE LA PEINTURE ITALIENNE'

AFTER the death of Michelangelo and of Titian, and in spite of the sunset glory which Tintoretto and Veronese were shedding upon Venice, the shadows began to gather over the art that for three hundred years had made Italy glorious. The Roman school did not survive Giulio Romano; Michelangelo's disciples were bent on violence; the style which under Correggio's touch had been living grace faded into insipidity; and even in Venice the predominance of the merely decorative had become a weakness. All the schools of Italy were ready to fall; and they fell together.

The immediate causes of the decadence are evident enough: pupils proved false to the teachings of their masters, imitated their weaknesses rather than their excellences, and piled falsification upon error, and exaggeration upon falsification. But beneath the outward and superficial symptoms there were underlying and moral causes for the downfall. During the last twenty years of the sixteenth century the whole social standard of Italy had been lowered. Her republics existed no longer; municipal pride was dead; and she had become the prey of rulers who were but the hirelings of foreign monarchs. As a result, there ensued that intellectual decline which inevitably accompanies political decadence, and with all the usual symptoms. Rhetoric was esteemed above matter, wit above wisdom; and the simple earnestness and energy upon which only can great art thrive was, if not extinct, out of fashion.

It was at this critical juncture that the city of Bologna put herself forward, towards the close of the sixteenth century, as the new art preceptress to Italy. The impulse came from a family of Bolonese painters, the Carracci, who, seeing clearly enough that the old methods and traditions had lost force, proposed to substitute new ones of their own devising. It was the theory of their teaching to revive the great qualities of the masters of the beginning of the century. They proposed to achieve, by selection and amalgamation, a combination of all excellences. Their pupils were, by imitation, to unite in their own works the best qualities of Michelangelo, Titian, Correggio, Raphael, Tibaldi, Primaticcio, and, to complete the ideal mixture, something of the grace of Parmigiano! They made the attempt bravely. Lanzi has pointed out how Annibale Carracci strove to exemplify his teachings by imitating in a single work Veronese in one figure, Correggio in another, and Titian and Parmigiano in the remainder. Could the folly of the theory have a clearer exposition?

Nevertheless, the school of the Carracci had great vogue, and produced many pupils illustrious in their own day; but it by no means had the entire field to itself. Hardly had its "system" been announced when protests began to be heard from all parts of Italy. The loudest, most emphatic, and most influential voice was that of the Neapolitan painter Michelangelo da Caravaggio.

Caravaggio, after a period of study in Venice, had arrived in Rome ready to throw down the gauntlet to all rivals whosoever; but for the Carracci in especial he professed the most superb disdain. He condemned their teachings wholly. A painter should, he asserted, imitate none of the great masters. Nature was the true and only teacher; and if the artist, pursuing nature, should encounter ugliness, triviality, and baseness, he should not shut his eyes, but should record them unflinchingly. And so Caravaggio took, for choice, as his models criminals and bohemians, drunkards and profligates. He was, however, equipped with a vigorous personality, talent, skill, and a profound knowledge of chiaroscuro; and his undeniable power gained him so wide an influence that, as Nicolas Poussin said of him long afterwards, "the man seemed born to ruin painting." He introduced types of vulgar mold, set the fashion for contrasts of light and shade out of all true proportion, and in the way of discoloring the Italian palette finished what the Carracci had begun.

The history of Italian art at this time is much like the history of the progress of some malady, with its symptoms, its recoveries, and relapses; and it was at this stage of the disease that the seventeenth century dawned, and the work of the youthful Guido Reni began to attract public attention. Those who recognized the parlous condition of art now turned to him, as they had before turned to the Carracci, as a possible savior.

For a time it really did seem as if Guido might arrest the decline; but before long his own moral weakness incapacitated him for the battle. A gambler of unlimited prodigality, and finding himself obliged to regain by his brush the money he had thrown away at the gaming-table, he abused his own facility. How many, alas! how very many, canvases he painted during the latter part of his life—Ecce Homos, Madonnas, Magdalens, St. Sebastians, and the like—which seemed as though he might have "improvised them in three hours or less," as Malvasia tells us he sometimes did, and which were manifestly painted with but one aim, that of pleasing, with a minimum of labor, the empty, vapid taste of the day. They multiplied under his brush so rapidly as to swamp his own more meritorious productions; so that instead of becoming the savior of Italian art, Guido but hastened its downfall.

Yet he was not, as some modern critics seem to regard him, always the hasty painter of insipidities. During one part of his career at least he knew what good art was; and as an executant he often exhibited really great qualities. Before he began to paint with the sole object of gaining money as rapidly as possible he drew easily and correctly, painted broadly, and frequently composed with exemplary skill. His coloring was sometimes silvery and delicate, although too often, even in his better works, he placed the high lights in over-violent opposition to opaque and muddy shadows, and his color schemes seem to lack freshness.

But could Guido have redeemed Italian art even had he always painted at his best? There can be but one answer: no. The inner flame, the spark of genius, was lacking in him from the first. He was a skilful practitioner, and

in the decadent epoch to which he belonged occupies a conspicuous place; but he could never have ranked with the great masters. — FROM THE FRENCH

W. M. ROSSETTI IN 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

GUIDO RENI'S best works have beauty, great amenity, artistic feeling, and high accomplishment of manner, but are all alloyed by a certain core of commonplace; in his worst pictures the commonplace swamps everything, and Guido has flooded European galleries with trashy and empty pretentiousness, all the more noxious in that its apparent grace of form misleads the unwary into approval, and the dilettante dabbler into cheap raptures.

WRITERS on art have generally agreed to assign to Guido Reni, as to Raphael, three successive of styles or "manners."

The first dates from about the time he left the studio of the Carracci and set up for himself. At this period he preserved the impress of the Carracci style, but was evidently still more influenced by the manner of Michelangelo da Caravaggio, in spite of his biographer's statement that he was at this time attempting to introduce a new method quite opposite to that of the Neapolitan master. Guido's works in this early Carracci-Caravaggio style — his first recognized manner — show an energy and dignity lacking in his later achievements. They are marked by a distinct leaning toward naturalism in the treatment of large, well-grouped, strongly muscled figures, though there is sometimes an evident effort to exhibit an anatomical knowledge plainly out of harmony with the temperament of a painter so naturally predisposed to grace. These features, combined with smoky, reddish tones, strong contrasts of light and shade, and overblack shadows, give these early pictures an impressive, sometimes even a violent aspect. Perhaps his best works in this manner are the 'Madonna della Pietà' and the 'Massacre of the Innocents,' both in the Bologna Gallery.

Soon after Guido's arrival in Rome the influence of Raphael's works became apparent in his pictures, and to his previous manner a second gradually succeeded. His former style became simpler and less stilted, his color warmer and more agreeable. In this second style he painted the world-famous 'Aurora' of the Rospigliosi Palace.

The happy period of transition was brief, however. The Carracci-Caravaggio strength gradually faded from his work, until he seemed about to become merely a paler, fatigued, and enervated Raphael; and then, at last, Guido struck into his third manner, in which he continued to paint during the rest of his life, his work growing feebler and feebler as his character weakened and his haste, due to his pressing need of money, increased. It is nevertheless the works in this last style which gained him his wide contemporary popularity, and by which he is chiefly known to-day. The style is usually called his "silver manner," from its coloring, which, at its best, is of a delicate pearly silveriness, but which too often degenerated into lividity or mere pallid muddiness. His handling at this time had become wonderfully facile, and there is almost always a certain easy grace of line and composition; but the

types he now produced, and repeated *ad nauseam*, because of their affectation, poverty of expression, monotony of gesture, insipid ideality, vapid generalization without character, and mere empty, banal grace, are at their worst almost insupportable to our modern eyes. Among the better examples of Guido's work in this last style may be mentioned 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' in Munich, and the 'St. Sebastian' of the Capitoline Gallery in Rome.

H. TAINE 'VOYAGE EN ITALIE: ROME ET NAPLES'

GUIDO RENI was an admired, fortunate, worldly artist, who accommodated himself to the taste of his day, and aimed not at nature, but at making an agreeable effect upon the spectator's mind; and having once hit upon a taking type, he repeated it constantly, painting not living beings but combinations of pleasing contours.

Tastes change as natures change. In Guido's day true energy, real passion, and native force had disappeared. Society was trifling, gallant, satiated. The bold, free spirit of former times was gone; and effeminate, fastidious people dislike simple and strong features. They require conventional smoothness, sweet, languishing smiles, curiously intermingled tints, sentimental expressions—in a word, the pleasing and far-fetched in everything. Guido Reni gave this society exactly what it demanded—conventional physiognomies and delicate, languishing, effeminate types of expression quite unknown to the stalwart old masters.—FROM THE FRENCH

J. BUISSON IN JOUIN'S 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE'

OUR own era is one that has little patience with mere rhetoric, whether in art or letters. Never were lovers of pictures so alive to the appeal of the naïve innocence that marks the childhood of art, never more sensitive to the charm of its blooming adolescence, never more swayed by the power of its full virility; but let art betray the least taint of decadence, and, no matter what its redeeming qualities, we turn away in disdain. Moreover, modern criticism has come to make almost a fetish of what is called "sincerity" in painting, so that it is indeed an ill time to attempt an impartial judgment of those seventeenth-century Italians whom our grandfathers viewed with such different eyes.

When the wonderful cluster of schools that glorified the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the veritable Pleiads of art—had declined, the city of Bologna sought to become the laggard instructress to Italy in painting. But what remained for her to teach? All roads had been explored, all achievements won; she stood at the end of the path of progress. She had acquired, it is true, a certain facile virtuosity in the practice of what she had learned from others; but her painters, in spite of their pretensions and their air of triumphant mastery, were after all but rhetoricians—helpless victims of those inevitable laws which make artistic progress subordinate to the status of the epoch and the race. To have advanced in spite of the ebbing tide, they would have required even more strength, more originality, than was needed by their greater predecessors; and it is interesting to speculate what

rank the Carracci, Domenichino, and Guido Reni, with their unquestionably rich natural endowments, might have held had they but been born half a century earlier.

Guido, the most celebrated, the most spoiled by contemporary applause, seems indeed to have begun his career as one destined to do more than play the rôle, with which he so soon became content, of complaisant reflector of the popular taste of his day and generation. When he left the school of the Carracci, and while he felt the influence of Caravaggio, he manifestly studied nature lovingly and carefully, and painted the strongest and the sanest of his works—the 'Massacre of the Innocents' and the great 'Pietà,' for examples—which betoken energy, a first-hand observation of nature, and some appreciation of the beauty of virility.

But the immediate popularity which came to him in Rome seems to have undermined his stamina, both moral and artistic. He fell a victim to his own easy prowess of execution, to the weak, conventional grace of his own feminine types, and to the search for a superficial expression of unreal emotion. Yet it was by the pictures in this last style that he gained his overwhelming popularity, and it is by these very pictures that contemporary critics seem to judge him wholly.

It must be acknowledged, however, that even this partial judgment is not fundamentally unjust. Despite the promise of his youth, it seems clear that Guido could never have become a great personal luminary, even under more propitious circumstances. The very facility with which his nature submitted to every varying influence marks him as destined from the first to be no more at best than a brilliant reflector in art.—FROM THE FRENCH

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'GUIDE DE L'AMATEUR AU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE'

A PAINTER whose real gift was the gift of gracefulness, Guido gives us canvases remarkable for ingenious arrangement of composition, facility in drawing, and freedom and certitude in handling. But it was not these features that gained him his great popularity. It was because he invented and multiplied a type which, though it possesses no strength and expresses no true emotion, appeals, because of a certain graceful, sentimental, languid melancholy, that is distinctly mundane and sometimes even coquettish, to those who are not yet equipped to appreciate art of a higher calibre.—FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Guido Reni

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE ARCHANGEL MICHAEL' PLATE I

"THE single devotional figures of the Archangel Michael," writes Mrs. Jameson, "usually depict him as combining the characters of captain of the heavenly host and conqueror of the powers of hell. The only sim-

ilar representation of St. Michael which as a work of art can compare with that by Raphael in the Louvre is this celebrated picture by Guido, in the Church of Santa Maria della Concezione (or dei Cappuccini), Rome. The moment chosen is the same, and the treatment similar. In Guido's picture the archangel, in blue cuirass, red mantle, and violet scarf, poised on outspread wings, sets his foot on the head of Lucifer; in one hand he brandishes a sword and in the other holds a chain with which he is about to bind down the demon in the bottomless pit. The attitude has been justly criticised, for the grace is somewhat mannered; but Forsyth is too severe when he talks of the 'air of a dancing-master.' Yet we do not think about the attitude when we look at Raphael's St. Michael; and in Guido's it is the first thing that strikes us. On the other hand, the head of Guido's archangel, with its blending of masculine and feminine graces, serene purity of brow, and flow of the golden hair, surely suggests divinity."

It was a tradition that Guido took revenge on Cardinal Pamfili (afterwards Pope Innocent x.), who had summoned him before the Congregation in Rome on account of his delay in executing the picture he had contracted to paint for St. Peter's Church, by representing him as Satan in this canvas. Guido, however, protested that there was not the slightest truth in the report; but whether by accident or design, the face of the fiend in the picture shows no slight resemblance to the well-known portraits of the pope.

'The Archangel Michael,' one of Guido's most famous works, is painted in his second manner, when he was strongly feeling Raphael's influence.

'BEATRICE CENCI' (SO-CALLED) PLATE II

THE most generally popular and widely copied portrait in Rome is this so-called 'Beatrice Cenci,' by Guido Reni. It eminently possesses the quality of popular appeal that Guido so well understood how to impart, yet it cannot rank among his greater works; and it is questionable whether its celebrity is not rather founded upon the interest attaching to the pathetic name of Beatrice than upon intrinsic merit of the painting itself.

Beatrice's sad and terrible story, which has been so often repeated by poets, novelists, and chroniclers, stands briefly thus: She was the young and motherless daughter of Francesco Cenci, a wealthy Roman patrician, whose profligacy and wickedness of all kinds was so monstrous as to startle even the Roman society of the end of the sixteenth century. He imprisoned his second wife, Lucrezia, and his daughter, in a remote and solitary castle in the Apennines, and there subjected them to barbarous treatment of all sorts, and at last so grievously insulted his daughter as to palliate and almost excuse parricide. It was believed that, under the stress of this treatment, Beatrice, then about seventeen years old, bribed certain ruffians to murder her father. Arrested and brought to Rome for trial, she was, after having been tortured, condemned and executed. It was believed that she was extremely beautiful, though of her appearance we have no description. The legend, with some circumstance, relates further that the present portrait of her was painted by Guido in prison, and on the eve of her execution.

That some of the details of this romantic story are false, and that in the light of modern researches Beatrice seems to deserve less pity than has been accorded her, does not concern us here. What does concern us is that it is impossible that Guido should have visited Beatrice in prison, or, indeed, that he could ever have seen her at all. She was executed in 1599; and after a careful weighing of all the evidence, Signor Bertolotti, director of the State Archives in Rome, has practically proved that Guido could not have first arrived in that city before 1608. Moreover, his biographers make no allusion to any portrait of Beatrice—an unlikely omission had he intended this canvas as a likeness, even if an imaginary one, of the romantic girl whose story was so fresh in the public mind. Indeed, the tradition that the picture is her likeness cannot be traced back further than about ninety years from the present time, and it is probable that its title was given it by some poetically minded individual who conceived that so might Beatrice have appeared.

A number of critics, their faith shaken, perhaps, by the discovery that its title was a misnomer, have questioned whether the picture is from Guido's hand at all; but their skepticism seems unfounded. There is no historical evidence either way, and the tradition that ascribes the work to Guido seems sufficiently conclusive when borne out by its general style and technical execution. Moreover, as a recent writer, Mr. J. A. Trollope, has pointed out in an interesting review of all the evidence concerning the picture ('Magazine of Art,' 1881), Guido painted at least two other heads—that of a woman in the group of three in the lower left-hand corner of his 'St. Andrew Adoring the Cross,' and that of the Hour nearest the left-hand corner of the 'Aurora'—the features of which so strikingly resemble those of the Cenci portrait that it seems unquestionable that all three were painted from the same model.

The picture hangs in the Barberini Palace, Rome.

'ST. SEBASTIAN' PLATE III

ST. SEBASTIAN was, according to the legend, a noble youth who commanded a company in the Pretorian Guards under the Emperor Diocletian, with whom he was an especial favorite. He had secretly become a Christian, however, and when two of his friends were being tortured on account of their religion, Sebastian revealed his own faith by exhorting them to die steadfast. Then the emperor, in spite of his love for the youth, ordered him to be bound to a tree and shot to death with arrows. The sentence was carried out, and Sebastian was left for dead; but when his friends came to bear away his body it was found that he still breathed, and a Christian widow, Irene, nursed him in secret until he recovered. But no sooner was he restored than Sebastian, instead of fleeing from Rome, as his friends besought him to do, went boldly to the gate of the emperor's palace, and when Diocletian passed on his way to the capitol, cried out, "I am Sebastian, whom God hath delivered from thy hand that I might testify to the faith of Jesu Christ and plead for His servants." Then Diocletian, in a rage, commanded that Sebastian be beaten to death with clubs in the circus, which was done.

As may be imagined, this picturesque legend has furnished an attractive theme to many painters, and the subject proved especially alluring to Guido, since it gave him an opportunity to depict an Apollo-like figure in the bloom of youth (a vehicle for graceful form and fine anatomical modeling) yet in the throes of half-ecstatic agony—a combination that, under his hand, was sure to make a strong appeal to the sentimental. He repeated the composition with variations in the minor details at least seven times. The present picture, in the Capitoline Gallery, Rome, is perhaps the best of these replicas. The opaque shadows and the greenish hue of the flesh mark it as a product of Guido's last manner.

'THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE IV

GUIDO was especially celebrated as a painter of Assumptions, a subject which he repeated no less than ten times. He usually chose, as here, to depict the Virgin in a glory, with outstretched arms and face upturned, borne to Heaven by angels and cupids.

'The Assumption' shown in our plate is from the Munich Gallery. Although one of Guido's best works in his third manner, it is not free from the insipidity that marred most of his later work.

'YOUTHFUL BACCHUS' PLATE V

THIS merry little picture, in the Pitti Palace, Florence, comes as rather a relief from the hand of a painter whose favorite subjects were saints in religious ecstasies and agonies.

The boy Bacchus, with his crown of grapes and garb of skin, his cup and wine bottle, and his attendant genius, smiles out of the picture with such a living sparkle in his eyes that it is clear that Guido was here inspired by no conception of classic antiquity, but by some mischievous little lad who, perhaps, ran about his studio, and that he painted in a playful vein. The figure of Bacchus is firmly drawn and modeled, but that of the attendant sprite is less careful in execution.

'AURORA' PLATE VI

THIS fresco, which adorns the ceiling of the garden pavilion of the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome, was painted in Guido's best period, during his first sojourn in Rome, when he was beginning to come under the spell of Raphael. It is, by general consent, regarded as his masterpiece.

It pictures the bringers of dawn gliding over clouds still tinted with the fading shadows of night. About the advancing car of the sun-god, Apollo, the Hours dance; before it sails Aurora herself on golden clouds, showering roses upon the sleeping earth, and above a youthful cherub bearing a flaming torch personifies the morning star. Below are seen the sea and land, still obscured by shadows.

"The grace of the arrangement, the rhythm of the gestures, and the striking onward sense of movement seize the spectator at first glance," writes M. Buisson. "He realizes the feeling of Taine when he writes of the 'joyous-

ness, the complete pagan amplitude, of these blooming goddesses, with their hands interlinked, all dancing as if at some antique fête.' The twining arms, the flying draperies, which merge into sweeps of carefully calculated line, seem to accelerate the forward movement of the Hours, which is again hastened by the galloping horses, until it seems to culminate naturally in the aërial flight of Aurora herself. The grace of the poses, the broad, supple lines, the exactitude of drawing, the sureness of the composition, the distribution of light and shade, and the vitality of the whole, witness a consummate skill."

The coloring of the 'Aurora,' too, is more successful than Guido's usual achievements in this respect. The hair and flesh of Apollo are of a dull golden hue; to this tint the yellowish-red robe of the nymph nearest him answers, and the color then gradually shades from blue to white and from green to white on either side, while the dun-colored horses harmonize with the clouds. Behind the clouds is a yellow sky, while below one sees a bit of cool-toned landscape, giving the blue note essential to balance the draperies.

On a closer examination the weaknesses of the picture are apparent enough: there is some lack of unity in the composition; the Hours are not of a high type of beauty nor ethereal enough for the part they play; and there is more than a suspicion of affectation in many of their poses. Above all, the figure of Apollo, on which the attention naturally centers, is disappointing. But, all detractions admitted, the 'Aurora' is unquestionably a masterpiece of technical skill, admirably fulfilling its decorative intention, and replete with beauty and vitality; and Burckhardt pronounces it "taken all for all, the most accomplished work of its century."

'MADONNA DELLA PIETÀ' [DETAIL] PLATE VII

THIS picture, now the chief treasure of the Bologna Gallery, was ordered of Guido, after his return from Rome, by the Senate of Bologna, which commissioned him to paint a Pietà that should include the five saints most closely connected with civic traditions. It is evident that the painter put forth all his powers upon it, and it ranks as one of his best works, showing a vigor of conception and of execution rare with him. It gives too, in spite of the distinct separation between the upper and the lower portions, the highest evidence of Guido's skill in composition. The upper portion is reproduced in our plate. In the lower half of the picture are grouped St. Petronius, the patron of Bologna, St. Carlo Borromeo, St. Francis, St. Proculus, and St. Dominic. The picture was completed in 1616, in Guido's early style.

'ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS' PLATE VIII

ACCORDING to his accredited biographer, Malvasia, Guido depicted this subject three times. The present example, in the Dulwich Gallery, London, represents the Baptist as a youth, seated upon a rock, his figure, about life-size, relieved against a cloudy sky and wooded background, with a group of eight small figures at the right. About his hips is a gray drapery. The picture, probably an early work to judge from the brickish red of the flesh, is

as a whole superior in animation and vitality to Guido's usual achievements. "There is," writes Hazlitt, "a wildness and gusto about the figure of St. John, and an exaltation in his face, which is in full accord with the subject."

'MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS' PLATE IX

ON Guido's return from Rome in 1610 he had to face a storm of detraction from his rivals, who industriously circulated the report that his best days were over and that his star was waning. His answer was this picture, commenced soon after his arrival in Bologna, in which he touches his high-water mark of dramatic power.

"Avoiding the depiction of the actual scene of butchery," writes Burckhardt, "Guido has nevertheless expressed the cruelty of the murderers; and thanks to the truly architectonic arrangement and the nobility of the forms introduced, has been able to dignify the agony, and elevate the horror to a tragic dignity. It is the most finished dramatic work which the century produced in Italy."

The picture, which has become much darkened and obscured by time, was taken to Paris by Napoleon's marshals, but later restored to the Bologna Gallery, where it now hangs.

'MADONNA WITH ST. FRANCIS AND ST. CHRISTINA' PLATE X

THIS picture, now in the Gallery at Faenza, is a fine, though not familiar specimen of Guido's work, probably dating from his early period. It shows St. Francis in the habit of the Order of which he was the founder, and St. Christina adoring the enthroned Madonna and Child. In spite of the smoky coloring, which has become darkened by time, and the lack of strength in the faces, this picture evidences Guido's power as a composer, and possesses a dignity of effect lacking in too many of his later works.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GUIDO RENI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Crucifixion; Lucretia — VIENNA, ACADEMY: Assumption — VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: Female Head; Madonna — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Magdalen; Madonna with St. John; Youthful David; Seasons; Virgin and Sleeping Christ; St. Peter; Ecce Homo (*bis*); Baptism of Christ — VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: David with Goliath's Head; St. John Evangelist; St. Jerome; Bacchus and Ariadne; Adoration of Shepherds; Christ Child Asleep on the Cross; Magdalen; St. John Baptist — VIENNA, SCHÖNBORN GALLERY: Diana — BELGIUM. ANTWERP, CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES: Madonna — BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Flight into Egypt; Sibyl — ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT: Judith with Head of Holofernes — LONDON, DULWICH GALLERY: St. John Preaching in the Wilderness (Plate VIII); Death of Lucretia — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Magdalen; St. Jerome; Susanna and the Elders; Youthful Christ and St. John; Coronation of the Virgin; Ecce Homo; Lot and his Daughters — WINDSOR CASTLE: St. Catharine of Alexandria; St. Sebastian; Cleopatra — FRANCE. BESANÇON GALLERY: Lucretia; Virgin with Sleeping Christ Child — DIJON MUSEUM: Adam and Eve — LYONS MUSEUM: Crucifixion of St. Peter — PARIS, LOUVRE: Hercules

and Achelous; Dejanira and Nessus; Death of Hercules; Rape of Helen; Annunciation; David and Goliath; Purification of the Virgin; Christ's Charge to Peter; Christ and the Samaritan Woman; Christ Asleep; Christ in the Garden; Ecce Homo; Magdalen (*bis*); St. Sebastian; Design and Color; Hercules Killing the Hydra; Holy Family; Madonna, Child, and St. John — NANTES GALLERY: St. John Baptist — TOULOUSE MUSEUM: Apollo Flaying Marsyas — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: St. Paul and St. Anthony in the Desert; Mater Dolorosa — BRUNSWICK MUSEUM: Cephalus and Procris — DARMSTARDT GALLERY: Penitent Magdalen — DRESDEN GALLERY: Ninus and Semiramis; Youthful Bacchus; St. Jerome; Christ Crowned with Thorns (three examples); Christ Appearing to Mary; Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ; Enthroned Madonna; Venus and Cupid — GOTHA MUSEUM: Ecce Homo — LEIPSIC MUSEUM: Madonna; St. John; David — MAYENCE, ELECTORAL PALACE: Rape of Europa — MUNICH GALLERY: Assumption of the Virgin (Plate IV); Apollo Flaying Marsyas; Penitent Peter; Apostle John; St. Jerome; Magdalen — POTSDAM, NEW PALACE: Lucretia; Diogenes — STUTTGART MUSEUM: St. Sebastian — HOLLAND. AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: Magdalen — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND: Saints Interceding for the City of Bologna — ITALY. BOLOGNA, CHURCH OF S. DOMENICO: Transfiguration of St. Dominic — BOLOGNA, CHURCH OF S. MICHELE IN BOSCO: St. Benedict — BOLOGNA GALLERY, Crucifixion; St. Andrea Corsini; Ecce Homo; St. Sebastian; Coronation of the Virgin; Massacre of the Innocents (Plate IX); Madonna della Pietà (see Plate VII); Samson; Madonna of the Rosary — FAENZA GALLERY: Madonna with St. Francis and St. Christina (Plate X) — FANO, CHURCH OF S. PIETRO: Annunciation — FLORENCE, CORSINI GALLERY: Ecce Homo; Lucretia — FLORENCE, PALAZZO PANCIATICHI: Diana; Endymion — FLORENCE, PALAZZO STROZZI: David — FLORENCE, PALAZZO TORRIGIANI: Lucretia — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Youthful Bacchus (Plate V); Rebecca at the Well; Cleopatra; Charity; St. Elizabeth; Portrait of Old Man; St. Peter Weeping — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Susanna; Cumæan Sibyl; Virgin of the Snow; Portrait of Himself (page 22); Bradamante and Fiordespina; Madonna and St. John; Virgin — FORLI, CHURCH OF SS. BIAGIO E GIROLAMO: Immaculate Conception — GENOA, BRIGNOLE-SALE GALLERY: St. Mark; St. Sebastian; Madonna — GENOA, CHURCH OF S. AMBROGIO: Assumption — GENOA, PALAZZO BALBI-SENAREGA: St. Jerome — GENOA, PALAZZO DURAZZO: Carità Romana; St. Jerome; Vestal Virgin — GIRGENTI, CATHEDRAL: Madonna — LORETO, CHURCH OF THE CASA SANTA: Archangel Michael (mosaic) — LUCCA GALLERY: Crucifixion — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Peter and St. Paul; Apostle Reading — MODENA GALLERY: Crucifixion — NAPLES, CHURCH OF S. FILIPPO NERI: St. Francis of Assisi — NAPLES MUSEUM: Infant Christ Asleep; Vanity and Modesty; St. John Evangelist — NAPLES, S. MARTINO: Nativity (unfinished) — PADUA, CHURCH OF THE EREMITANI: St. John Baptist — PIEVE DI CENTO, CHURCH OF S. MARIA ASSUNTA: Assumption — PISA, PALAZZO UPPEZINGHI: Divine and Earthly Love — RAVENNA, CATHEDRAL: Elijah; Falling of the Manna — ROME, ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE: Fortune; Cupid; Bacchus and Ariadne — ROME, BARBERINI PALACE: Beatrice Cenci, so-called (Plate II) — ROME, BORGHESE PALACE: St. Joseph; Moses Receiving Tables of the Law — ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: St. Sebastian (Plate III); Magdalen; Disembodied Spirit (unfinished); Portrait of Himself — ROME, CHURCH OF S. GREGORIO MAGNO; St. Andrew Adoring the Cross; Choir of Angels — ROME, CHURCH OF S. LORENZO IN LUCINA: Crucifixion — ROME, CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA CONCEZIONE: Archangel Michael (Plate I) — ROME, CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA VITTORIA: Portrait of Cardinal Cornaro; Crucifixion — ROME, CHURCH OF S. MARIA MAGGIORE: Frescos — ROME, CHURCH OF S. TRINITÀ DE' PELLEGRINI: Trinity — ROME, COLONNA GALLERY: St. Francis; St. Agnes — ROME, CORSINI GALLERY: Madonna; Salome; Mater Dolorosa; St. John; Ecce Homo; Portrait of Old Man; Galatea; Cupid Asleep; Study for Crucifixion of St. Peter — ROME, PALAZZO SCIARRA: Magdalen (*bis*) — ROME, PALAZZO SPADA: Judith; Rape of Helen; Portrait of Cardinal Spada — ROME, DORIA-PAMPHILI GALLERY: Adoring Madonna; Penitent Peter; St. Sebastian — ROME, QUIRINAL PALACE: Annunciation — ROME, ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE: Aurora (Plate VI); Andromeda — ROME, VATICAN GALLERY: Crucifixion of St. Peter; Virgin and Saints — ROME, VATICAN LIBRARY [HALL OF SAMSON]: Decoration of Cupola — SIENA, CHURCH

OF S. MARTINO: Presentation in the Temple — TURIN GALLERY: Apollo and Marsyas; Cupids; St. Jerome in the Desert; St. John Baptist — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: 'The Seamstresses'; Flight into Egypt; Theological Dispute; Adoration of the Magi; Rape of Europa; Penitent Peter; St. Jerome; Cleopatra; David with Goliath's Head; Adoration of St. Francis — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY: Venus and the Graces; Ecce Homo — GLASGOW, CORPORATION GALLERY: Penitent Magdalen — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Cleopatra; St. Jerome; St. Peter; St. Paul; St. Paul Writing; Magdalen; Lucretia; Madonna of the Chair; Assumption; St. Sebastian; Martyrdom of St. Apollonia; St. Apollonia in Prayer.

Guido Reni Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS DEALING WITH GUIDO RENI

ALEXANDRE, A. Histoire populaire de la peinture: école italienne. Paris [1894]— ARMSTRONG, W. Guido Reni (in Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers). London, 1889 — ATWELL, H. The Italian Masters. London, 1888 — BALDINUCCI, F. Notizie, etc. Florence, 1764–74 — BARTSCH, A. Le Peintre graveur. Vienna, 1818 — BOLOGNINI. Armorini Vite dei pittori bolognesi. Bologna, 1841 — BUISSON, J. L'Aurore du Palais Rospigliosi (in Jouin's Chefs-d'œuvre). Paris, 1897 — BURCKHARDT, J. Der Cicerone. Leipsic, 1898 — CHAMPLIN, J. D., Jr., and PERKINS, C. C. Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting. New York, 1886 — CONSTABLE, J. (in C. R. Leslie's Memoirs of John Constable, R. A.). London, 1845 — D'ARGENVILLE, A. J. D. Guidi Reni (in Decamp's Vie des peintres). Marseilles, 1843 — DELABORDE, H. Guido Reni (in Blanc's Histoire des peintres de toutes les écoles: école bolonaise). Paris, 1874 — DE PILES, R. De la vie des peintres. Paris, 1767 — EATON, C. A. Rome in the Nineteenth Century. London, 1852 — GAUTIER, T. Guide de l'amateur au musée du Louvre. Paris, 1882 — HAZLITT, W. Criticisms on Art. London, 1853 — JAMES, R. N. Painters and their Works. London, 1896 — JAMESON, A. Sacred and Legendary Art. Boston, 1896 — JANITSCHECK, H. Die Malerschule von Bologna (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler, etc.) Leipsic, 1879 — JARVES, J. J. Art Studies. New York, 1861 — JERVIS, LADY J. W. Painting and Celebrated Painters. London, 1854 — KUGLER, F. T. Italian Schools of Painting. Revised by A. H. Layard. London, 1900 — LANDON, C. P. Vie et choix de l'œuvre de Guide (in his Vies et œuvres des peintres). Paris, 1813 — LANZI, L. History of Painting in Italy. Trans. by T. Roscoe. London, 1828 — LAROUSSE, P. A. Guido Reni (in Grand dictionnaire universel). Paris, 1866–90 — LÜBKE, W. History of Art. New York, 1878 — KNACKFUSS, H., ZIMMERMANN, M. G., and GENSEL, W. Allgemeine Kunstgeschichte. Leipsic, 1897–1903 — MALVASIA, C. C. Felsina Pittrice: Vite de' Pittori Bolognese, etc. Bologna, 1678 — MANTZ, P. Les Chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture italienne. Paris, 1870 — MANTZ, P. Guido Reni (in La Grande encyclopédiè). Paris, 1886–1902 — MARINO, IL CAVALIERE. La Galeria. Milan, 1620 — MENGS, A. R. Works. London, 1796 — PASSERI, G. B. Vite de' Pittori, Scultori ed Architette. Rome, 1772 — PEPOLI, C. Della scuola bolognese di Pittura. Bologna, 1873 — ROSSETTI, W. M. Guido Reni (in Encyclopædia Britannica). Edinburgh, 1883 — ROSINI, G. Storia della pittura italiana. Pisa, 1846 — SCANNELLI, G. Microcosmo della pittura. Cesena, 1657 — SCOTT, W. B. Pictures by Italian Masters. London, 1874 — SHEDD, J. A. Famous Painters and Paintings. Boston, 1896 — SHELLEY, P. B. The Cenci (in his Poetical Works). London, 1878 — SPOONER, S. Biographical History of the Fine Arts. London, 1865 — SWEETSER, M. F. Guido Reni. Boston, 1878 — TAINE, H. Voyage en Italie. Paris, 1866 — WORNUM, R. History of Painting. London, 1859.

MASTERS IN ART

Puvis de Chavannes

FRENCH SCHOOL

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
THE CHILDHOOD OF ST. GENEVIÈVE
ST. GERMANUS PREDICTING GENEVIÈVE'S HIGH CALLING [CENTRAL PANEL]
PANTHÉON, PARIS

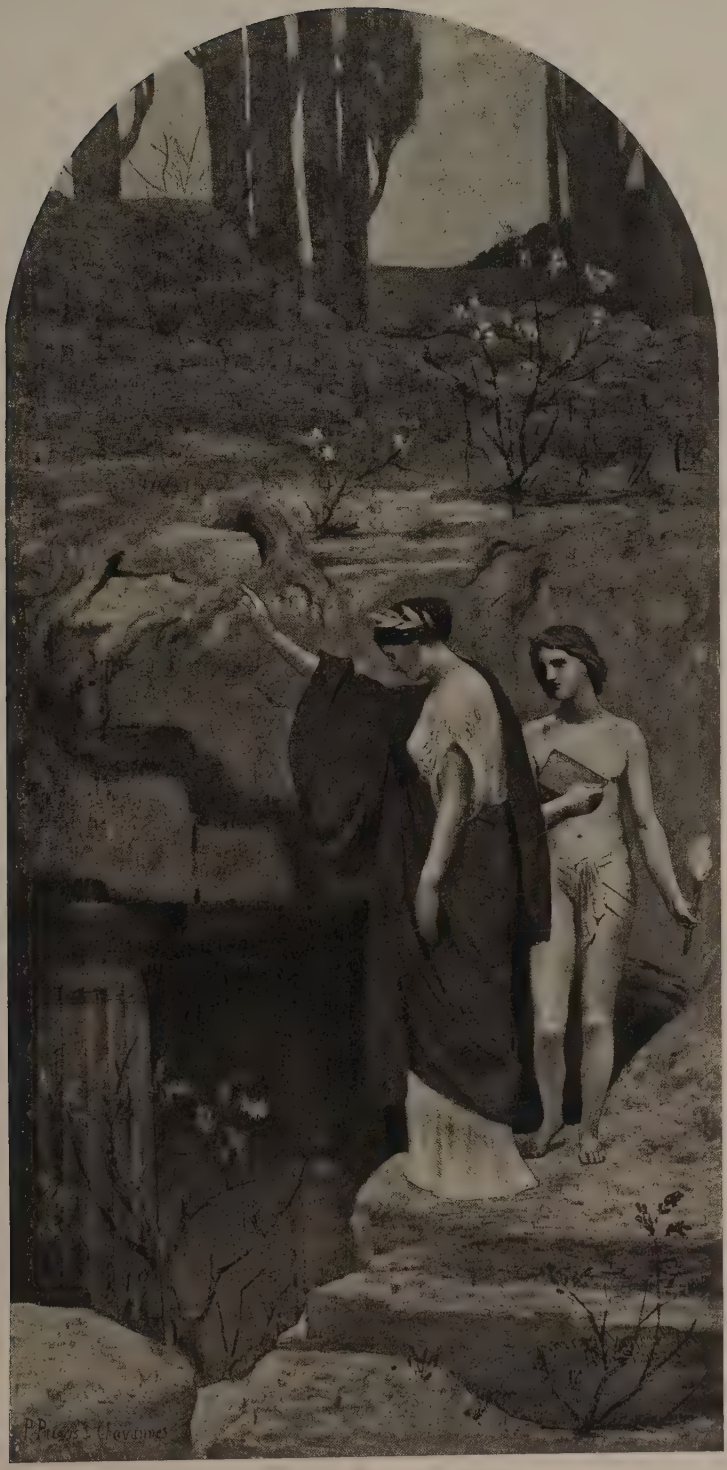
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
PEACE

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
THE SACRED GROVE, DEAR TO THE ARTS AND THE MUSES
PALAIS DES ARTS, LYONS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

FROM A COPLEY PRINT

GHT 1896 BY CURTIS & CAMERON, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
HISTORY
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
HEMICYCLE OF THE SORBONNE
LETTERS, SCIENCES, AND ARTS
SORBONNE, PARIS

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
CHRISTIAN INSPIRATION
PALAIS DES ARTS, LYONS

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
ANTIQUE VISION
PALAIS DES ARTS, LYONS

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
THE POOR FISHERMAN
LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
INTER ARTES ET NATURAM
ROUEN MUSEUM

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES
WINTER
HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Puvis de Chavannes twice painted his own portrait, once as a young man, and once, toward the close of his life, for the collection of portraits of the Florence Uffizi. He was also painted at full-length by his friend Léon Bonnat; and the sculptor Rodin made a bust of him; but none of these likenesses seemed to his friends as characteristic as his photographs; and a photograph has accordingly been selected for reproduction here. His appearance is described in the biographical sketch which follows.

Pierre-Cécile Puvis de Chavannes

BORN 1824: DIED 1898
FRENCH SCHOOL

PIERRE-CÉCILE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES (pronounced Pü-vees de Sha-van), son of an old Burgundian family which took pride in tracing its history back to the year 1152, was born at Lyons, where his father was a mining engineer, on the fourteenth of December, 1824. The boy was educated at the college of Lyons, and at the Lycée Henri VI. in Paris; and it was planned that he should follow his father's profession. He was accordingly preparing to enter the Polytechnic School when a serious illness interrupted his studies, and, as a measure of recovery, he made a journey into Italy. Although this was purely a youthful pleasure-trip, the sight of the Italian works of art opened a new horizon to his imagination. On his return to France he declared his wish to become a painter; and at the age of twenty entered the studio of Henri Scheffer in Paris.

Here he profited little, however, working without real interest; and soon discouraged, he discontinued his studies and made a second journey to Italy, this time accompanied by a comrade, Beauderon de Vermeron, an enthusiastic artist. During this year of travel Puvis de Chavannes studied much, admiring especially, according to his own statement, the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and, above all, of Paul Veronese. He moreover felt his previous decision to take up art as a profession confirmed; and on his return to Paris, entered the studio of Eugène Delacroix.

His stay there was, however, brief. Delacroix's vogue as a teacher had already waned; his pupils were one by one slipping away; and just fifteen days after Puvis de Chavannes entered the studio the master himself closed the doors of his atelier. The vagrant young art-student next chose Couture as his instructor; but remained under him only three months, for he found himself out of sympathy with Couture's methods. One of his former comrades has described the incident which led to his quitting the studio. One overcast morning Puvis de Chavannes was doing his best to render the silvery harmonies of the model's flesh in the gray light, when Couture, on his round of criticism, stopped before the canvas, grumbled, frowned, and taking his

pupil's palette mixed a tone for the lights according to his own stereotyped formula — white, Naples yellow, vermilion, and cobalt — and with a few touches altered the entire color-scheme of the study. "What, Monsieur Couture," cried Puvis de Chavannes, in amazement, "is that the way you really see the model?" and after that day's session he never returned to the atelier.

After leaving Couture, Puvis de Chavannes apparently abandoned all idea of educating himself in the usual fashion under a master; and in 1852 installed himself in that studio in the Place Pigalle which he quitted only in 1897, and began that long, uneventful career of daily toil which was to continue till his death. He organized a group of friends who, like himself, were desirous of painting from the living model, into a sort of communal academy, and for a few years these young men, bound together by warm friendships, taught each other the technique of painting by mutual criticism and the long discussions about art which followed each day's work.

Meantime he had succeeded in having one picture, a 'Pietà,' accepted at the Salon of 1850; but for nine years thereafter his pictures were invariably refused. In no wise discouraged by these repeated rebuffs, however, or shaken in his faith in himself or his ideals, Puvis de Chavannes sent the rejected canvases to the private exhibitions organized in the Galeries Bonne-Nouvelle in 1852 and the two following years. The public went to these exhibitions, but only to laugh at his pictures. A few far-sighted critics, Théophile Gautier among them, defended and encouraged the indomitable young artist; but for the most part he was attacked or ridiculed on every side. He painted away, nevertheless, producing easel-pictures of many different types, in which were reflected, in somewhat exaggerated and incoherent fashion, the influences of the masters whose works he had studied at the Louvre and in Italy.

It was not till 1859, when he was thirty-five years old, that he succeeded in again gaining admittance to the Salon. Five years previously his brother had built a country house in which the blank panels of the dining-room "tempted him," as he expressed it; and, for his own amusement, he painted for these spaces the inevitable four seasons, together with a large central composition. "One of these subjects," he says, "I repainted on a larger scale for the Salon of 1859, calling it 'Return from Hunting.' It was accepted; and so delighted was I that I presented the picture to the Museum of Marseilles; and it occurred to me that something might be done in this mural style of painting." As a result, the two pictures, 'Peace' and 'War,' which Puvis de Chavannes submitted to the Salon jury of 1861, though intended for no particular building since he had no commissions, were distinctly mural in character. They were accepted; his work for the first time was seriously discussed by the critics; he was awarded a medal of the second class, and the government purchased 'Peace.' Not wishing to see the companion panels separated however, the painter presented the authorities with 'War.' These two pictures are important in the career of Puvis de Chavannes, for they not only mark the turning of his attention almost exclusively henceforward to mural work, but give evidence that he had already fixed upon that ideal of decorative painting which he continued to develop during the remainder of his life.

Taking advantage of the prominence into which the purchase of his 'Peace' by the state had brought his works, he exhibited in 1863 two similar companion panels, entitled 'Work' and 'Rest.' These were widely praised, but there was no offer to purchase them, and they were returned to the painter's studio.

It seemed merely a happy chance which enabled him to realize his dream of seeing these compositions utilized as he had intended them to be, and brought about a general recognition of his preëminence as a mural painter. The city of Amiens, conjointly with the Society of Antiquaries of Picardy, happened at this time to be building a museum; and one day the architect, Diet, presented himself at Puvis de Chavannes' studio. "I saw your pictures 'Peace' and 'War' in the Salon of 1861," he said, "and was much impressed by them. If you have not yet sold them, I think I can place them for you in the new Musée de Picardie, where there are large wall spaces to cover. What has become of them?" The painter answered that they belonged to the state, but that the authorities had not yet made any disposition of them. "Good," replied Diet, "I will immediately see to it that the city of Amiens applies to have them given to the museum." The request was granted; and when the pictures were set in place their splendid mural effectiveness was immediately apparent. Delighted at this unexpected stroke of fortune, the painter offered to complete the decoration at his own cost, and presented the museum with four subsidiary panels.

Not long after, Diet returned to Puvis de Chavannes' studio to say that two more mural paintings were now needed to adorn the main staircase of the museum. "Have you, by good luck," he asked, "as you had before, something that will serve my purpose?" For answer the painter unearthed from a corner two immense rolls of canvas. "Have I what you want!" he exclaimed. "Here they are—my two pictures of last year's Salon, 'Work' and 'Rest.' They are of the same dimensions as 'War' and 'Peace,' and were executed to accompany them. If they suit you I shall be delighted." As the city of Amiens had not at the time available funds for the purchase of these works, the painter presented them to the museum; but so effective did they prove when in place that the administration at once ordered a new composition for the same building. This, under the title of 'Ave Picardia Nutrix,' was exhibited at the Salon of 1865. It produced a marked and widespread sensation; and from this time on Puvis de Chavannes' position as a mural decorator was assured.

Henceforth his life was devoted to fulfilling commissions to decorate important municipal buildings, every successive work bringing him fuller appreciation and increased fame. In 1868 he painted 'Marseilles, Gate of the East,' and in 1869 'Marseilles, Greek Colony,' for the Palais de Longchamp at Marseilles; in 1872 'St. Radegunda at the Convent of Sainte-Croix,' and in 1874 'Charles Martel, Conqueror of the Saracens,' for the Poitiers Hôtel de Ville. In 1877 he finished two pictures which illustrate the childhood of St. Geneviève for the Paris Panthéon; in 1882 he exhibited the 'Ludus pro Patria,' which completed his work in Amiens and gained him the medal of honor.

Between 1884 and 1887 he painted, to decorate the Palais des Arts of his native city, Lyons, 'The Sacred Grove,' 'Antique Vision,' and 'Christian Inspiration.' In 1889 he finished for the new lecture-hall of the Paris Sorbonne the allegory of the 'Letters, Sciences, and Arts' (usually known as the 'Sorbonne Hemicycle'), which perhaps ranks as, upon the whole, his greatest achievement· and in honor of it he was made Commander of the Legion of Honor.

In 1890, at the time of the schism in the old Salon, Puvis de Chavannes followed Meissonier in his withdrawal, and with him founded the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, known as the New Salon, which then began its annual exhibitions in the Champ-de-Mars. After Meissonier's death, in 1891, he became president of this society, and held the office till his death.

For the Museum of Rouen Puvis de Chavannes next painted, between 1890 and 1892, three compositions, 'Inter Artes et Naturam,' 'Pottery,' and 'Ceramics'; and between 1889 and 1893 he completed for the reception-hall of the Paris Hôtel de Ville two large canvases representing 'Winter' and 'Summer,' and a large ceiling painting, 'Victor Hugo Offering his Lyre to the City of Paris.'

By this time the great qualities of his work had come to be widely appreciated, and the apogee of his fame was marked on the sixteenth of January, 1895, the beginning of his seventy-first year, by a great public banquet given to him in Paris. At this banquet there were present nearly five hundred of the most eminent men in France—painters, litterateurs, critics, and public officials—who joined in paying enthusiastic tribute to the genius of one who was now everywhere acclaimed as the world's greatest living mural painter.

In 1891 the trustees of the Boston Public Library, Boston, Massachusetts, requested Puvis de Chavannes to decorate the monumental staircase of that building, and offered him 200,000 francs (by far the largest price he had ever received) for the work, which was to comprise one large painting and eight smaller panels. The negotiations hung fire for some time, however; and in his letters Puvis de Chavannes makes frequent references to the matter. In one he writes: "As to the pictures for Boston, we are still discussing, and I am afraid that the whole matter will fall through. Moreover the work does not tempt me, for I thirst for rest." He finally accepted the commission, nevertheless, and the pictures, begun in 1895, were finished in 1897.

Meantime, in 1896, the Administration of Fine Arts in Paris had ordered two further works for the Panthéon, which, under the general title of 'The Old Age of St. Geneviève,' were to show 'St. Geneviève Provisioning Besieged Paris' and 'St. Geneviève Watching over Sleeping Paris,' supplementing those representing the 'Childhood of St. Geneviève' painted nearly twenty years earlier. Before he had finished these works, however, Puvis de Chavannes was striken by the approach of his last illness; but with characteristic determination he continued to labor on them up to the last moment when his hand could hold a brush; and they were practically completed at his death.

In person Puvis de Chavannes was tall and of robust figure, his head well set on broad shoulders, his complexion rich in color, his eyes clear, his nose strong, his wavy beard lightly shadowing delicate lips above a vigorous chin.

His private life was unusually uneventful, for immediately after leaving Couture's atelier he had begun that daily round of intense and isolated labor which left him little time for outside activities. He had two studios, the one already mentioned in the Place Pigalle, which his apartments adjoined, and here he used to plan out and make the sketches for his compositions. The other was an immense, bare hall, plainly built of wood, situated in the middle of the park of Neuilly, where in seclusion he did the actual work on his immense canvases. His friends and familiars were admitted to the Place Pigalle studio up to nine o'clock in the morning; but they were then politely but inflexibly sent away, and the painter began his day's work here, or left on foot for the Neuilly atelier, some three and a half miles distant.

He demanded absolute liberty as to the conception of his pictures, refusing several commissions which he would otherwise have been glad to undertake because the subject imposed was not to his taste; and he would permit no criticism or interference with his work in progress, indeed not even allowing it to be inspected, for he felt that the first condition of success in art was that the artist should be wholly himself.

He was enabled to maintain this independent attitude, as it had been possible for him to go on striving towards what was then an unpopular ideal during all the years when his pictures were the laughing-stock of criticism, only because of the income from a patrimony. Indeed, he often took pleasure in relating how when a lad at school he had once exchanged a rude drawing with a fellow pupil for a bit of bread; adding, "It was one of the rare occasions in my life when my art nourished me."

The apparent imperturbability with which he received the attacks of the critics during his early years, joined to his natural self-sufficiency and philosophical calmness of demeanor, led those who did not know him to consider him thick-skinned and unimpressionable. On the contrary, few artists have been so sensitive, either to praise or blame. He broke off all relations with his former close friend, Edmond About, because of what he considered About's traitorous criticism of his work; and his biographer and warm admirer, Vachon, tells how on one occasion the painter proposed that all relations between them should cease, since Vachon had said that he preferred the decorations at Amiens to those of the Panthéon, which Puvis de Chavannes considered a reflection upon his progress. Vachon also relates that once while showing some ladies, with the greatest apparent politeness, one of the compositions in his studio, their silly comments, to which he could not reply, threw Puvis de Chavannes into such an inward rage that he drove his nails into the palms of his hands until they bled. He was wont to say, "When I exhibit a picture I seem to be setting myself up naked before all the world." He was thoroughly bound up in his work, and took but luke-warm interest in anything which did not relate to it. "It may be said of him quite justly," writes his biographer, "that his egoism was superb;" and it was quite seri-

ously that he replied to the indiscreet reporter who asked him what painter he preferred, by a laconic "myself."

In spite of his isolated habits of labor, Puvis de Chavannes was, however, no recluse, and cared for solitude only in his studio. He delighted in all the pleasures of life, and was particularly fond of those of the table. Although from the beginning of his career he had accustomed himself to eat but once a day, at seven o'clock in the evening, breakfasting at midday in his studio merely upon a cup of tea and a bit of bread without interrupting his work, his dinner, usually taken in company with pupils or friends at some public restaurant, was an affair of importance, and a highly jovial occasion.

The greatest personal influence in his life was undoubtedly that of the woman who ultimately became his wife, the Princess Marie Cantacuzène. He first met her in his thirtieth year, and from this time on he loved her "as," says his biographer, "Michelangelo might have loved Vittoria Colonna." She, on her part, attached herself to the young painter with all the tenderness and devotion which a friendship based upon high esteem and mutual confidence could inspire; and he was wont to say that he owed everything to her—everything that he was and everything that he had accomplished. She soon became the confidant of his ideals and work; and from her and from her alone would he accept, without discussion, council and criticism. During the preparation of a picture she was accustomed to sit reading or working in a corner of the studio, and when he had sketched out a personage or arranged a group, he would ask her opinion of it. Her response put an end to all his hesitations and perplexities on that point. She often sat for figures for which professional models could not pose as the master desired; and in his Panthéon picture of 'St. Geneviève Watching over Sleeping Paris' Puvis de Chavannes has reproduced her likeness in the austere and nunlike figure and grave, sweet beauty of the saint's face.

Two years before his death Puvis de Chavannes fell gravely, it was feared fatally, ill. He was devotedly nursed by the Princess Cantacuzène; and when, in 1897, he became convalescent, they were married. She herself was, however, in precarious health at the time; and when, a year afterwards, in August, 1898, she died, life seemed to hold no further aim for him and it became evident that he would not long survive her. He died but two months later, on the twenty-fourth of October, 1898.—BASED ON THE LIFE OF PUVIS DE CHAVANNES BY MARIUS VACHON

The Art of Puvis de Chavannes

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE 'REVUE DES DEUX MONDES' 1898

SINCE that day in 1854 when he invaded his brother's dining-room that he might find a place for those decorative figures which would not have been welcomed in any other house in France, up to the time when he died

the most famous mural painter in the world, Puvis de Chavannes' ideal remained the same. For forty years he persistently pursued this ideal, seeking ever more and more for the serene, decorative line, dignified gesture, immobile attitude, clear, calm, lovely color; painting anecdote less and less; making his landscapes ever more and more simple, his figures more and more abstractions, his symbolism higher and finer. Without attention to the clamor about him he walked straight forward like a somnambulist, allured by a light which he alone could see, but which he to-day has brought a whole nation to see.

Puvis de Chavannes has too recently laid down his brush to make it possible for us to decide how posterity will judge his work. The failings in it will soon enough be brought to light by his imitators—for like Michelangelo he might have exclaimed, "How many painters will my work shipwreck!" —while the best qualities of his achievement were personal and intransmissible. Even at this close range, however, we may discern one lack in his equipment. He never completely realized beauty of form for its own sake. His drawing is full of little errors. Even where most correct it has no security; even where most exact, no freedom. Not one of his foreshortenings is beautiful, some of them are even preposterous, and certain of his figures, that of the child in 'The Poor Fisherman,' for an example, cannot be defended on any pretext. The construction of his personages is almost always uncertain; their necks are often attached so far forward as to throw the head out like that of a humpback; their arms, overlong from shoulder to elbow, are singularly detached from the torso;—indeed, we feel like putting little points of interrogation as to the drawing all over his pictures. To reply that this weakness was actually of service to him by leading him to substitute more effective qualities may be true; but to deny, as his followers have done, that it *was* a weakness seems futile. "What appear to be errors in drawing," they repeat, "are mere simplifications. Tracing upon a vast canvas, intended to be seen from a distance, decorative figures meant to express very general ideas, he wished to draw only what was absolutely necessary, only the most general indication." Unquestionably a proper principle, this nevertheless hardly seems to excuse errors in design. Simplify all movement, all modeling, all attitude to the uttermost, the resulting abstract should, nevertheless, be a true abstract, not a false one. One line may be sufficient to indicate a shoulder-blade, but this line should be exactly where the shoulder-blade ends, not elsewhere; the drawing of an arm may be reduced to two lines, but these two lines should be of rigorously correct proportions. If the theory of simplification were, moreover, to account for Puvis de Chavannes' errors in drawing, we should logically find those errors greatest where he had simplified most; but exactly the contrary is the case: his errors are greatest where he goes into most detail. The arm of the woman with the basket in 'Autumn' might, for example, be much less muscled, less anatomized, less curved than it is, and yet be far more correct in drawing. We cannot admit that had Puvis de Chavannes' sense of form been of a higher order his work need thereby have been in any wise diminished in effect, though such is the

conclusion to which some of his over-fervent admirers would lead us. If the portico of 'The Sacred Grove' had been better constructed, the cloister in 'Christian Inspiration' set in better perspective, the figures in the 'Antique Vision' have had the height which belonged to their respective planes, wherein would the beauty of the whole have been lessened?

We have insisted upon Puvis de Chavannes' one salient weakness more than its importance in his work perhaps deserves, in protest against that hasty generalization which would transfigure the defects of any great man into merits. But, on the other hand, in grasp of the principles of mural decorative art, in composition, and in color, we may pronounce him without reserve or hesitation a master.

He was the first painter of modern days to understand how carefully true decorative art must accommodate itself to the conditions of light, tonality, and surroundings of the space to be decorated, and that between the essentials of wall-painting and of easel-painting there are fundamental and insuperable differences. Year by year we see him coming to acknowledge these differences more clearly. He early recognized that it was necessary to banish from a wall all realism, all attempt to convince the eye that the painted thing was real; and he soon came to class with this, as another form of deception to be avoided, all violent effects of light and shade which deceive the eye as to the flatness and solidity of that wall. Therefore he grew to avoid complex and huddled groups of figures, since such figures could not be relieved against one another without strong shadows, and relief against relief must necessarily produce salience of effect, and spaced his figures more and more widely, setting them separately in empty spaces, or arranging them in parallel planes which do not intersect, but sweep straight from one side of the picture to the other. Indeed, this trick of composing in a series of well-marked parallel planes, each of which is maintained at its own depth throughout the canvas, is one of the most marked characteristics of his work. Hesitating in his first pictures, we see the method adhered to more closely in each successive composition, and finally affirmed in the 'Ludus pro Patria' and in the Sorbonne Hemicycle.

He perceived, too, that in mural paintings, which must be long at a time before the spectator during public ceremonials or during the daily business of those who frequent the buildings they adorn, there should be no restless gesticulations, no unstable equilibriums, no rapid movements, but the aim should be instead to offer a quiet refuge to the eye. And much of this reposeful effect he obtains by his use of landscapes. He first of all produces the idea of symmetry and order in them by alinements of similar tree trunks of the same diameter; his groves are regularly and discreetly ornamental. Next, they always convey a sense of pleasant ease and leisure. They are of the soft greensward, or placid sea, or shady boscage, or fertile plain; he shows us no rebellious nature.

Like the Preraphaelite landscapists, he suppressed the sky as much as possible, but did so by raising the horizon line—a modern proceeding. Another curious mixture in his methods is that his backgrounds are modern—

vague, hazy, almost impressionistic—while his foregrounds are primitive, with the littlest flowers or each leaf of a shrub delicately and carefully detailed. He had but two fashions of rendering foliage, either massing it all in a block, as in the 'Summer' and in many of his backgrounds, or drawing each leaf separately in the fashion of the primitives, as in 'The Sacred Grove' or the Sorbonne Hemicycle.

To rank Puvis de Chavannes as above all a landscapist and colorist may seem a startling conclusion, yet I believe that it is because of his landscapes and his coloring that he will be most highly esteemed in time to come. Imagine the figures of, say, the 'Winter' or of 'The Sacred Grove' deprived of their landscapes and set against a plain background, and ask yourself how much of their poetry would remain. On the other hand, it is very easy to imagine 'The Sacred Grove' without its muses or the 'Winter' without its wood-choppers, and they would still be magnificent landscapes in which the poetry would be but little diminished. In these works at least the landscapes give the figures their effectiveness and their harmony.

Harmony! Yes, in a last analysis, it is in its harmony that the great charm of Puvis de Chavannes' work resides; and how much of its harmony does it not owe to that pallid scheme of coloring which on the walls of the Salon makes one of his canvases seem so thin and watery beside the violent trumpet-blasts of tone of our romantic painters? But observe the same painting in its place, on the wall of the Panthéon, for example, and here, beside its pale pastel-like grays and greens and violets, the brilliant pictures of the other decorators seem to explode like fireworks. Their color sings loudly, shrilly, while that of Puvis de Chavannes chants a solemn psalmody fitting for the temple. Their figures seem to start out of the wall or to shrink back into it, or to have been partially immured there by some ill-willed sorcerer and to be making desperate gestures to escape, while his appear to have been born of the stone and the architecture, and to have as little of the transitory or accidental about them as the pillars that enframe them.

And if, turning from the outward aspect to the underlying meaning, from the body to the spirit of his pictures, we ask what is their inner signification, what they have to give us beside a harmony of visual shapes and colors, I think we shall find that they exhale, as their chief influence, a sense of calm that I can find no other adjective so fit to qualify as "holy." They suggest something grander, higher, calmer, than anything they show, evoking the idea of some idyllic communal life and of a super-earthly peace. On the day of his death some one called Puvis de Chavannes "the peace-bringer."

—FROM THE FRENCH

MARIUS VACHON 'PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'

THE evolution of form and the evolution of color in the work of Puvis de Chavannes progressed with equal steps. In his first mural canvases, at Amiens, he painted the figures direct from the living model upon the final canvas. This method naturally led to a specific quality and detail in faces, gestures, and attitudes which militated against that subordination and unity

which mural conditions should impose. Each figure seemed too anxious to make an individual and striking impression, careless whether a neighboring figure suffered by contrast. Moreover, still inspired by his reminiscences of the old masters or by various contemporary painters, he was afraid of no tone or shade, and colored solidly and spottily in vivid tones of red, blue, yellow, and green.

But as he grew to understand better the requirements of his chosen work, he little by little abandoned the painting of "bits," and no longer conceived or executed a decorative canvas except as a whole; working not direct from the model, but following the guidance of a single carefully worked out sketch, only the elements of which were the result of numerous preliminary studies from nature. Gradually he omitted details, and subdued all forms, attitudes, and gestures that might attract individual attention. He did not turn his back on naturalism, but his naturalism became of the broader kind which discards the particular type in favor of the general type. Finally, every figure was conceived and executed merely with the object of realizing a general decorative scheme; its individual beauty, no matter how great, was sacrificed whenever it did not contribute to the beauty of the group, and the beauty of the group was sacrificed whenever it did not contribute to the beauty of the whole.

And just as in design he sacrificed the individual to the group, so he felt the necessity of making his schemes of color subservient also, and of giving each figure or object not an individual color but the color necessary to harmonize, first with its environment, second with the canvas as a whole, and finally with the surroundings of the painting when in place. Of this last requirement he was particularly studious. "The care to make his painting perfectly harmonious with the place and the wall it was to decorate," writes Ph. de Chennevières, "never ceased to occupy him during the entire progress of a work. Never did he enter the Panthéon while he was engaged on the paintings for it without again assuring himself of the general hue of the stone by comparison with a little sample that he always carried in his pocket."

Therefore, all strongly individual colors, such as crimsons and vivid yellows, either disappeared from his paintings, or were allowed to remain only in very diminished tones; and he availed himself more and more of light and tender hues—grays, violets, gray-greens, blues, and especially of white—all luminous colors which, as it were, rather radiate than absorb light. As a result his canvases seemed bathed in a calm glow; a radiance so natural, however, and in such harmonious accord with the surrounding illumination, that only on examination do we discover how very luminous it is.—FROM THE FRENCH

KENYON COX 'MODERN FRENCH MASTERS'

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES' art has been said to be the negation of everything that has always been counted art, and to be based on the omission of drawing, modeling, light and shade, and even color. On the other hand, his admirers think him a master of drawing in his own style, and certainly a master of color. To explain these seeming contradictions; to show the

reason of the omissions in his work, which do not arise from ignorance, but are distinctly wilful; to exhibit his qualities, and give a reason for the hearty admiration that many of us feel for him—this is the difficult task before me.

To begin with, one must remember that Puvis de Chavannes is above all things a decorator, that his work cannot be properly judged except in place. It does not show to good advantage in an exhibition, where it is necessarily placed in contrast with works done on radically different principles; but I have seldom seen one of his decorations in the surroundings for which it was intended without being struck with its fitness and the perfection with which it served its purpose. His 'Poor Fisherman,' hung as an easel-picture among other easel-pictures in the Luxembourg, seems almost ludicrous. It was said of Millet's peasants that they were too poor to afford folds in their garments; here the poverty seems even more abject, and drawing and color seem equally beyond its resources. Transfer the contest to his own ground, however, and see how Puvis de Chavannes in his turn triumphs over those who, in a gallery, utterly crush him by their greater strength and brilliancy of technique. Go to the Panthéon and look at the mural pictures executed there by many of the foremost of the French painters, and I think you will feel that there is just one of them that looks like a true decoration, exactly fitted for the place it occupies and the architecture that surrounds it, and that that one is Puvis de Chavannes'. . . . Here his drawing, with all its omissions, seems austere and noble; and his pale tints, which have been called the denial of color, look here like the only true color, absolute in harmony, a part of the building itself—the delicate efflorescence, as it were, of the gray walls. . . .

Of course it would be easy to explain this, in the way of the average critic, by loose talk about feeling and sentiment and the rest; but for those of us who believe that there is no result without means, that the important thing is not what the artist feels, but what he expresses, and that all expression must be by technical methods, so that there is no good art which is not technically good—for us such an explanation is no explanation. The feeling and the sentiment are there, and I shall have something to say about them presently; but they have not got upon the wall by miracle, but by the use of means to that end; and when we find Puvis de Chavannes magnificently successful where others fail, we begin to ask ourselves if it is not, perhaps, *because* of his apparent shortcomings, rather than in spite of them, that he succeeds, and whether what seem like technical defects are not really, for his purpose, technical merits.

If this is the case, one would expect to find that the extreme simplicity of his latter style was acquired, and that he reached it by a series of eliminations; and one has only to go to the museum at Amiens to convince one's self of the truth of this surmise. 'War' and 'Peace,' his first trials at grand decorative art, are in many ways singularly unlike the Puvis de Chavannes of his later years. They show little or nothing of the stiffness, the lack of accent, the flatness and the paleness of color that we associate with his name. They are the work of a good pupil of the schools, showing already something of decorative talent, but rather turbulent in composition, well drawn in an aca-

demic style, and painted with full modeling and with an almost overstrong light and shade. They are not the work of a master of realism, but they are realistic in method up to a certain point. There is in 'Peace' the back of a female figure engaged in milking a goat, which is a very good bit of flesh-painting, white and plump, with redundant modeling and nearly black shadows. The "bits" are better painted, in their way, than anything he has done since, but the general effect is spotty and unquiet; the pictures *cut through*, and you do not feel the flatness of the wall. The great law of decoration is that the ornament should set off and embellish, but never disguise, the thing ornamented; and in mural painting this thing is the wall, and its essential qualities of flatness and extent should be accentuated, not concealed. Look now at the pictures painted two years later, 'Work' and 'Rest,' and see how Puvis de Chavannes is learning this lesson. The drawing is even more able than in 'War' and 'Peace,' but the light and shade are much more subordinated, and inside their outlines the figures are nearly flat. The landscape, too, is kept in simpler and flatter masses, though with some beautiful detail. Individual figures are singularly lovely, some of them as classically beautiful as the work of Ingres, not to say of Raphael.

If you have once studied and understood these compositions, you will never believe that the apparent absence of form in Puvis de Chavannes' later work is other than intentional. Take one step more, and regard the vast composition called 'Ave Picardia Nutrix,' and you will begin to see that the individual beauties of 'Work' and 'Rest' are too prominent, that you have noticed too much this back and the other arm, and that things charming in themselves may nevertheless be prejudicial to the general effect—that it is possible for the decoration to be better while the details are less noticeably perfect. Nothing could be finer in large decorative effect and general balance, and no one part forces itself upon your attention, yet individual figures are exquisitely beautiful in their slightly simplified but adequate drawing. The color is quiet and less strong than in earlier work, but not without fullness and beauty. Opposite it stands the 'Ludus pro Patria' of fifteen years later, and, looking from one to the other, one may be pardoned for wondering if the process of simplification and omission has not gone too far. The effect is as fine, perhaps, as in the 'Ave Picardia Nutrix'; but one misses the charm of detail and the refinement of form. Discarding our modern realism, Puvis de Chavannes has gone back as far as Raphael. Was it necessary to go further? Simplicity is good, but does it entail so much sacrifice? Perhaps not; for there is more than one way of attaining decorative effect, and Veronese and Raphael were great decorators as well as Giotto.

The titles of two of his great paintings at Lyons give a hint of the elements of his artistic nature: 'Vision Antique—Symbol de la Forme' and 'Inspiration Chrétienne—Symbol du Sentiment,' as the catalogue of the Salon has it. A desire for Greek simplicity and grandeur, a desire for Gothic sentiment and directness of expression—these two desires pushed him forward to new and ever new suppressions of the useless, the insignificant, the cumbrous. He came to leave out not only every detail that might in-

terfere with the effect of the whole, but every detail that was not absolutely necessary to the expression of the whole. He eliminated now for the sake of perfect clarity and now for the sake of quaint simplicity. On the classic side his highest expression is perhaps in 'The Sacred Grove.' Could the sense of idyllic peace and noble tranquillity be more perfectly rendered? At first sight the drawing may seem simple and almost childish, and one may think it easy to do the like; but there is the knowledge of a lifetime in these grand lines, and they are simple only as a Greek statue is simple. There are antique figures that look almost wooden in their lack of detail and of fleshy modeling, and yet in which the more you know the more you shall find, until you are astonished at the learning which neglected nothing while omitting so much.

Giotto and Fra Angelico have also had their influence on Puvis de Chavannes, and he has felt, as have so many others, the wonderful effect of their rigidly simple works. Doubtless they were decorative by instinct, and simple because they knew no better, and left out facts which they had never learned to put in. Is that a reason why a modern painter may not learn their lesson, and knowingly sacrifice much that we have learned, and which they never knew, for the sake of attaining their clearness and directness of expression? The system is capable of abuse, as imitators of Puvis de Chavannes have shown us; and one must be very sincere and very earnest not to make an empty parody. It is not enough to leave out the unessential; one must have something essential to say. Puvis de Chavannes, at his best, is absolutely grand and absolutely sincere; and while he sacrifices, it is for the sake of expressing a lofty and pure sentiment in a chastened but all the more effective style.

But, besides the admirer of the Greeks and of the primitives, there is also in Puvis de Chavannes the man of this latter end of the nineteenth century, of the epoch of impressionism and the school of *plein air*. Nothing is more curious in the history of art than the way in which the continued study of chiaroscuro has brought modern painting back by a devious route to the shadelessness of the primitives. The early painters had no light and shade, as the Japanese have none. After all other possibilities of light and shade had been exhausted, the artists of our day began to study the model out-of-doors in gray daylight, and lo! the effect is almost that of the early frescos, but with a difference. There is almost as little shade, but there is more study of values—that is, of the exact relative degree of light or dark of each object as compared with other objects and with the sky. In the use of this truth of value Puvis de Chavannes has added something new to the art of decorative painting, and in this and in his study of landscape he is singularly modern. His earlier backgrounds are entirely classic, but gradually landscape occupies a greater and greater place in his work. In the 'Ludus pro Patria' the landscape is the really important thing, and the figures are more or less incidental; and this is even truer of other compositions, such as the great landscapes called 'Summer' and 'Winter,' in the Paris Hôtel de Ville. In these the figures are relatively of little more importance than in many a painting by Corot, and they are real landscape pictures, as I have called them. Of course depth and mystery and the illu-

sion of light are not sought by the painter, who is decorator first and landscapist afterward; the foregrounds are much conventionalized and detail is eliminated. He remains the simplifier in landscape as in the figure; but the essentials of landscape are studied with wonderful thoroughness, and for tone, value, color, and large form, no modern landscape is better than that of Puvis de Chavannes. . . .

Of course the work of no man remains always at its highest level, and it is hard for any one to escape the defects of his qualities. After the long training in elimination, what wonder if the master sometimes seems oblivious of the things he has so striven to subordinate, and if there are passages in some of his latest work where drawing ceases to be simplified and becomes falsified? You will find now and again in his pictures an ankle or a wrist that is out of drawing, feeble, and boneless, or a body that is ill-constructed and wrongly put together. He who has learned to forget has sometimes forgotten too much.

A classicist of the classicists, a primitive of the primitives, a modern of the moderns, Puvis de Chavannes is, above all, an individual and original artist, and to copy his methods would be to learn ill the lesson he teaches. His style is indissolubly bound up with his message; his manner is the only one fit to express what he alone has to say. It would be but an ill-fitting, second-hand garment for another. But let us learn from him that imitation is not art, that the whole is greater than the parts, and that art in service is the freest art and the noblest. All fact and all research are grist to the mill of art, but they are not bread until ground and kneaded and baked. I, for one, believe that the day of mere fact and of mere research is nearly ended, and the day of the isolated easel-picture, too. We are already taking the first steps even here in America; and before very long we shall have come back to the old true notion that the highest aim of art is to make some useful thing beautiful. Art will again enter that service which is for it the most perfect freedom, and as the highest aim of the painter will be to beautify the walls of the temples and palaces of the people, so the highest name he will give himself will be that of "decorator."

The Works of Puvis de Chavannes

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE CHILDHOOD OF ST. GENEVIÈVE' . . PLATE I

THIS picture in the Panthéon, or Church of St. Geneviève, Paris, is based upon the following legend: "In the year CDXXIX St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Loup, Bishop of Troyes, journeying on their way into England there to combat the Pelagian heresy, arrived in the environs of Nanterre; and amongst those who ran to greet them was a child upon whose countenance St. Germanus saw the sign of God's hand. He greeted her, and foretold to her parents her high destiny." This child was St. Geneviève, who was to become the patron saint of Paris.

The picture is divided by columns into three panels. In the right panel, among other figures, women are milking a cow for the thirsty travelers; in the left boatmen have drawn to the bank the skiff on which the bishops are to embark, while behind a sick man is borne from his hut to receive their healing touch. The central panel, shown in plate I, depicts St. Germanus with St. Loup beside him, laying his hand upon the head of the child Geneviève, while her parents listen to his words with awed faces, and all about kneel the reverent onlookers.

None of Puvis de Chavannes' canvases better illustrates the peculiar qualities of his art—a skill in composition so perfect that no thought of artifice enters the spectator's mind; the simple breadth of execution; the impressiveness of the landscape background which seems indissolubly linked with the scene which it enframes and completes; the attainment of a marvelous luminousness of effect through a scheme of pale coloring, which has here the exquisite delicacy of a pastel in its scale of blues, violets, pale rose, and mauve, till it seems hardly more than the iridescence of the white stone which surrounds it; and, above all, the mood-inspiring quality of the whole.

'PEACE' PLATE II

THIS picture, first exhibited at the Salon of 1861, together with its companion subject, 'War,' was one of Puvis de Chavannes' earliest essays in mural decoration. It was purchased by the state, and later presented to the Musée de Picardie, at Amiens, which it now adorns. It is an idyl, heroic in conception and proportions. The scene is laid in an Arcadian valley, sheltered by rocky hills and shady groves. Here, war over, the youthful warriors have laid aside their arms to repose on the fresh sward, while fair women bring them the peaceful fruits of the earth. An undraped girl in the foreground milks a goat; another offers grapes to a youth seated by the edge of a stream, and near-by a young warrior dreams of deeds accomplished. About the pink blossoming oleander which marks the center of this group other figures drink or converse; and at the right peasants, led by a girl, bring baskets of fruits across a running brook. On the other side of the composition horses are tethered in the shade, and their masters join in peaceful sports.

A comparison of this early canvas with those of later date shown in the other plates of the present number will clearly exhibit Puvis de Chavannes' progress in mural art. His composition, here somewhat huddled and restless, becomes simpler and more widely spaced; contrasts of light and shade give place to pale, even illumination; the drawing both of figures and landscape is reduced to broad elementary lines; all striking "bits" are sacrificed; and the whole is flattened, clarified, and simplified.

'THE SACRED GROVE, DEAR TO THE ARTS AND THE MUSES' PLATE III

IN this allegory, which adorns the Palais des Arts at Lyons, Puvis de Chavannes has interpreted, after his own characteristic fashion, a subject which, under various titles, has furnished matter for many pictures.

In 'The Sacred Grove,' adorned by a marble portico, hedged in by forests

of olive-trees and ilex and encircled by violet hills, upon the margin of a clear lake which reflects the golden clouds of twilight and the crescent of the new moon, the muses are assembled on a greensward where flowers gleam like stars. Calliope, the muse of poetic inspiration, declaims with stately gesture to her listening sisters; and Euterpe and Thalia, heralding their coming by song and the sound of the lyre, float through the air above. On the right two attendant children are making laurel wreaths.

'HISTORY' PLATE IV

THE only commission that Puvis de Chavannes received for the decoration of any public building outside France came from the United States. Between 1895 and 1897 he painted for the staircase of the newly erected Library of the City of Boston one large composition and eight subsidiary panels. The larger composition is entitled 'The Muses of Inspiration Hail the Spirit, the Harbinger of Light,' and the eight subsidiary panels depict, respectively, 'Dramatic Poetry,' 'Epic Poetry,' 'Pastoral Poetry,' 'Astronomy,' 'Philosophy,' 'Chemistry,' 'Physics,' and 'History.' The last subject is that here reproduced.

In a dull red mantle and white underdress, the muse of History, crowned with a wreath of golden laurel leaves, evokes the past from the buried entrance of an ancient temple. Beside her an attendant genius holds a torch and book. The tones of the hillside in the foreground are russets and browns, merging, where vegetation covers the upper slopes, into grayish greens. On the horizon great trees lift their trunks against a turquoise sky. The panel is dated 1896.

'HEMICYCLE OF THE SORBONNE' PLATE V

THIS immense semicircular composition was painted to adorn the apse of the amphitheatrical lecture-hall, capable of holding three thousand persons, of the Sorbonne, the University of Paris. The subject of the allegory is 'Letters, Sciences, and Arts.'

In the center, dominating the composition, sits the figure of the Sorbonne, while beside her stand youths ready to reward the eminent living and dead with crowns of laurel or branches of palms. From before her throne flows the pure stream of learning, from which youths and an old man drink.

To the left of the Sorbonne, Eloquence declaims, and the groups of women on her left and right represent the various forms of human expression—Poetry, Drama, Satire, Fable, and the like. A group further to the left symbolizes Philosophy under the guise of a discussion about death: a woman in somber garments holds a skull, considering death the end of all things; another in a richer garb holds a flower before her, expressing the idea of the renewal of life; Doubt, a white-haired man, reflects; Spirituality, a woman in the gray dress of a convent, makes a gesture of aspiration. Beyond, a beautiful figure typifies History, to whom a youth, drawing back the branches of a shrub, reveals an antique inscription. The left end of the canvas is filled by workmen excavating an ancient wall, and an old man with written scrolls.

The middle of the right half of the canvas is occupied by a group of the Natural Sciences: Botany, seated, holds a flowering branch upon her knees; next her stand the Sea and the Land, the former bearing a shell, the latter a rock crystal; near them a child, scapel in hand, leans to catch a lizard, while another examines with wonder a vial of microbe culture; and Mineralogy is typified by an old woman leaning upon a rock. To the extreme right the Mathematical Sciences are represented by a group of three students absorbed in a problem of geometry; and behind them ardent youths swear to consecrate their lives to Physics, a veiled figure upon a pedestal.

'CHRISTIAN INSPIRATION' PLATE VI

THIS picture, in the Lyons Palais des Arts, shows the interior of a mediæval cloister. A painter friar, who might be Fra Angelico, has come down from his ladder to study the effect of the last touch he has added to a fresco, while three pupils observe his work with concentrated attention. In the foreground another is busy with a portfolio of sketches, and, behind, a monk hangs a lamp before a shrine of the Madonna, while others talk or meditate. Outside the red-tiled cloister wall a new moon begins to glow in the gold-green evening sky, and the sunset light turns the lonely hillside, with its somber cypresses, to hues of violet. It is the hour when belated travelers ask a night's refuge at the convent gate; and we see monks receiving them and giving alms. The effect of the whole picture is one of twilight hush, tranquillity, and cloistral peace.

'ANTIQUE VISION' PLATE VII

UPON a rocky slope, amid orange and fig trees, are disposed nude or draped figures—a youth playing upon pan-pipes, a girl sporting with a goat, others reclining, or dreaming, or engaged in simple tasks. Above, upon a height, stands the august figure of a Muse holding out to a wondering sculptor a golden mallet and chisel that he may reproduce in marble a white cavalcade of youths, like the Panathenaic procession of the Parthenon frieze, which gallops out along the shore from a grove of pale silver-green olive-trees. Beyond a cliff of amethystine hues rises from an azure sea. Such is the composition of the 'Antique Vision' of the Lyons Palais des Arts.

The landscape plays perhaps the chief part in the charm of this picture; and though Puvis de Chavannes used to smile when its "Hellenic quality" was spoken of, saying bluntly that it was merely a view off the Point of Pharo at Marseilles, it well exhibits his power of casting an ideal glamour over a scene based upon actuality.

'THE POOR FISHERMAN' PLATE VIII

THIS canvas, painted in 1881, and bought by the French government in 1887, now hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris. It is Puvis de Chavannes' best known and most characteristic easel-picture. It was evidently inspired by the painter's frequent visits to the estuary of the Seine near Honfleur, where the desolate beauty of the dunes and the fitness of such a setting

for the lives of the poor fisherfolk who live by hard and uncertain labor upon them impressed him deeply.

The picture shows us a gloomy sky, a waste of gray waters, a flat coast, a boat moored to the shore, and at its bow the poor fisherman, waiting with folded hands for his net to fill. On the bank lies an unswaddled baby; and near-by a girl gathers the sparse flowers. "The whole," writes Prince Karageorgevitch, "is executed with a determined grayness that is hardly pictorial at all—pictorial at least in the sense of illusion; and leaves an impression on the mind as of a tale that has been told—unsubstantial, almost unreal. In its abasement and utter lack of hope the figure of the poor fisherman irresistibly recalls some of the more tragic figures of Millet's peasants."

'INTER ARTES ET NATURAM' PLATE IX

THE setting of this allegory of the Arts and Nature, which decorates the Rouen Museum, is a real scene. In the background we see the curve of the Seine between the Ile Lacroix and Malaunay, while hazy in the blue distance spreads the city of Rouen, crowned with its towers and spires. The figures are disposed upon a terrace, which, though imagined by the artist when the picture was painted, has since been built on the site.

At the left a young girl paints on a plaque of Rouen ware a tulip which another holds before her; a lad with a tray of pottery ready for firing follows the work attentively, while a woman reclining in the foreground watches three workmen who are setting in place architectural fragments of various periods —specimens for some museum. Near the center a young mother bends down an apple bough toward her eager child, and a boy drags a spray of trailing vine to serve as a new motive to the painter of the plaque. On the right three young artists, gathered beneath a tree, discuss the pose of a model, who stands at the extreme left of the canvas, while a fourth, elbow on knee, studies the lines of the growing plants beside him. The whole glows with a serene translucent light. The distance is veiled by luminous bluish haze, the men's garments are of dull grays and blues, the women's gowns are of pale, tender tones, while the blossoms of the iris about the fountain-basin, and small flowers, yellow and white, dot the greensward with isolated points of color.

Puvis de Chavannes was reproached by some of his critics (though why it should be a reproach is difficult to conceive) of systematically excluding modern costumes from his decorative compositions. In the 'Inter Artes et Naturam,' however, he has employed costumes, which if not in the latest fashion, are distinctly modern, though this was probably intended not as an answer to his critics but because the allegory was to decorate the museum of a city esteemed for the creations of her modern artists and artisans.

'WINTER' PLATE X

FOR the Paris Hôtel de Ville Puvis de Chavannes painted, during 1891 and 1892, two important wall panels, one entitled 'Winter' and the other 'Summer.' The former, the subject of plate x, shows a snowy landscape under a cold, leaden sky. Standing beside a poplar which he has notched

at its base, a forester gives the signal to three half-naked woodmen to pull on the rope attached to the top of the tree. In the foreground is the figure of a woman with a staff, and a laborer loads his companion with fagots. To the right a poor woman has taken refuge in the ruin of some stone habitation, which also shelters an old man. To her a compassionate woodman offers a loaf of bread, while another warms the half-frozen limbs of a little child at a fire of twigs. In the distance are seen mounted huntsmen returning from the chase, with servants carrying the carcass of a stag.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN PUBLIC BUILDINGS OR GALLERIES

FRANCE. AMIENS, MUSÉE DE PICARDIE: Peace, 1861 (Plate II); War, 1861; Work, 1863; Rest, 1863; Standard-bearer, 1864; Desolation, 1864; Harvester, 1864; Spinner, 1864; Ave Picardia Nutrix, 1865; Ludus pro Patria, 1882 — CHAMPAGNAT CHURCH: Ecce Homo, 1851 — CHARTRES MUSEUM: Harvest, 1870 — LILLE MUSEUM: Sleep, 1864; Portrait of the Artist — LYONS, PALAIS DES ARTS: Autumn, 1864; The Sacred Grove, dear to the Arts and the Muses, 1884 (Plate III); Antique Vision, 1885 (Plate VII); The Rhône and the Saône, 1886; Christian Inspiration, 1887 (Plate VI) — MARSEILLES, PALAIS DE LONGCHAMP: Return from Hunting, 1859; Marseilles, Gate of the East, 1868; Marseilles, Greek Colony, 1869 — PARIS, HÔTEL DE VILLE: Summer, 1891; Winter, 1892 (Plate X); Four Panels of The Seasons, 1891–1893; Victor Hugo Offering his Lyre to the City of Paris, 1893, with Subsidiary Panels representing the Virtues of Paris, and Ancient Paris and Modern Paris — PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY: The Poor Fisherman, 1881 (Plate VIII) — PARIS, PANTHÉON: The Childhood of St. Geneviève, in two panels: (1) St. Germanus Predicting Geneviève's High Calling (see Plate I), (2) St. Geneviève in Prayer, 1876-77, with Two Subsidiary Panels: (1) Faith, Hope, and Charity Watching over Geneviève's Cradle, (2) The Legendary Saints of France, 1877; St. Geneviève Provisioning Paris, 1898; St. Geneviève Watching over Sleeping Paris, 1898 — PARIS, THE SORBONNE: Hemicycle representing The Letters, Sciences, and Arts, 1889 (Plate V) — POITIERS, HÔTEL DE VILLE: St. Radegunda at the Convent of Sainte-Croix, 1872; Charles Martel, Conqueror of the Saracens, 1874 — ROUEN MUSEUM: Inter Artes et Naturam, 1890 (Plate IX); Pottery, 1891; Ceramics, 1891 — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of the Artist — UNITED STATES. BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: The Muses of Inspiration Hail the Spirit, Harbinger of Light, 1895, with eight Supplementary Panels, (1) Pastoral Poetry, (2) Dramatic Poetry, (3) Epic Poetry, (4) History (Plate IV), (5) Astronomy, (6) Philosophy, (7) Chemistry, (8) Physics, 1896–97.

PICTURES IN PRIVATE POSSESSION

PIETÀ, 1850; Jean Cavalier at the Bedside of his Dying Mother, 1850; Four Seasons, and Return of the Prodigal (painted for his brother's country house), 1854; Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, 1857; Meditation, 1857; Village Firemen, 1857; Salome, 1857; St. Camille, 1857; Julie, 1857; Fantasy, Vigilance, Dreams, Poetry (painted for the house of Mme. Claude Vignon), 1859; At the Fountain, 1869; Beheading of John the Baptist, 1870; Magdalen (Chéramy Collection), 1870; Young Girls and Death, 1872; Hope, 1872; Summer, 1873; The Carrier Pigeon and The Balloon (given to a Lottery organized in 1874 in Chicago after the fire in that city), 1871; Fisherman's Family, 1875; Girls by the Seashore, 1879; The Prodigal Son, 1879; 'Doux Pays' (painted for the house of M. Léon Bonnat), 1882; Woman at her Toilet, 1883; Portrait of the Princess Cantacuzène, 1883; The Dream, 1883; Orpheus, 1883; Autumn, 1885.

Puvis de Chavannes Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

AYNARD, M. Les Peintures décoratives de Puvis de Chavannes au Palais des Arts, Lyon. Lyons, 1884 — BELL, N. R. E. Representative Painters of the XIX Century. London, 1899 — BÉNÉDITE, L. Les dessins de Puvis de Chavannes au Musée du Luxembourg. Paris, 1900 — BRETON, J. Nos peintres du siècle. Paris [1900] — BRICON, E. Psychologie d'art. Paris, 1900 — BROWNELL, W. C. French Art. New York, 1901 — CHILD, T. Art and Criticism. New York, 1892 — COX, K. Puvis de Chavannes (in Van Dyke's Modern French Masters). New York, 1896 — DE VOGÜÉ, E. M. Devant l'Été (in his Regards historiques et littéraires). Paris, 1892 — DU MAREST, A. À Travers l'idéal. Paris, 1901 — EBE, G. Die Dekorationsformen des 19ten Jahrhunderts. Leipsic, 1900 — GONSE, L. Les Chefs-d'œuvre des Musées de France. Paris, 1900 — HAMERTON, P. G. Painting in France. London, 1869 — KING, P. American Mural Painting. Boston, 1902 — KINGSLEY, ROSE G. A History of French Art, 1100-1899. London, 1899 — LARROUMET, L. B. C. P. Études de littérature et d'art. Paris, 1895 — LE ROUX, H. Puvis de Chavannes (in his Portraits de Cire). Paris, 1891 — MACCOLL, D. S. Nineteenth Century Art. Glasgow, 1902 — MAUCLAIR, C. L'art en silence. Paris, 1901 — MICHEL, A. Notes sur l'art moderne. Paris, 1896 — MOORE, G. Modern Painting. New York, 1893 — MUTHER, R. History of Modern Painting. New York, 1896 — MUTHER, R. Ein Jahrhundert französischer Malerei. Berlin, 1901 — RIORTOR, L. Essai sur Puvis de Chavannes. Paris, 1896 — ROOD, L. L. Puvis de Chavannes. Boston, 1895 — STRANAHAN, C. H. History of French Painting. New York, 1895 — VACHON, M. Puvis de Chavannes. Paris [1900].

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ART ET DECORATION, 1898: L. Bénédite; Puvis de Chavannes — ART JOURNAL, 1895: J. Bernac; The New Style of Puvis de Chavannes — ART JOURNAL, 1896: J. Cartwright; Puvis de Chavannes — ATHENÆUM, 1899: A. Michel; Mourning for Puvis de Chavannes — ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 1897: C. Waern; Decorations in Boston Public Library — CENTURY MAGAZINE, 1896: Kenyon Cox; Puvis de Chavannes — DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU, 1897: W. Gensel; Puvis de Chavannes — FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ (special number), 1899: A. Alexandre; Puvis de Chavannes — GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1881: A. Baignères; La Peinture décorative au XIXe siècle, Puvis de Chavannes. 1888: A. Michel; Exposition de Puvis de Chavannes. 1896: A. Rehan; Puvis de Chavannes. 1898: Anon.; Puvis de Chavannes. 1899: J. Buisson; Puvis de Chavannes, souvenirs intimes — GESELLSCHAFT, 1899: M. G. Conrad; Puvis de Chavannes und Felic Rops — GRAPHISCHEN KÜNSTE, 1891: A. Michel; Puvis de Chavannes — HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 1902: L. Roger-Milès; Puvis de Chavannes, Caricaturist — HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1896: T. Sisson; New Panels for Boston Public Library — INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, 1899: G. Mourey; Some Sketches of Puvis de Chavannes — KUNST FÜR ALLE, 1898: G. Keyssner; Puvis de Chavannes — KUNSTHALLE, 1899: W. Gensel; Wort über Puvis de Chavannes — LA PLUME, 1895 (special number on Puvis de Chavannes) — MAGAZINE OF ART, 1885: C. Phillips; Puvis de Chavannes. 1893: B. Karageorgevitch; Puvis de Chavannes — MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 1897: W. H. Low; Puvis de Chavannes — MODERN ART, 1895: L. L. Rood; Puvis de Chavannes. 1895: R. Ballu; Puvis de Chavannes — NATION (Berlin), 1898: B. Rüttenauer; Puvis de Chavannes — NOUVELLE REVUE, 1895: M. Vachon; Puvis de Chavannes — PALL MALL MAGAZINE, 1899: M. v. Vorst; Puvis de Chavannes — REVUE BLEUE, 1900: P. Flat; Dessins de Puvis de Chavannes — REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 1898: R. de la Sizeranne; Puvis de Chavannes — REVUE DE PARIS, 1895: A. Renan; Puvis de Chavannes — REVUE ILLUSTRÉE, 1894: L. de Fourcaud; Puvis de Chavannes — SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1900: J. La Farge; Puvis de Chavannes. — ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST, 1899: R. Graul; Puvis de Chavannes.

GIORGIONE
THE MADONNA OF CASTELFRANCO
CASTELFRANCO CATHEDRAL

GIORGIONE
PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN
BERLIN GALLERY

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

GIORGIONE
ADRASTUS AND HYPSIPYLE
GIOVANELLI PALACE, VENICE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIORGIONE
A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE
ROYAL GALLERY, HAMPTON COURT

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPOONER & CO.

GIORGIONE
THE CONCERT
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

GIORGIONE
A KNIGHT OF MALTA
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIORGIONE
THE TRIAL OF MOSES
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIORGIONE
AENEAS, EVANDER, AND PALLAS
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

Giorgione

BORN 1477(?): DIED 1510
VENETIAN SCHOOL

IN the now richly cultivated district of Treviso, some twenty-five miles northwest of Venice, overlooking green plains and sunlit meadows, stands the picturesque old city of Castelfranco, with its lofty castle, and grim, weather-beaten walls surmounted by tall towers and battlements, and surrounded by the quiet waters of a moat. Gay and prosperous in times past, Castelfranco's streets are now silent and empty, and save for the stone lion of St. Mark which guards the principal gateway, denoting that Venice once held sway here, and for a few faded fragments of sixteenth-century frescos still traceable on the fronts of some of the once stately houses that face its *piazza*, nothing is left to tell of the city's former greatness.

But in spite of the general air of poverty and decay that pervades the place, the glory of Castelfranco has not wholly departed, for here, as its inhabitants proudly claim, was born one of the world's most illustrious painters, and here in the cathedral may be seen the famous altar-piece painted by his hand, which attracts to the quiet old city of the past many an art-loving traveler who would pay homage to this great work of a great artist—Giorgione of Castelfranco.

So little is known of the life of Giorgione (pronounced Jor-jo'ne) that no complete biography of the man can be written. So few facts have come down to us concerning him that for the most part we have tradition alone to guide, or, it may be, to misguide, us; and tradition has been uncommonly active in the case of Giorgione. The once universally accepted story that he was the natural son of one of the great Barbarella family, and that his mother was a peasant girl of Vedalgo, a village near Castelfranco, now seems to have been conclusively proved by the recent researches of Dr. Georg Gronau to be purely apocryphal. The cognomen "Barbarelli," so frequently applied to the painter, is first met with in the seventeenth century, fully a hundred years after his death, whereas in all contemporary documents which bear allusion to him he is spoken of merely as Zorzon, or Zorzi, da Castelfranco—the letter z being equivalent in the Venetian dialect to the soft sound of our *g*.

It is probable that the family of the painter was, as Vasari has stated, of

the humblest origin, and that his name, Giorgione—literally "Big George"—which was, according to this same writer, bestowed upon him "as well from the character of his person as for the exaltation of his mind," was transmitted to him from his father—or it may have been his grandfather—a certain Giovanni, called Giorgione of Castelfranco, who came originally from the neighboring village of Vedalgo and settled in Castelfranco.

In early youth Giorgione seems to have gone to Venice. There he began his artistic career in the studio of Giovanni Bellini, where Titian was his fellow-student. Venice was then at the very height of her prosperity and splendor, and in the gay and brilliant world of the pleasure-loving city the young man at once attained popularity.

Although several European galleries possess so-called portraits of Giorgione, no authentic likeness of the artist is known to exist; but we are told that he was gifted with unusual beauty of person, and endowed with a singular charm. "Brought up in Venice," writes Vasari, "he took no small delight in love-passages and the sound of the lute, to which he was so cordially devoted and which he practised so constantly that he played and sang with the most exquisite perfection, insomuch that he was for this cause frequently invited to musical assemblies and festivities by the most distinguished personages."

But Giorgione was not wholly given up to love and music. It was to painting that he turned his serious attention. That was the chosen profession; and so ardent was he in his studies and so enamored of beauty in nature "that he would only draw from life and represent all that was fairest in the world around him."

In the year 1500 Leonardo da Vinci spent some months in Venice, and there seems no reason to doubt Vasari's statement that Giorgione, having seen some of that master's paintings, was influenced in his work by the great Florentine, whose powerful effects of chiaroscuro were translated by the magic of the young Venetian's brush into warm, deep shadows and glowing lights. To all that he painted it was said that he imparted "life, softness, and harmony," and that "he copied the freshness of the living form more exactly than any other painter, not of Venice only, but of all other places."

Giorgione's first recorded works were religious subjects, of which we have examples in 'The Trial of Moses,' in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, in 'Christ bearing the Cross,' in Mrs. John L. Gardner's collection, Boston, and in the great altar-piece of Castelfranco. Of his many works in fresco, in which form of painting we are told he "found much pleasure," not a single example remains; but his reputation in this branch was great, and much of his short life must have been devoted to the execution of mural decorations which time and the damp sea air of Venice have combined to destroy. He adorned the upper story of the façade of his own house in Venice, in the Campo di San Silvestro, near the Rialto, with figures of musicians and poets, and groups of children, and decorated the exteriors of many palaces belonging to the Venetian nobility with subjects taken from Greek myths, and with friezes of allegorical figures.

The most important of all his works in fresco, however, was the decora-

tion of the outer walls of the newly built Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or Hall of Exchange of the German merchants, on the Grand Canal, Venice, erected to replace a former building destroyed by fire in 1504. In this task he was assisted by his friend and fellow-artist Titian, the painter who most strongly felt Giorgione's influence and most nearly fathomed the secrets of his marvelous touch. Giorgione himself undertook the decoration of the façade of the building, painting along its upper story a frieze of single figures, and below, a procession of horsemen riding under a colonnade, trophies and medallions in monochrome filling the spaces on the pilasters between. Only a few faint red patches high up on the wall are now left of this famous work, which was completed in 1507. Some disagreement seems to have arisen between the Signory and the painter as to the price, for a jury of three artists, of whom Carpaccio was one, was appointed to decide the matter. As a result, the valuation of the frescos painted by "Mistro Zorzo de Chastelfranco" was placed at one hundred and fifty ducats, one hundred and thirty being the sum finally paid to him. The proof that Giorgione's work gave satisfaction is shown by the fact that the painter received at this time from the Signory of Venice a commission to execute a large canvas for the Audience Hall in the Ducal Palace—a work, however, which was probably never completed.

In addition to his commissions for decorative frescos, Giorgione painted numerous works, many of them portraits, for Venetian nobles and distinguished strangers. The Patriarch of Aqueleia, Caterino Cornaro the ex-Queen of Cyprus, Leonardo Loredano the Doge of Venice, and Gonsalvo de Cordova the celebrated captain, were among his patrons; but the works painted for these personages, as well as many for others equally illustrious, have disappeared, and are known to us, if at all, only through copies. Of Giorgione's paintings only three remain whose authenticity has never been called in question —'The Madonna of Castelfranco' (plate I), 'Adrastus and Hypsipyle' (plate IV), and 'Æneas, Evander, and Pallas' (plate X).

Of one of the artist's works no longer in existence Vasari gives the following account. Giorgione, having been engaged in a discussion with certain sculptors concerning the comparative merits of painting and sculpture, declared that he could execute a single figure in such manner as to show the front, back, and sides at one and the same time; and in order thus to prove that painting could in no way be surpassed by sculpture he painted the figure of a man with his back turned to the spectator, at his feet a clear stream of water wherein the front of his form was reflected; beside him on the left was placed burnished armor in which shone the reflection of his left side, and on the right a mirror in which the other side of his figure was seen. "Thus did Giorgione show," says Vasari, "that painting is capable of presenting more at one view than is practicable in sculpture."

Giorgione's works attained in his own day such great and wide-spread popularity that no painter had any chance of success unless he could furnish pictures in the same style, and contemporary writers, at a loss for terms in which to express their admiration for his works, were driven to coin words which should convey some idea of the fullness of life and beauty

that breathed from his canvases. *Il fuoco Giorgionesco*, "the Giorgionesque fire," and *uncerto fiammeggiar di colori*, "a certain flame-like quality of color," became accordingly common phrases to apply to his creations.

But just when the young painter had reached the apogee of his fame, when all Venice, realizing his genius, was enthusiastically sounding his praises, and the future seemed to hold for him nothing but continued happiness and success, a terrible plague broke out in Venice, carrying off twenty thousand of her citizens in the course of a year, and among its victims was Giorgione, who, stricken by the disease, died after a brief illness, "to the unspeakable grief of his friends," writes Vasari, "and the no little injury of art."

The story that his death was caused not by plague, but by grief because the lady whom he loved had forsaken him for one of his pupils, is without foundation. Another tale has it that he caught the fatal disease from the kiss of his beloved, and died in her arms; but as a matter of fact we know only that Giorgione's death was occasioned by plague, and that in the autumn of the year 1510 he died, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The tradition that more than a hundred years later his bones were carried to Castelfranco, and there buried in the family vault of the Barbarelli, is devoid of foundation, and though we should like to think that the remains of the "most poetic of painters," of him who, in the words of an old Venetian writer, "loved fresh verdure, running waters, and breezy airs, and who when he dreamed of Paradise painted the green fields and forest shades of Castelfranco," had found a last resting-place within the quiet precincts of his native town, Giorgione in all probability was buried with other victims of the plague on the island of Poveglia, near Venice.

The Art of Giorgione

JOHN C. VAN DYKE — 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

THE most positive in influence upon his contemporaries of all the great Venetians was Giorgione. He died young, and what few pictures by him are left to us have been so torn to pieces by historical criticism that at times one begins to doubt if there ever was such a painter. His different styles have been confused, and his pictures in consequence thereof attributed to followers instead of to the master. Painters change their styles, but seldom their original bent of mind. With Giorgione there was a lyric feeling as shown in music. The voluptuous swell of line, the melting tone of color, the sharp dash of light, the undercurrent of atmosphere, all mingled for him into radiant melody. He sought pure pictorial beauty and found it in everything of nature. He had little grasp of the purely intellectual, and the religious was something he dealt with in no strong, devotional way. The fête, the concert, the fable, the legend, with a landscape setting, made a stronger

appeal to him. More of a recorder than a thinker, he was not the less a leader showing the way into that new Arcadian grove of pleasure whose inhabitants thought not of creeds and faiths and histories and literatures, but were content to lead the life that was sweet in its glow and warmth of color, its light, its shadow, its bending trees and arching skies. A strong, full-blooded race, sober-minded, dignified, rationally happy with their lot, Giorgione portrayed them with an art infinite in variety and consummate in skill. Their least features under his brush seemed to glow like jewels. The sheen of armor and rich robes, a bare forearm, a nude back, or loosened hair—mere morsels of color and light—all took on a new beauty. Even landscape with him became more significant. His master, Giovanni Bellini, had been realistic enough in the details of trees and hills, but Giorgione grasped the meaning of landscape as an entirety, and rendered it with poetic breadth.

HERBERT COOK 'GIORGIONE'

A MAN'S work is his best autobiography, and where, as in Giorgione's case, so little historical or documentary record exists, such indications of character as may be gleaned from a study of his life's work become of the utmost value. "The style is the man" is a saying eminently applicable in cases where, as with Giorgione, the personal element is strongly marked. The subject is so highly charged with the artist's mood, with his individual feelings and emotions, that it becomes unrecognizable as mere illustration, and the work passes, by virtue of sheer inspiration, into the higher realms of creative art. Such fusion of personality and subject is the characteristic of lyrical art, and in this domain Giorgione is a supreme master. He was, in fact, a poet-painter, gifted with the artistic temperament to an extraordinary degree, essentially impulsive, a man of moods. In less fortunate circumstances than those in which he was placed, such temperaments as his become peevish, morose, morbid; but his lines were cast in pleasant places, and his moods were healthy, joyous, and serene. He is the wonderful youth, full of aspirations, gilding all he touches with the radiance of his spirit. His pictures, suffused with a golden glow, are the reflection of his sunny life; the vividness and intensity of his passion are expressed in the gorgeousness of his colors. . . .

His many-sidedness shows him to have been a man of wide sympathies, whilst the astonishing rapidity of his development testifies to the precocity of his talent. His versatility and his precocity are, in fact, the two prominent characteristics to be borne in mind in judging his art, and much that appears at first sight incongruous can be explained on this basis; for versatility and precocity in an artist are qualities invariably attended by unevenness of workmanship, as we see in the case of Keats and of Schubert, who were gifted with the lyrical temperament and powers of expression in poetry and music in corresponding measure to Giorgione in painting. Alike in temperament and quality of expression, the three are curiously alike in the shortness of their lives and the fever-heat of their production. But they are strangely different in the manner of their lives. The disparity of outward circumstances

accounts for the healthy tone of Giorgione's art when contrasted with the morbid utterances of Keats. Schubert suffered privations and poverty, and his song was wrung from him at moments of inspiration and of necessity. But Giorgione is all aglow with natural energy; he suffered no restraints, nor is his art forced or morbid. To register a fact was foreign to his nature; he records an impression, frankly surrendering his spirit to the sense of joy and beauty. He is not seldom incoherent, and may even grow careless, but in power of imagination and exuberance of fancy he is always supreme.

In one respect, however, Giorgione shows himself greater than Schubert or Keats. He has a profounder insight into human nature in its varying aspects than either the musician or the poet. He was less a visionary, because his experience of men and things was greater than theirs; his outlook was wider, he was less self-centered. This power of grasping objective truth shows itself most clearly in the portraits he painted, and it was, I believe, due to the force of circumstances that this faculty was trained and developed. Had Giorgione lived aloof from the world he might have remained all his life dreaming dreams and seeing visions, a lyric poet indeed, but not a great and living influence in his generation. Yet such undoubtedly he was, for he effected nothing short of a revolution in the contemporary art of Venice. . . .

What was Giorgione's relation to that awakening of the human spirit which we call the Renaissance? Mr. Berenson answers the question thus: "His pictures are the perfect reflex of the Renaissance at its height." If this be taken to mean that Giorgione *anticipated* the aspirations and ideals of the riper Renaissance, I think we may acquiesce in the phrase; but that the onward movement of this great revival coincided only with the artist's years, and culminated at his death, is not historically correct. The wave had not reached its highest point in 1510, and Titian was yet to rise to a fuller and grander expression of the human soul. But Giorgione may rightly be called the Herald of the Renaissance, not only by virtue of the position he holds in Venetian painting, but by priority of appearance on the wider horizon of Italian art. And never did genius arise in more fitting season. It was the right psychological moment for such a man, and Giorgione "painted pictures so perfectly in touch with the ripened spirit of the Renaissance that they met with the success which those things only find that at the same moment wake us to the full sense of a need and satisfy it." This is the secret of his overwhelming influence on succeeding painters in Venice.

The school of Giorgione, indeed, numbers far more adherents than even the school of Da Vinci or the school of Raphael, not because of any direct teaching of the master, but because the "Giorgionesque" spirit was abroad, and the taste of the day required paintings like Giorgione's to satisfy it. Even Giovanni Bellini found it advisable to modulate into the newer key, as may be seen in his altar-piece in the Church of San Giovanni Crisostomo, Venice [see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. I., Part 9, Plate X], where not only is the conception lyrical and the treatment romantic, but the actual composition is on the lines of the essentially Giorgionesque equilateral triangle. This great altar-piece was painted three years after Giorgione's death, and no more

splendid testimonial to the young painter's genius could be found than in the homage thus paid to his memory by the octogenarian Giovanni Bellini.

"Landscape with figures" (as we should say nowadays) found in Giorgione its earliest exponent. Before him artists had, indeed, painted figures with a landscape background, but the perfect blend of nature and human nature was his achievement. This was accomplished by the simplest artistic means, yet means irresistibly subtle in their appeal. The quality of line and the sensuousness of color nowhere cast their spells over us more strangely than in Giorgione's pictures, and by these means he wrought "effects" such as no artist has surpassed. In these purely pictorial qualities he is supreme, and claims place with the few quintessential artists of the world.

As an instrument of expression, color is used by Giorgione more naturally and effectively than it is by any of the Venetian painters. It appeals directly to our senses, and seems to be of the very essence of the object itself. An engraving or photograph after such a picture as the Louvre 'Concert Champêtre' fails utterly to convey the sense of exhilaration one feels in presence of the actual painting, because the tonic effect of the color is wanting. The golden shimmer of light, the vibration of the air, the saturation of atmosphere with pure color, are not only ingredients in, but are of the very essence of the creation. It has been well said that almost literally the chief color on Giorgione's palette was sunlight. His masterly treatment of light and shadow enabled him to make use of rich and full-bodied colors, which are never gaudy, as sometimes with Bonifazio, or pretty, as with Catena and lesser artists. Nor is he decorative in the way that Veronese excels, or lurid like Tintoretto. A full rich green frequently occurs, as in the 'Madonna of Castelfranco' and the Louvre 'Concert Champêtre,' and a deep crimson, contrasting with pure white drapery, or with golden flesh-tints, is also characteristic. In the painting of the nude he gives us real flesh and blood; his 'Venus' has not the supernatural radiance that Correggio gave his ethereal beings (Giorgione, by the way, never painted an angel, so far as we know), but she glows with actual life, the blood is pulsing through the veins, she is very real. And in this connection we may notice the extraordinary skill with which Giorgione conveys a sense of texture; his painting of rich brocades, and more especially quilted stuffs and satiny folds, cannot be surpassed even by a Gerard Ter Borch. . . .

The question remains, What is Giorgione's position among the world's great men? Is he intellectually to be ranked with the great thinkers of all time? Can he aspire to the position which Titian occupies? I fear not. Beethoven is infinitely greater than Schubert, Shakespeare than Keats, and so, though in lesser degree, is Titian than Giorgione. I say in lesser degree, because the young poet-painter had something of that profound insight into human nature, something of that wide outlook on life, something of that universal sympathy, and something of that vast influence which distinguishes the greatest intellects of all, and this it is which lessens the distance between him and Titian. Yet Titian is the greater man, for he is "the highest and completest expression of his own age."

Nevertheless, in that sphere of the great painters, who proclaimed the glad tidings of liberty when the spirit of man awoke from medievalism, may we not add yet a fifth voice to the four-part harmony of Raphael, Correggio, Leonardo, and Michelangelo—the voice of Giorgione, the wondrous youth, who heralded the Renaissance of which we are the heirs?

GIOVANNI MORELLI 'ITALIAN PAINTERS'

THE few works by Giorgione which have been preserved are so fully imbued with his original and intense poetic feeling—his own personality, simple, unconventional, and refined, appeals to us in them with such irresistible fascination—that the impression they produce can never be forgotten by those who have once been enabled to understand him. No other artist ever succeeds in enthralling the imagination so powerfully yet with such simple means, though often enough we are unable to explain the signification of the scenes depicted. Even Vasari observes that it was difficult to give any explanation of Giorgione's representations. His nature was that of a true poet, profoundly thoughtful, yet at the same time taking an innocent pleasure in life. He was a lyric poet in contradistinction to Titian, who was essentially a dramatist. The art of Titian is unquestionably more powerful and energetic, but Giorgione is, in my estimation at least, a painter of more refined and subtle feeling. In his landscape backgrounds, in the charm of his lines and of his coloring, few have equaled Giorgione, and none, excepting perhaps Titian, has ever surpassed him. . . . He is an artist with whom every student should hold daily intercourse, in order by degrees to gain a more intimate knowledge of the forms and of the feeling of this most refined of all Venetian painters.

SIDNEY COLVIN 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA'

GIORGIONE effected in the Venetian school a change analogous to that effected by Da Vinci in the school of Florence—a change, that is, which was less a revolution than a crowning of the edifice. He added the last accomplishments of freedom and science to an art that at his advent only just fell short of both. Venetian painting towards 1495 had reached the height of religious dignity in the great altar-pieces of Bellini, the height of romantic sentiment and picturesque animation in Carpaccio's series from the legend of St. Ursula. The efforts of the school for nearly half a century had been concentrated on the development, with the help of the new medium of oil, of *color* as the great element of emotional expression in painting. Giorgione came to enrich the art with a more faultless design; with a system of color yet more ardent, melting, and harmonious; with a stronger sense of life and of the glory of the real world as distinguished from the solemn dreamland of the religious imagination. He had a power, hitherto unknown, of interpreting both the charm of merely human grace and distinction and the natural joy of life in the golden sunlight among woods and meadows. His active career cannot have extended over more than fifteen years, but in that brief period he had

both deeply modified the older manner of the Venetian school, as represented even by a master so great and so austere as Giovanni Bellini, and had prepared the way for its final manner, as represented by the most complete master of all, Titian.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

GIORGIONE, the follower of Giovanni Bellini and Carpaccio, starting with the qualities of both as his inheritance, combined the refined feeling and poetry of Bellini with Carpaccio's gaiety and love of beauty and color. Stirred with the enthusiasms of his own generation as people who had lived through other phases of feeling could not be, Giorgione painted pictures so perfectly in touch with the ripened spirit of the Renaissance that they met with the success which those things only find that at the same moment wake us to the full sense of a need and satisfy it.

Giorgione's life was short, and very few of his works—not a score in all—have escaped destruction. But these suffice to give us a glimpse into that brief moment when the Renaissance found its most genuine expression in painting. Its over-boisterous passions had quieted down into a sincere appreciation of beauty and of human relations. It would be really hard to say more about Giorgione than this, that his pictures are the perfect reflex of the Renaissance at its height.

WALTER PATER 'THE RENAISSANCE: STUDIES IN ART AND POETRY'

THOUGH much has been taken by recent criticism from what was reputed to be his work, yet Giorgione, more entirely than any other painter, sums up, in what we know of himself and his art, the spirit of the Venetian school.

The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendors of Byzantine decoration, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the cathedral of Murano, or of St. Mark's, of a little more of human expression. And throughout the course of its later development, always subordinate to architectural effect, the work of the Venetian school never escaped from the influence of its beginnings. Unassisted, and therefore unperplexed, by naturalism, religious mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters, down to Carpaccio and the Bellini, seem never for a moment to have been tempted even to lose sight of the scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of color on the wall, only more dexterously blended than the marking of its precious stone or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it—this, to begin and end with—whatever higher matter of thought, or poetry, or religious reverie might play its part therein, between. At last, with final mastery of all the technical secrets of his art, and with

somewhat more than "a spark of the divine fire to his share," comes Giorgione. He is the inventor of genre, of those easily movable pictures which serve for uses neither of devotion, nor of allegorical or historical teaching—little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation, or music, or play, refined upon or idealized, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. . . .

Of art like this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him too that old Venetian clearness or justice in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art is still undisturbed; and while he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high-strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject, or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the mere purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music—towards the perfect identification of matter and form. . . .

Much of the work on which Giorgione's immediate fame depended, work done for instantaneous effect, in all probability passed away almost within his own age, like the frescos on the façade of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi at Venice, some crimson traces of which, however, still give a strange additional touch of splendor to the scene of the Rialto. And then there is a barrier or border-land, a period about the middle of the sixteenth century, in passing through which the tradition miscarries, and the true outlines of Giorgione's work and person become obscured. It became fashionable for wealthy lovers of art, with no critical standard of authenticity, to collect so-called works of Giorgione, and a multitude of imitations came into circulation. And now, the great traditional reputation, woven with so profuse demand on men's admiration, has been scrutinized thread by thread; and what remains of the most vivid and stimulating of Venetian masters, a live flame, as it seemed, in those old shadowy times, has been reduced almost to a name by his most recent critics. Yet enough remains to explain why the legend grew up, above the name; why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. . . .

Although the number of Giorgione's extant works has been limited by modern criticism, all is not done when the real and the traditional elements in what concerns him have been discriminated; for, in what is connected with a great name, much that is not real is often very stimulating; and, for the æsthetic philosopher, over and above the real Giorgione and his authentic extant works, there remains the "Giorgionesque" also—an influence, a spirit or type in art, active in men so different as those to whom many of his supposed works are really assignable—a veritable school, which grew together out of all those fascinating works rightly or wrongly attributed to him; out of many copies from or variations on him, by unknown or uncertain workmen, whose drawings and designs were, for various reasons, prized as his; out of the immediate impression he made upon his contemporaries, and with which he continued in men's minds; out of many traditions of subject and treatment, which really descend from him to our own time, and by retracing

which we fill out the original image; Giorgione thus becoming a sort of impersonation of Venice itself, its projected reflex or ideal, all that was intense or desirable in it thus crystallizing about the memory of this wonderful young man.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

GIORGIONE exists especially as a great name and a great influence. He is the emancipator, and worked as complete a change in Northern Italy as did the great masters of the Roman school in Tuscany and in Central Italy. After Giorgione the "bit," or *morceau*, disappears; it is sacrificed to the whole; that is to say, detail is no longer considered, general effect is everything. In this change there was at once great gain and great loss: gain in an additional phase of evolution, loss of a whole paraphernalia of charming decorative accessory. Giorgione leads his Madonna of Castelfranco down from her ornamented throne, and teaching her to forget the brocades and marbles, takes her into the fields. He was the first to feel sure that with sky and fields and water he needed no properties made by man's hands. Until now the Italians had painted saints and princes; the Venetians began to paint the *people*. An unhesitating rejection of all that was old, of all that had become conventional, must have been nearly instinctive in Giorgione. The selection of two or three human figures, a tree, a purple mountain background, satisfied him as to his material, and made him an innovator. Into this idyl he put an intensity that was all his own, and a color deeper chorded than is even Titian's, and, since he was a Venetian, together with this intensity there came robustness.

His nymphs are no anæmic Graces of Botticelli, but are round and overheavy; he cares little for drawing in these episodical pictures, and much for harmony; his coloring is Venetian in its most powerful and profound phase; his background is that noble, many-fountained country which, overhung by a cornice of Alps and studded with cities of the hill and of the plain, lies between Milan and Venice. He is the Theocritus of Italian painting, and his idyls have the largeness and simplicity of classic conception. Though his pictures are full of a thoughtful and melancholy charm, they are nevertheless robust and healthy in their golden warmth of tone. He domesticated outdoor nature, replacing the religious picture even of the private chapel by something more intimate; he framed little fragments of the hills and woods, and to the Venetian patricians in their winter palaces he gave back their *villegiatura* by this *rus in urbe*. With him begins that frank untrammeled power which we find even in the works of third-rate Venetian masters, the result rather of temperament than of the thought and science which Florentines gave to art. That Leonardo da Vinci's chiaroscuro fascinated him we can well believe; he turned its black shadows to bronze and gold. As with Leonardo, we must not judge him by his concrete work as much as by his vast influence; for although he died so young, he launched the ship which Titian brought to port.

The Works of Giorgione

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

NO painter has been such a subject of controversy as Giorgione. Indeed, so fiercely has the battle been carried on by contending critics that there has at times seemed danger of the painter himself being reduced to a mere myth. The result is that the number of his absolutely unquestioned works has been limited to three—'The Madonna of Castelfranco' (plate I), 'Adrastus and Hypsipyle' (plate IV), and 'Æneas, Evander, and Pallas' (plate X).

The claims to authenticity made by the comparatively recently discovered 'Sleeping Venus' of the Dresden Gallery (plate II) are now also almost universally acknowledged to be valid, as is the case with some few other works—less, however, than a score in all—that are to-day regarded by the majority of critics as authentic examples of the artist's work; but for the most part, a Giorgionesque character is all that can be claimed for the numerous paintings in European galleries that, until modern criticism threw its search-light upon their canvases, passed undisputed for genuine Giorgiones.

The list which follows on page 41 includes such works as have been indorsed by the greater number of the most authoritative critics and students of the art of Giorgione.

'THE MADONNA OF CASTELFRANCO' PLATE I

OF the three universally accepted works of Giorgione, in regard to whose authenticity no dissenting voice has ever been raised, 'The Madonna of Castelfranco' has the strongest historical testimony in its favor, and is by far the most important. This great altar-piece was painted to decorate the chapel of the Costanzo family in the cathedral at Castelfranco, as a memorial, it is said, of the young Matteo Costanzo, who died in 1504, and whose likeness, according to tradition, has been reproduced in the armed figure of St. Liberalis standing beside the Madonna's throne. Tradition also holds that in the figure of the Virgin the painter has represented the woman whom he loved—a belief, however, which has for its chief support the fact that until a few years ago, when effaced by the hand of a careless restorer, the following verse, written in red chalk, presumably by Giorgione himself, could be read on the back of the panel:

"Vieni, o Cecilia,
"Vieni, t'affretta,
"Il tuo t'aspetta
"Giorgio . . . ."

"Come, O Cecilia, haste thee,
Thy Giorgio awaits thee."

"'The Madonna of Castelfranco,' write Vasari's recent editors, "is a kind of boundary mark in art. It is a subject conceived in the old and painted in the new manner. The latter is not yet wholly emancipated; in parts the modeling is still close and careful if compared with other and later works attributed to the master; still this picture points onward to the 'Concert Champêtre' of the Louvre, and to the broad, sweeping manner of Titian."

On a high marble throne, draped with richly colored Persian hangings, of which the prevailing hue is green, the Madonna, clad in green tunic and deep red drapery, is seated with the Child upon her knee. At the base of the throne stand two guardian saints—St. Francis in the gray habit of his order, and the warrior-saint, Liberalis, in gleaming armor, bearing the banner of the Cross. A dark crimson screen shuts in these lower figures, while above it, and beyond the throne, are seen green trees and meadows, distant towers, a still more distant glimpse of the sea, and mountains veiled in vaporous mist. A golden glow suffuses the early morning sky, and an atmosphere of peace and tranquillity pervades the scene. In no other work of Venetian art up to this date is a lyrical treatment of the conventional altar-piece so completely realized as in this great 'Madonna of Castelfranco.'

The picture, now placed over the high altar of the present cathedral at Castelfranco, which was built to replace the original edifice, demolished during the last century, has suffered from the effects of time, and still more from those of five successive restorations. It is painted on wood, and measures six and a half feet high by nearly five feet wide.

'SLEEPING VENUS' PLATE II

THIS famous picture of the 'Sleeping Venus,' now universally recognized as the work of Giorgione, was discovered by the late Giovanni Morelli in a remote corner of the Dresden Gallery, and, in spite of the thick coat of repaint which covered it, was at once and unhesitatingly pronounced by him to be a veritable Giorgione. To-day the picture justly occupies a prominent place in the gallery of which it is one of the most precious possessions, and now that the restorer's work has been removed as far as possible, there is no longer reason to doubt the genuineness of the painting, nor to question its being the picture seen by the "Anonimo" (see description of plate IV), in 1525, in the house of Jeronimo Marcello at Venice, and of which he wrote, "The canvas with the nude figure of Venus sleeping, in a landscape, with Cupid, was by the hand of Zorzo da Castelfranco; the landscape and the Cupid, however, were finished by Titian."

This description seems to confirm the identity of the picture, for when taken to Dresden in the seventeenth century there was still to be seen on the canvas the form of a Cupid, which, being in a damaged condition, was removed by a "restorer," who, at the same time, saw fit to darken the sky and repaint a great part of the figure of Venus. The picture, which had previously been attributed to Titian, was then catalogued as a copy from that master by Sassoferrato.

"It is incomprehensible," writes Morelli, "that such a work, the quintes-

sence of Venetian art, should not have been recognized by critics. Very few appear to have been the least aware of the value of this 'Venus'—the most perfect of all representations of the kind, whose beauty, though dimmed by restoration, still shines forth with marvelous power. What other artist, even among the Greeks, ever displayed a more refined feeling for line than Giorgione has shown in this picture?"

"The beauty and subtlety of Giorgione's 'line' is here admirably shown," writes Mr. Herbert Cook. "He has deliberately foregone anatomical precision in order to accentuate artistic effect. The splendor of curve, the beauty of unbroken contour, the rhythm and balance of composition, are attained at a cost of academic correctness; but the long-drawn horizontal lines heighten the sense of repose, and the eye is soothed by the sinuous undulations of landscape and figure. The artistic effect is further enhanced by the relief of exquisite flesh-tones against the drapery, and although the atmospheric glow has been sadly destroyed by abrasion and repainting, we may still feel something of the magic charm which Giorgione knew so well how to impart. This 'Venus' is the prototype of all other Venetian versions; it is in painting what the 'Aphrodite' of Praxiteles was in sculpture, a perfect creation of a master mind."

The picture is on canvas, and measures five feet ten inches long by three feet seven inches high. The landscape background, reminiscent of the country surrounding Giorgione's native Castelfranco, was finished by Titian.

'PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN' PLATE III

THIS portrait of an unknown young man, formerly in Dr. J. P. Richter's collection, and acquired in 1891 by the Berlin Gallery, where it now hangs, is very generally admitted by even the most conservative critics to be a genuine, probably an early, work by Giorgione. "In it we have one of those rare portraits," writes Morelli, "such as only Giorgione and occasionally Titian were capable of producing, highly suggestive, and exercising over the spectator an irresistible fascination."

Dressed in a pale violet-colored garment, fashioned according to the style prevalent in Venice in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the young man turns his thoughtful eyes towards us. The face, modeled in light, is relieved by the dark hair that enframes it, and that is, in turn, thrown into relief by the gray background. In the fingers resting upon the stone parapet in front we have one of the earliest examples in Venetian art of the introduction of the hand in portraiture, a feature the importance of which Giorgione was quick to feel, and one that in his subsequent portraits we find depicted with characteristic significance.

'ADRASTUS AND HYPSIPYLE' PLATE IV

IN attempting to fathom the meaning of some of Giorgione's pictures one feels inclined to sympathize with Vasari, who in speaking of certain fanciful figures painted by that artist, naïvely remarks that for his part he has never been able to understand what they mean, nor could he ever find any

one who could explain them to him. Such may be said to have been the case with Giorgione's biographers for nearly four centuries in regard to the painting reproduced in plate IV, which twenty years after the artist's death Marcantonio Michiel, a Venetian gentleman and connoisseur of art, better known by his pseudonym of the "Anonimo," saw in the house of Gabriel Vendramin, in Venice, and described as "The stormy landscape with the soldier and the gipsy, by the hand of Zorzi da Castelfranco." In after years Ridolfi, for some unknown reason, named the work 'The Family of Giorgione,' and under that title the picture has continued to be known. Not until 1895, when Professor Wickhoff published his article on 'Giorgione's Bilder zu römischen Heldengedichten' in the 'Jahrbuch der Königlich Preussischen Kunstsammlungen' of that year, has a satisfactory explanation of the picture been given. According to Wickhoff, Giorgione borrowed his theme from the 'Thebaïs' of the Latin poet Statius, who there relates how Adrastus, King of Argos, wandering through the woods in search of a spring to quench the thirst of his troops, encounters Hypsipyle, Queen of Lemnos, who, driven from her realm, had taken refuge in the service of the King of Nemea in the capacity of a nurse for his infant son.

No attempt is made by Giorgione to tell the story in detail, nor even to illustrate any special passage in the poem of Statius; he merely sets before us an exquisitely poetical "painted myth," in which the figures are subsidiary to a landscape that is full of a dreamy and delicious charm. The prevailing colors are dark reds, browns, and greens, imparting a somewhat somber tone to the whole. The figure of King Adrastus, however, is richly clad in purple brocade, and here and there touches of sunlight gleam on the grassy slope where Queen Hypsipyle is seated. Perhaps the most wonderful part of the picture is the atmospheric effect, which is rendered with marvelous skill, from the sunny air of the foreground to the sky darkened by the clouds of a retreating storm.

The picture, one of the three works by Giorgione the authenticity of which has never been questioned, is in the Giovanelli Palace, Venice.

'A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE' PLATE V

THE authenticity of this work, although questioned by some critics, is strenuously maintained by the greater number. After the denunciatory judgment passed upon it by Waagen and by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Morelli was the first to suggest its genuineness, but as he had seen the picture only in a bad light his verdict was given with reserve. In his opinion, however, he has been reinforced by Signor Frizzoni, Signor Conti, Dr. Gronau, Dr. Richter, Mr. Ernest Law, and, most enthusiastically of all, by Mr. Berenson, who unhesitatingly declares that "this wonderful head, the supreme beauty and charm of which is beyond all praise, can be by no other painter than Giorgione." Dr. Gronau considers that the 'Shepherd' is probably the sole example of Georgione's work in England, an opinion in which Mr. Ernest Law concurs. On the other hand, Mr. Claude Phillips, Mr. Herbert Cook, and others doubt altogether the justice of the attribution of this picture to

Giorgione, finding the execution too flimsy, and the style of painting indicative of a period later than 1510, the date of the artist's death.

The picture, unfortunately in a sadly damaged condition, was formerly in the collection of Charles I., and is now in the Royal Gallery at Hampton Court. It is on canvas, and measures nearly two feet high by one foot eight inches wide, the head being life-size, or a little over. Across the right shoulder of the shepherd-boy is a gray-blue drapery, forming an effective contrast to the white shirt and the reddish flesh-tones of the face enframed in fair hair.

'THE CONCERT' PLATE VI

THIS celebrated picture, in the Pitti Palace, Florence, is regarded by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as without its equal in any period of Giorgione's practice. "It gives," they say, "a just measure of his skill, and explains his celebrity." Morelli, on the other hand, is of the opinion that "if the repaint covering the surface were removed we should find that it is an early work by Titian." This opinion is indorsed by Mr. Berenson, Mr. Claude Phillips, Dr. Gronau, and others, while Signor Conti, Dr. Bode, M. Müntz, Mr. Herbert Cook, as well as the authorities in Florence, hold that 'The Concert' is the work of Giorgione.

The composition of the picture is simple in the extreme. A young monk in the habit of the Augustinian Order is seated at a harpsichord with his fingers on the keys. As he strikes a chord he turns his head towards the priest behind him, who, in white robe and black cape, holds a viol in one hand and rests the other on the shoulder of his companion. A young man in a yellow and black doublet and white plumed hat completes the group.

"The motive, thought, and purpose of the story," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "are concentrated in the player at the harpsichord; on him the light is thrown—a clear, sparkling, but subdued light such as we seek within the walls of Italian palaces. His hood and cowl are black, his frock a shade of black; and his delicate and aristocratic but muscular hand is relieved on a furred sleeve.

"No simpler yet no more effective picture than this is to be found amongst the masterpieces of the sixteenth century. The subtlety with which the tones are broken is extreme, but the soberness of the general intonation is magical. It is no wonder that Giorgione should have been placed by his contemporaries in the ranks of the very best painters after exhibiting works of such power as 'The Concert.'"

'CONCERT CHAMPÊTRE' PLATE VII

"THIS exquisite work," writes Claude Phillips, "which has suffered many attacks from the critics, now at last stands forth practically accepted on all hands as the typical Giorgione pastoral; and impaired though its radiance is by time and restoration, it must be ranked as one of the most splendid examples of his late manner."

Eugène Müntz regards the 'Concert Champêtre' as the most perfect of Giorgione's Arcadian compositions. "Why should we rack our brains to discover its meaning?" he asks. "It would be but a waste of time, for in this idyl of a bygone age the subject counts for naught, and to a poet, a dreamer, like Giorgione, who merely seeks to charm the eye by the beauty of nude forms idly lolling in a lovely landscape, any theme is sufficient."

In a scene where "the air is balmy and the landscape ever green; where life is a pastime and music the only labor," Giorgione has placed two young men—shepherds, it may be—one of whom, clad in a green tunic with red sleeves and wearing a red cap, touches the strings of a lute, while his companion turns to listen. Seated on the grass near-by is a young woman, her form undraped, and holding in her hand a flute, and beside the stone basin of a fountain another woman fills a crystal vase with water, the white drapery which falls about her feet serving to continue the beautiful outline of her figure. In no other picture does Giorgione show a greater mastery of "line." Théophile Gautier has said that "in its calm serenity, its supreme distinction, this work is akin to the creations of the Greeks."

The picture, glowing with rich color, is painted on canvas and measures nearly five feet long by three feet eight inches high. Purchased from the sale of the collection of Charles I. by the banker Jabach, and sold by him to Louis XIV., it now forms one of the treasures of the Louvre.

'A KNIGHT OF MALTA' PLATE VIII

THIS celebrated picture of a knight of Malta, or Order of St. John, is one of the great portraits of Venetian art, and its authenticity as a work of Giorgione's is unquestioned by the majority of modern critics. Notwithstanding the damage caused by time and unskilful restoration, the canvas glows with rich color, and the perfect simplicity with which the subject is treated shows how Giorgione, more perhaps than any other painter, can captivate the mind and hold the imagination.

The figure is life-size, and the whole conception full of dignity. The knight is dressed in a splendid costume of black damask silk with white chemisette and the cross of his order upon his breast. A ribbon to which a medal is attached is around his neck, and in his hand he holds a rosary of large beads of olive-wood. His chestnut-brown hair, parted in the middle, is brought down low at the sides of the forehead in accordance with a popular fashion among Venetian noblemen of Giorgione's day. The face is strongly lighted, the shadows masterly, and in the somewhat sad expression of the eyes we find that look of abstract thought with which Giorgione and his followers, notably Titian, so often invested the faces of their sitters.

'THE TRIAL OF MOSES' PLATE IX

THE subject of this picture is taken from an old rabbinical legend which relates how the child Moses being brought by Pharaoh's daughter before the Egyptian king, in the hope that the boy's beauty might induce the

monarch to name him as a successor, Pharaoh took the infant in his arms and playfully placed his crown upon its head, whereupon Moses climbed down from the king's lap and taking off the crown trod upon it. This action on the part of the child being taken as a sign that he would in the future usurp the throne of Egypt, it was decided to put him to the proof, and accordingly two basins, one filled with gold and one with burning coals, were placed before him. To the amazement of the bystanders, he reached forth his little hand, not for the gleaming gold—emblem of riches and sovereignty—but for the fire, thereby saving his life, which would have been sacrificed had the trial resulted differently.

The picture, which with its companion piece, 'The Judgment of Solomon'—the attribution of which to Giorgione has been frequently questioned—was formerly in the possession of the Medici family in their summer residence of Poggio Imperiale, and is now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. It is rather less than three feet high by two feet four inches wide, is painted on canvas, and is very generally regarded as an authentic and early work of Giorgione's; indeed, Morelli assigns it to his sixteenth or eighteenth year. The colors are brilliant, the radiant little landscape background is rendered with exquisite touch and great minuteness of finish, but in the distinct outlines, the awkwardness of the figures, and the somewhat angular drapery we recognize the hand of an inexperienced painter, and one still under the influence of the fifteenth century.

'ÆNEAS, EVANDER, AND PALLAS' PLATE X

KNOWN variously under the titles of 'The Three Philosophers,' 'The Three Astrologers,' and 'The Chaldean Sages,' this picture in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, is an example of Giorgione's fantastic treatment of a classical story—"a poetical presentation, not representation, of a legendary subject"—for, according to the now generally accepted theory of Professor Wickhoff, the artist here shows us a scene from Virgil's 'Æneid,' where in Book VIII. it is related that the Trojan Æneas having in his wanderings reached Italy, the aged seer-king, Evander, and his son Pallas, point out to him the site of the future capitol of Rome.

The work, which has never been questioned as an original Giorgione, was seen by the "Anonimo" (see description of plate IV), in 1525, in Venice, and, according to his statement, was completed by Sebastiano del Piombo, Giorgione's pupil, in which case it would seem that, as Mr. Herbert Cook has said, "Giorgione left unfinished a picture on which he was at work some years before his death, for the style clearly indicates that the artist had not yet reached the maturity of his late period. The figures still recall those of Bellini, the modeling is close and careful, the forms compact, and reminiscent of the fifteenth century."

The coloring of the picture is rich and varied. The sun is setting, and the great moss-grown rock and dark tree-trunks of the foreground stand out in contrast to the blue of the distant hill, the orange light of the horizon, and the violet tones of the evening clouds. Evander's son Pallas, seated upon

a knoll with a quadrant in his hand, is clad in green drapery and white shirt; Æneas, standing beside him in Eastern costume, wears a white turban wound around a red fez, a purple coat, and undergarment of dull brownish-red. King Evander, at his side, is dressed in an amber-colored mantle and ruby-colored hood.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE BY THE MOST RECENT AND AUTHORITATIVE CRITICS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Portrait of Antonio Brocardo — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Æneas, Evander, and Pallas[1] (Plate X) — ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL GALLERY: A Shepherd with a Pipe (Plate V) — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Study of a Knight in Armor — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Concert Champêtre (Plate VII) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Young Man (Plate III) — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Sleeping Venus (Plate II) — ITALY. CASTELFRANCO, CATHEDRAL: The Madonna of Castelfranco[1] (Plate I) — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: The Concert (Plate VI) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: The Trial of Moses (Plate IX); The Judgment of Solomon; A Knight of Malta (Plate VIII) — ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Portrait of a Lady — VENICE, GIOVANELLI PALACE: Adrastus and Hypsipyle[1] (Plate IV) — VENICE, SEMINARIO: Apollo and Daphne — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Judith — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Madonna and Child with Saints — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, COLLECTION OF MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER: Christ bearing the Cross.

[1] Authenticity unquestioned.

Giorgione Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH GIORGIONE

ANONIMO. Notizia d'opere di disegno. Edited by G. Frizzoni. Bologna, 1884 — BERENSON, B. Venetian Painters of the Renaissance. New York, 1897 — BERENSON, B. Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Georgione (in Study and Criticism of Italian Art). London, 1901 — BOSCHINI, M. Le ricche minere della pittura veneziana. Venice, 1674 — BOULLIER, A. L'Art vénitien. Paris, 1870 — BRINTON, S. The Renaissance in Italian Art. London, 1898 — BURCKHARDT, J. Der Cicerone. Leipsic, 1898 — CAMAVITTO. Giorgione da Castelfranco. Castelfranco, 1889 — CARTWRIGHT, J. Christ and His Mother in Italian Art. London, 1897 — COLVIN, S. Giorgione (in Encyclopædia Britannica). Edinburgh, 1883 — CONTI, A. Giorgione, studio. Florence, 1894 — COOK, H. Giorgione. London, 1900 — CROWE, J. A., AND CAVALCASELLE, G. B. A History of Painting in North Italy. London, 1871 — GAUTIER, T., AND OTHERS. Les Dieux et les demi-dieux de la peinture. Paris, 1864 — GAUTIER, T. Guide de l'amateur au Musée du Louvre. Paris, 1882 — GRONAU, G. Zorzon da Castelfranco. Venice, 1894 — JAMESON, A. Memoirs of Early Italian Painters. Boston, 1896 — KUGLER, F. T. Italian Schools of Painting. Revised by A. H. Layard. London, 1900 — LANZI, L. History of Painting in Italy: Trans. by T. Roscoe. London, 1847 — LAW, E. The Royal Gallery of Hampton Court. London, 1898 — LOGAN, M. Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court. London, 1894 — LÜCKE, H. Giorgione (in Dohme's Kunst und Künstler, etc.). Leipsic, 1879 — MANTZ, P. Giorgione (in Blanc's Histoire des peintres). Paris,

1868 — MANTZ, P. Les Chefs-d'œuvre de la peinture italienne. Paris, 1870 — MOLMENTI, P. G. L'arte veneziana (in La vita italiana nel Rinascimento). Milan, 1899 — MORELLI, G. Italian Painters: Trans. by C. J. Ffoulkes. London, 1892-93 — MÜNTZ, E. Histoire de l'art pendant la Renaissance. Paris, 1895 — PATER, W. The School of Giorgione (in The Renaissance). London, 1888 — PAULI, G. Venedig. Leipsic, 1900 — RIDOLFI, C. Le maraviglie dell' arte. Padua, 1835 — SCHAUFUSS, L. W. Zur Beurtheilung der Gemälde Giorgione's. Dresden, 1874 — STEARNS, F. P. Four Great Venetians. New York, 1901 — STILLMAN, W. J. Old Italian Masters. New York, 1892 — SYMONDS, J. A. Renaissance in Italy. London, 1897 — THAUSING, M. Wiener Kunstbriefe. Leipsic, 1884 — UNGER, M. Kritische Forschungen. Leipsic, 1865 — VAN DYKE, J. C. History of Painting. New York, 1899 — VASARI, G. Lives of the Painters. New York, 1897 — WESSELY, J. E. Klassiker der Malerei. Leipsic, 1882 — WOLTMANN, A., AND WOERMANN, K. History of Painting. London, 1887 — ZANETTI, A. M. Varie pitture, etc. Venice, 1760.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ARCHIVIO STORICO DELL' ARTE, 1888: A. Luzio; Isabella d'Este e due quadri di Giorgione. 1893: A. Venturi; Nelle pinacoteche minori d'Italia. 1895: C. J. Ffoulkes; L'esposizione dell' arte veneta a Londra — ART JOURNAL, 1884: H. Wallis; Castelfranco and its Altar-piece by Giorgione. 1903: C. Phillips; Two Beautiful Ruins — L'ARTE, 1900: A. V.; Un' opera di Giorgione. 1901: E. Brunelli; Herbert Cook's Giorgione — ATHENÆUM, 1901: Review of Herbert Cook's 'Giorgione' — BULLETTINO D'ARTI, INDUSTRIE, E CURIOSITÀ VENEZIANE, Vol. II: P. G. Molmenti; Giorgione — GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS, 1893: F. Wickhoff; Les Écoles italiennes au Musée Impérial de Vienne. 1894: G. Gronau; Notes sur les dessins de Giorgione. 1895: G. Gronau; L'Art vénitien à Londres. 1895: A. R.; La Madone de Castelfranco — GIORNALE ARCADICO, 1878: Camavitto; La famiglia di Giorgione da Castelfranco — JAHRBUCH DER PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN, 1895: F. Wickhoff; Giorgiones Bilder zu römischen Heldengedichten — MAGAZINE OF ART, 1890: W. Armstrong; The Corporation Gallery of Glasgow. 1895: C. Phillips; A Probable Giorgione — NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 1899: C. Phillips; The Picture Gallery of the Hermitage — NUOVO ARCHIVIO VENETO, 1894: G. Gronau; Zorzon da Castelfranco — PORTFOLIO, 1889: J. M. Ady; Giorgione — REPERTORIUM FÜR KUNSTWISSENSCHAFT, 1896: G. Gronau; Zu Giorgione. 1896: F. Harck; Notizen über italienische Bilder in Petersburger Sammlungen — REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, 1894: E. Müntz; Titien et la formation de l'école vénitienne — REVUE UNIVERSELLE DES ARTS, 1865: L. Davesiès de Pontès; Études sur la peinture vénitienne — ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST, 1866: H. Reinhart; Castellfranco und einige weniger bekannte Bilder Giorgione's.

MASTERS IN ART

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

ENGLISH SCHOOL

ROSSETTI
'ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI!'
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LONDON

ROSSETTI
THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY VIRGIN
OWNED BY MRS. JEKYLL

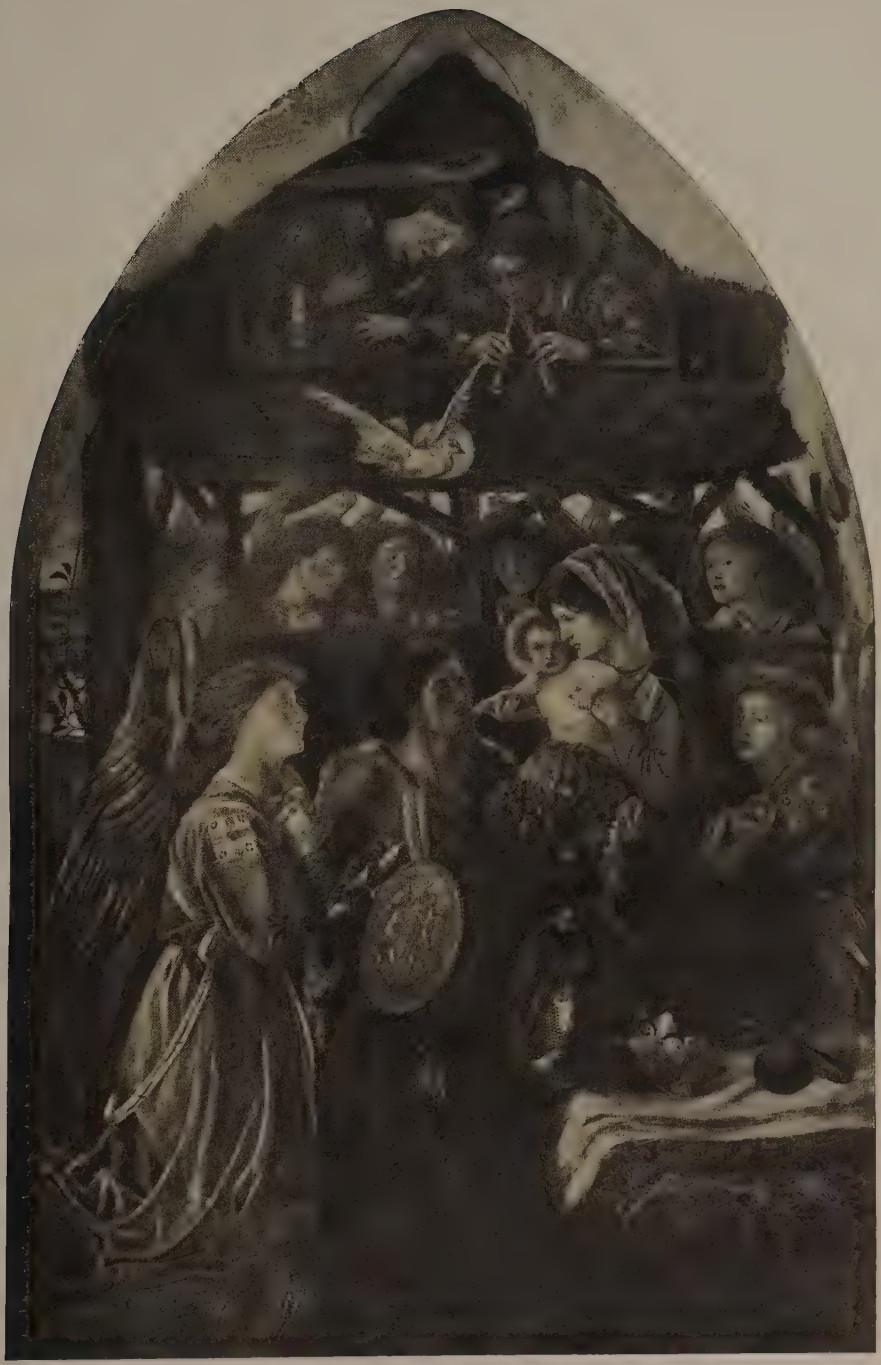
ROSSETTI
THE BLESSED DAMOZEL
OWNED BY THE HON. MRS. O'BRIEN

ROSSETTI
PROSERPINE
OWNED BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON, ESQ.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

ROSSETTI
DANTE'S DREAM
WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON AUTOTYPE CO



ROSSETTI
ALTAR-PIECE: THE SEED OF DAVID [DETAIL]
LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

ROSSETTI
BEATA BEATRIX
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LONDON

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

ROSSETTI
PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
OWNED BY W. R. MOSS, ESQ.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

ROSSETTI
THE BELOVED
OWNED BY GEORGE RAE, ESQ.

ROSSETTI
THE LOVING CUP
OWNED BY T. H. ISMAY, ESQ^R

PORTRAIT OF ROSSETTI FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

The portrait of Rossetti here reproduced is from a photograph taken b W. and C. Downey, of London, in 1862, when the artist was thirty four years old. The likeness, according to his brother, is an excellen one. A description of Rossetti's appearance will be found in the biograph which follows.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

BORN 1828: DIED 1882
ENGLISH SCHOOL

GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, commonly known as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born May 12, 1828, at 38 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London. Though English by adoption, his family was of Italian origin. His father, Gabriele Rossetti, a native of the town of Vasto in the then kingdom of Naples, was a poet of considerable literary distinction, who, having by his patriotic songs incurred the enmity of the Bourbon King Ferdinand of Naples, was compelled to leave his country. After many vicissitudes he found refuge in England, where, in 1824, he established himself as a teacher of Italian, and before long received an appointment as professor of that language at King's College, London, and later achieved a reputation as a learned and original commentator on Dante. Two years after his arrival in England he married Frances Polidori, of Italian and English parentage, and to them four children were born, all of whom distinguished themselves in art or in letters. Maria Francesca, the eldest, was the author of a critical work entitled 'The Shadow of Dante;' Dante Gabriel, the subject of this monograph, won distinction as both poet and painter; William Michael became well known as a writer and art critic; and Christina was one of the most famous of English nineteenth-century poets.

Although in the heart of London, the immediate environment of the Rossetti family was far more Italian than English. Their unpretentious home became the resort of all classes of Italians, whether noblemen or humblest of refugees, men of letters, poets, artists, musicians, or political revolutionaries, passing through or resident in London.

Such an atmosphere naturally stimulated Dante Gabriel Rossetti's somewhat precocious powers. At an early age he became familiar with Shakespeare, Scott, and other writers of imagination and romance; and when five or six years old composed a drama in blank verse, called 'The Slave,' which, although childish in diction, was nevertheless marked by correctness of meter. His education was begun at a private school, but when nine years old he was

sent to King's College, where he remained for five years, and acquired in that time a fair knowledge of the ordinary branches of learning. French and, of course, Italian he spoke with fluency, and in German he was tolerably versed. From early childhood he had shown so decided a proclivity for drawing and painting that it seems to have been understood that "Gabriel," as he was called in the family, was to be a painter. Accordingly upon leaving school he was sent to Cary's drawing academy in London, and thence, after four years, to the Antique School of the Royal Academy. At neither place was his progress in any way remarkable. Impatient for great results, he chafed under the necessarily slow preparatory processes, and his defective drawing and imperfect knowledge of anatomy, which throughout life hampered him in his artistic achievement, may be traced to a lack of thoroughness at this period.

The traditions of the Academy were then little calculated to encourage the imaginative powers to which Rossetti was eager to give expression; and finally, in 1848, out of patience with the technicalities of academic training, he applied for instruction to an artist the originality of whose works had deeply impressed him. This was Ford Madox Brown, who, although not a professional teacher, agreed to receive the young man in his studio as a pupil. He refused, however, to accept any remuneration for his services; and from that time on became one of Rossetti's firmest and most valued friends.

But Rossetti's hopes of being allowed to paint before he had mastered the difficulties of drawing were dashed when he was obliged by his new instructor to paint a study of still-life—pickle-jars being the subject selected. This was the sort of drudgery that in applying to Brown he had expected to avoid; and, disgusted with the continuance of what he regarded as unnecessary training, he soon left his preceptor to share a studio with Holman Hunt, a young painter whose picture, 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' he had seen and admired at the recently opened annual exhibition of the Royal Academy. To Hunt Rossetti confided his troubles, and at his friend's suggestion set to work to copy a composition of Hunt's, beginning, for the sake of practice, with the accessories proper to such a picture.

This same year, 1848, was an important one in Rossetti's career. His fellowship with Hunt led to a friendship with John Everett Millais, his junior by a year, though already an exhibiting painter of promise. With these three young men, Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais, aged respectively twenty-one, twenty, and nineteen years, originated the movement known as Preraphaelitism—in other words, an emulation of the sincerity and love of truth that characterized the early Italian, Flemish, and German painters in contradistinction to the more artificial methods that prevailed after Raphael's time. The "Preraphaelite Brotherhood" was, however, instituted rather to bring about a return to the more faithful study of nature than with the idea of any exact imitation of the painters who preceded Raphael—the term "Preraphaelite" being adopted half in fun, half in a spirit of bravado in thus assuming a title which had first been used as a term of contempt by those not in sym-

pathy with this reaction against the conventional and commonplace art of that day. Four members were soon added to the original trio of Preraphaelites—Thomas Woolner, James Collinson, Frederic George Stephens, and William Michael Rossetti, who was made secretary of the Brotherhood. Ford Madox Brown, though in sympathy with the movement, refused to become a member of the band, as he disapproved of anything of the nature of an artistic clique.

Weekly meetings were held by the Preraphaelite Brothers, who agreed to inscribe after their names on their pictures, and to use in all private intercourse, the mystic letters "P. R. B." Upon the suggestion of Rossetti, who was the leading spirit in the association, a literary organ called 'The Germ' was established to spread their opinions. The magazine, however, was short-lived, only four numbers being published before it died for want of financial support.

It was at this time that Rossetti painted the picture called 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' and soon afterwards his representation of the annunciation, entitled 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' both conceived in the Preraphaelite spirit. The exhibition of the latter picture called forth from the critics a storm of abuse and raillery which was shared by the other Preraphaelite Brothers, whose pictures were greeted with similar derision. Just when the attacks were most bitter, however, a champion appeared in the person of John Ruskin, who in a letter to the London *Times* defended the Brotherhood from the charge of being mere slavish copyists and participants in a conspiracy against Raphael. And if Ruskin attributed sentiments and ideas to the Preraphaelites that in the original establishment of the Brotherhood had not been formulated by its members, their debt of gratitude to him for his defense of their cause was nevertheless great.

As a definite organization the Preraphaelite Brotherhood was disbanded at the end of two or three years. The members drifted apart; each painted after his own special style, and Preraphaelitism, so-called, passed away; but its stamp had been indelibly impressed upon the art, more especially upon the decorative art, of England, and it is now recognized as one of the important movements in the history of painting.

In these first years of Rossetti's career as a painter his progress in literary work had been remarkable. As early as 1843 he had written a romantic prose tale called 'Sorrentino,' and had made translations from the German. Soon afterwards, translations from Dante and other early Italian poets were begun, though not published until many years later, when his interest in the writings of Dante found expression through his brush as well. His most famous poem, 'The Blessed Damozel,' written in his nineteenth year, was first published in 'The Germ,' in which other verses by him also appeared. The years that followed found Rossetti occupied in both art and poetry, and were varied only by a trip to the continent in company with Holman Hunt. Rossetti had no love for travel, and with the exception of a few visits to Paris and Belgium, and occasional short sojourns in Scotland, he never left England, not even caring to go to Italy.

Hostile criticism of his paintings, lack of patrons, and consequent straightened circumstances made Rossetti's life at this period a struggle. Discouraged by the reception accorded his painting of the annunciation, he exhibited no more works, and did not even attempt to publish his poems.

In 1850 an event occurred which had a lasting influence upon his life. Among the models who sat to him was Miss Elizabeth Siddal, then earning her living in London as a milliner's assistant. She was gifted with unusual beauty, as well as with a natural love of poetry, and a talent for painting which rapidly developed under the instruction that Rossetti gave her. The painter was never tired of reproducing her delicate type of beauty; she became the model for most of his pictures painted at this period, notably for the numerous portrayals of "Beatrice;" and Rossetti, with all the force of his passionate nature, fell deeply and seriously in love with her. They became engaged; but a consumptive tendency rendered Miss Siddal's health extremely delicate, and it may be that this, added to Rossetti's uncertain means of support, necessitated the long, and never fully explained, postponement of their marriage.

In 1854, and later, Rossetti was engaged upon designs for some of Tennyson's poems. Many of his principal drawings and water-colors were also executed at this time, and 'Found,' his one realistic picture, was now begun, though never entirely finished. Relief from financial difficulties first came to him through the patronage of Mr. Ruskin, who took keen delight in his artistic work, and agreed to buy, up to a certain amount, and at the same price that would have been asked of an ordinary purchaser, whatever picture of Rossetti's pleased him. This arrangement, begun in 1854, lasted for some years, and terminated only when Rossetti could no longer brook the constant criticisms which Ruskin could not refrain from expressing.

Another friendship formed during these years was that with Burne-Jones, then an Oxford student, who went to Rossetti for advice and guidance, even as Rossetti himself had gone to Madox Brown. Through Burne-Jones Rossetti came to know William Morris and Algernon Charles Swinburne, also Oxford students. Together with Morris, Burne-Jones, and four other young artists, Rossetti undertook, in 1856, the decoration of the walls of the Union Debating Hall at Oxford with scenes from Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' a work which was soon reduced to a mere wreck because of their ignorance of the processes of distemper painting.

In May, 1860, Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal were married, and, after a short wedding journey to Paris, took up their residence in Chatham Place, Blackfriar's Bridge, London, where Rossetti had long had his studio and rooms. The two years of his married life were the happiest that he had known, and during this period he did some of his most inspired work in both poetry and painting. At the end of a year, and after the birth of a still-born child, Mrs. Rossetti's health, always frail, failed perceptibly; and in February, 1862, she died from the effects of an overdose of laudanum, taken to relieve neuralgia. The blow was a terrible one to Rossetti, and on the day of her funeral he gave expression to the intensity of his grief in a

way characteristic of his emotional nature by placing in her coffin the manuscript copy of his poems, many of which existed only in that form. These poems remained buried until he was persuaded, seven years later, to consent to their disinterment and subsequent publication.

After his wife's death Rossetti removed from Chatham Place to chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the end of a few months took up his residence at Tudor House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where for some time his brother, W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, the poet, and Mr. George Meredith, the novelist, lived with him. Tudor House, described by Thackeray in 'Henry Esmond' as the residence of the old Countess of Chelsey, was Rossetti's home for the remainder of his life. In its spacious and somewhat gloomy rooms he collected quantities of old oak furniture and curios, together with rare specimens of blue china and Japanese bric-à-brac, for all of which he had a passion. In the large garden at the back of the house Rossetti kept a number of animals. His fondness for "beasts" was well known. He was particularly partial to those of a quaint and grotesque nature—a tame wombat and still tamer woodchuck being his prime favorites. Among other pets were a Pomeranian puppy, an Irish deerhound, owls, hedgehogs, armadillos, kangaroos, wallabies, white mice, laughing jackasses, parrots, chameleons, lizards, a deer, and a raccoon.

From 1862 to 1870 Rossetti's powers as an artist were at their best, and many of his finest pictures were produced. Among the most famous were 'Beata Beatrix,' 'Joan of Arc,' 'The Beloved,' 'Lilith,' 'Venus Verticordia,' 'The Blue Bower,' 'The Loving Cup,' 'Monna Vanna,' and a portrait of Mrs. William Morris, who was one of his favorite and most frequent models. Although never courting fame, and even averse to sending his works to exhibitions, Rossetti found no dearth of patrons now, and his affairs having once become prosperous, they continued to be so for many years. His income in 1876 averaged £3,725, or over eighteen thousand dollars.

The publication of his poems in 1870 further increased his now established fame, and placed him among the foremost of contemporary English poets. The appearance of the volume in print, however, proved provocative of strong adverse as well as favorable criticism; and, in October, 1871, a hostile article, entitled 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' and signed Thomas Maitland (soon ascertained to be a pseudonym for Mr. Robert Buchanan), appeared in *The Contemporary Review*, in which certain of Rossetti's sonnets were attacked on literary, but more especially on moral, grounds. Rossetti at once published a dignified self-vindication, in *The Athenæum*, called 'The Stealthy School of Criticism;' and here the matter might have ended, had not Mr. Buchanan's article been forthwith printed with additions in pamphlet form. The effect of this upon Rossetti was out of all proportion to its intrinsic importance. His health for some time past had been impaired, and suffering, since the death of his wife, from insomnia, he had become addicted to the use of chloral, which he took in large and constantly increasing nightly doses. In this broken state of health the republication of 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' proved sufficient to throw his mind off its balance, and he

developed such an excess of sensitiveness, that, a prey to the morbid fancies of an always vivid and powerful imagination, he now saw himself the object of a conspiracy for crushing his fame as an artist and as a man, and hounding him from society. Suspicious of even his closest friends, he became secluded in his habits, and at times depressed and moody.

The devotion of his friends did much to palliate his sufferings, however, and no one was ever richer in friends than Rossetti, who, notwithstanding the self-will and domineering spirit that marked his character, was a man of such winning personality that he was beloved, nay, well-nigh adored, by a brilliant circle of men, who, attracted by his genius, his warmth of heart, and the charm of his conversation, looked upon him not as the spoiled child that he often showed himself, but as one whom it was an honor to serve.

There were times in these last years of Rossetti's life when the cloud lightened, and he seemed in a fair way to regain to some extent his broken health; but so long as the chloral habit continued—and no persuasions of friends or injunctions of physicians could effectually put a stop to it—there was no hope of lasting recovery. Nevertheless, his intellectual faculties seemed in no way impaired, and to these years some of his finest poems are to be assigned. In painting, his achievements were, as a rule, less remarkable; and many of the single figures, of which he produced a great number at this period, are marked by an exaggeration of his peculiar mannerisms. Some few, nevertheless, stand out as preëminent, notably 'Venus Astarte,' 'The Day-dream,' 'Pandora,' 'La Bella Mano,' and 'Proserpine.'

In 1881, accompanied by Mr. Hall Caine, who devoted himself to Rossetti during the last years of the painter-poet's life, he went for change of air and scene to the Vale of St. John, near Keswick; but he soon returned to London, more broken than before he went away, and a paralytic shock further reduced his strength. When sufficiently recovered from its effects he was taken to Birchington-on-the-Sea, and there, tenderly cared for by his family and friends, he died, on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1882. In accordance with his wish, his funeral was conducted with the utmost simplicity, and none but his nearest relatives and a few intimate friends were present when he was buried in the quiet churchyard of the seaside village.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was, in the words of his brother, "essentially of a dominant turn, in intellect and in temperament a leader. He was impetuous and vehement, and necessarily therefore impatient; easily angered and easily appeased, although the embittered feelings of his later years obscured this amiable quality to some extent; free-handed and heedless of expenditure, whether for himself or for others; in family affection warm and equable, and (except in relation to our mother, for whom he had a fondling love) not demonstrative. Never on stilts in matters of the intellect, but steeped in the sense of beauty, and loving, if not always practising, the good; keenly alive also (though many people seem to discredit this now) to the laughable as well as the grave and solemn side of things; superstitious in grain, and anti-scientific to the marrow. Extremely natural and unaffected, with the natu-

ralism characteristic of Italian blood; reserved at times, yet not haughty; desultory enough in youth, diligent and persistent in maturity; self-centered always, and brushing aside whatever traversed his purpose or his bent. He was very generally and very greatly liked by persons of extremely diverse character. . . .

"I have more than once had occasion to confute a current misconception that Dante Rossetti could be described as a sentimentalist, a dreamer, a mystic, an esthete, and the like, without allowance being made for a considerable counterbalance of attributes of a very opposite character. Certainly he had some sentiment; he dreamed several dreams, asleep and awake; he may have been a mystic (though I never quite understood what a mystic is); but it is not the less true that he was full of vigor and buoyancy, a quick-blooded, downright-speaking man, with plenty of will and an abundant lack of humbug. People who take an interest in him—of an authentic kind—the more will the masculine traits of his character appear in evidence, and the less will room be left for the notion of a pallid and anemic 'esthete,' a candidate for the sunflowers of a Du Maurier design. He did not 'yearn.' All this is said without at all derogating from the fact that in the very essence of his mind and temperament Dante Rossetti was a poet. . . .

"The appearance of my brother was rather Italian than English. He was of rather low middle stature, say five feet seven and a half. Meager in youth, he was at times decidedly fat in mature age. The complexion, clear and warm, was also dark, but not dusky or somber. The hair was dark and silky; the brow grandly spacious and solid; the full-sized eyes bluish-gray; the nose shapely, with an aquiline tendency and large nostrils, and perhaps no detail in the face was more noticeable at a first glance than the strong indentation at the spring of the nose below the forehead; the mouth moderately well-shaped, but with a rather thick and unmolded under-lip; the chin unremarkable; the line of the jaw full, rounded, and sweeping. His hips were wide, his hands and feet small; the hands those of the artist or author type, white, delicate, plump, and soft as a woman's. His gait was resolute and rapid; his general aspect compact and determined; the prevailing expression of the face that of a fiery and dictatorial mind concentrated into repose. Some people regarded Rossetti as eminently handsome; few, I think, would have refused him the epithet of well-looking. His voice was deep and harmonious; in the reading of poetry, remarkably rich, with rolling swell and musical cadence."

The Art of Rossetti

SIDNEY COLVIN 'MAGAZINE OF ART' 1883

ROSSETTI was essentially a romantic: I have even heard him express a doubt whether familiar themes and surroundings, and every-day passions and affections, were capable in the modern world of yielding effective mate-

rial to art. In the midst of the nineteenth century he belonged by nature rather than by effort to the Middle Age, the age when the colors of life were most vivid and varied and the sense of supernatural agencies most alive.

A mind teeming with colored and mystical imagery, and a sustained high temperature or intense habit of the soul—these were the gifts with which Rossetti grew up, and began, before the close of boyhood, to attempt both poetry and painting. The time was one more favorable in England to literature than to the sister art, and we find that the poetry of Rossetti was remarkable, first as last, for the qualities of technical expertness and resource; but with his work as a painter the case is different. The years during which he grew to manhood were those when the state of English painting was at its worst, and a spirit like the young Rossetti felt as if he had nothing to learn from contemporary teaching. The schism which he headed among the students of his time was a movement, half, indeed, of serious and enthusiastic purpose, but half also of whimsical and contemptuous revolt against what he held to be the brainlessness and triviality of the time.

Great needs to be the courage of the artist who thus rebels against authority, and declines to profit by the teaching of his time. Let the seceder possess what gifts and make what efforts he will, his work is certain to retain a character of crudeness and inexperience. When we look at the work of the early, the original, Preraphaelite schools of Europe, we are not put out by faults of proportion and perspective, because we know that the laws of proportion and perspective had not yet been discovered; but when we look at the work of a modern artist, and perceive these or kindred faults, we feel that he is not technically up to the standard of his time; that, in a word, he is in some degree not a master, but an amateur. Now taking the paintings of Rossetti all together, it is impossible, I think, to deny that they bear in some measure to the last this stamp of technical inexperience and amateurship. Some brilliant and original excellences, even of the technical kind, he indeed in the course of practice acquired; but they are rarely quite harmoniously balanced, or free from an admixture of failure in other directions. To some of Rossetti's contemporaries, his vivid realization of medieval life and legend, his glowing and rich vein of symbolism, were things that spoke with a peculiar and thrilling power. In their eyes what mattered the artist's shortcomings, provided he was capable of thus stirring them to the deepest fibers of their souls? To others, in whom the same fibers are less awake, it must be expected that of such work as this the weaknesses, exaggerations, and self-repetitions will alone or principally be perceptible. . . .

Rossetti's artistic career as a painter may be most conveniently divided, I think, into three periods. The first period extends from the artist's boyhood to about his thirty-fourth year, that is from 1847 to 1862; the second from 1862 to 1870; the third from 1870 till his death. In the first period Rossetti's aim in art was almost entirely of the dramatic and narrative kind; the subject and inspiration are sometimes Christian, sometimes literary and romantic; very often they are drawn directly from Dante, and only in one important instance, his never finished picture of 'Found,' from modern life.

To sum up generally the characteristics of this period, the first are vividness and ingenuity of dramatic presentment, the idea so predominating over the matter that actions are allowed to appear as strained, and compositions as naïve, as they please, provided only the emotional and intellectual points are driven home. These are among the qualities whereby Rossetti's work is obviously allied to that of the Middle Age; other characteristics are his enjoyment of the quaint invention of costumes and furniture, and the weight of symbolical meaning which he makes every circumstantial detail and accessory bear. Others, again, are his neglect of the elements of chiaroscuro and atmosphere in painting, and his delight in and insistence on the element of color. Many of the little pictures of this time flash and glow like jewels or the fragments of some gorgeous painted window. Always interesting by their stamp of poetry and romance, thrilling by their poignancy of emotion, and originality and vividness of color, these were the pictures that had so powerful an effect on the minds of a few of Rossetti's contemporaries and juniors. Aided by his own magnetic personality, by his impulsive and generous temper, and his persuasive and authoritative power of speech, the work he did at this time made him, to every spirit susceptible of imaginative and poetical influences with whom he came in contact, a focus of inspiration such as no other man has been in England in our time.

During the next period, from 1862 onwards, the dramatic and narrative aims which had hitherto predominated in Rossetti's painting gradually ceased to inspire it. A few, indeed, of his finest small water-colors in the old vein, with some added freedom of action and depth of variety of tone, belong to this period, but the characteristic products of the new time are single female heads and half-figures in oil. Such subjects Rossetti generally repeated in more than one different version, or replica, and the more important of them he always carefully worked out first in the shape of a cartoon in colored chalk. Occasionally the theme is still suggested by literature, as 'Beata Beatrix' by Dante, and 'The Beloved' by the Song of Solomon; but more commonly it is of the artist's own invention. Rossetti's invention in this order of subjects is of two kinds. Either he simply takes some type of beauty that interests him, attires her in gorgeous and far-fetched ornaments, and strains all his powers to express, as he feels it, the mere sensuous charm of womanhood and rich array; or else he invests her with a halo of intellectual attributes and secondary meanings, making of herself a personification and a symbol of everything that adorns her.

The productions of this class and period certainly include all that is most technically accomplished, if not what is most strikingly interesting and suggestive, in Rossetti's work as a painter. He by degrees acquired breadth and ease and a real mastery in the design of these single female half-figures and heads. Depth of tone and chiaroscuro he as yet did not seek, but he attacked and vanquished the most daring problems of color in equal and diffused light. For the combination of keen and flashing intensity with mastery and delightfulness of quality, his painting of tissues and jewels and flowers at this period stands, it is no extravagance to say, alone in art.

In flesh-painting Rossetti's manner is less assured, but in those faces which he has not afterwards spoiled by retouching he obtained a fine quality of bloom and charm, with much delicacy of modeling and shadow. The gloss and mystery of hair, also, Rossetti could render with admirable cunning; but what he most cared for in the face was the expression of soul, and accordingly it is on the organs of the soul, the eyes and mouth, that his chief efforts are concentrated. In the setting and coloring and expression of the feminine eye he exhibits an extraordinary mastery. But with mouths he was much less successful.

The great change, as it seems to me, happens about 1870, when his works exhibit for the most part a manifest falling-off in artistic sanity and self-control. They are always, indeed, the work of a poet, of a man who perceives things through a medium of strong imaginative emotion, and who has striven, in these visionary shapes, to express a profound and fervent sense of the power of beauty and sex, and of the awe and mystery of life. There is always a fine intention to be discerned in them; in the conception, an abundant wealth of ideas of that involved, symbolical kind which lend themselves equally to verbal and to pictorial expression, and cannot be got perfectly intelligible in either; in the realization, a striving after sweep and grandeur of design, with impressiveness of type and splendor and suggestiveness of detail. But the artist has become the slave of his own predilections. He has found a particular cast of beauty, with lips at once full and pining, and eyes overshadowed by a great thunder-cloud of hair—he has found this, and the length of throat, the litheness of limb and sinuousness of pose that go with it, so consonant to his imaginative mood that he repeats them again and again, sometimes with a mechanical insistence and exaggeration, especially in the drawing and coloring of the mouth, that almost degenerate into caricature. Technically he aims more and more at depth of tone, and at the same time his sense of color becomes sicklied. In the flesh, particularly, he in many pictures of this date gets a morbid tint into the shadows, and a dragging and stringy quality into the handling, that stand in the strongest contrast to the work of his healthier days. In this new series of mystic and symbolic, or merely sumptuous and fanciful female incarnations painted in the last twelve years of Rossetti's life, there seems indeed to be only one, and that is the 'Proserpine,' fit to be chosen as a thoroughly adequate and worthy example of his powers.

ÉDOUARD ROD 'ÉTUDES SUR LE XIX^e SIÈCLE'

IN common with the great painters of the Italian Renaissance, Rossetti preferred to paint man rather than nature; but—and herein his northern spirit showed itself—it was not the outer physical man, "the human animal" to use Taine's phrase, but the inner, spiritual, man that attracted him. Careless of the merely external beauties of the human body, he sought primarily for expression, and chose for his own that type of physical beauty which seemed to him best calculated to reveal it.

His religion was not objective—not based upon a faith in the supernatural,

upon a transcendental ideal, a finite need of some fixed standard for life's government; it was a wholly *subjective* thing, a pure emotion, an ecstasy. His soul was one of those which are capable of such intense and passionate feeling as to inwrap things terrestrial and things supernal in one and the same emotion, and thus to obliterate distinctions between the real and the imaginary. This type of emotion had almost entirely died out during the formal seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but Rossetti brought it once more into the service of literature and art in his sonnet-cycle called 'The House of Life.' Therein we see the poet struggling to express the inexpressible; but now and again, although the finite sense of the words themselves is often intangible, they suddenly open to the imagination glimpses into the infinite, where thought, freed from the prison-house of reality, seems to have found liberty in a dream world, where unsubstantial images, like summer clouds, melt, are transformed and re-created into other shapes before we can grasp them, till one feels that he is in a vision universe, with nothing of the mundane left to tie to. . . .

Rossetti himself never quitted this dream world. Whether he expressed himself in line and color or in word and cadence, the character of his inspiration remained constantly the same. His pictures, like his poems, are visions. In the 'Dante's Dream,' the 'Beata Beatrix,' 'The Blessed Damozel,' and in how many more, the figures have an effect of immobility, of silence, of suspense in motion, that makes them resemble those dream images which we can never quite clearly visualize, because they define themselves upon our imaginations rather than upon our retinas.

Sometimes he delights to surround his figures with brilliant accessories, to scatter flowers about them (roses above all, which he painted with a rare perfection), to drape them in rich Venetian stuffs, the hues of which recall Giorgione—and yet no matter how rich or real these surroundings, they never lose a supernatural quality, an indefinite something that betrays the fact that they have no real existence, and that even when fixed thus upon the canvas they are still part and parcel of the painter's soul. Rossetti's subjects, be they religious, profane, or mythologic, were for him no more than pretexts. However diverse the forms in which he bodies them forth, we know that he is always painting his own dream. . . .

Throughout his entire achievement, in painting as in verse, Rossetti remained wholly a poet. His drawing was often marred by salient errors. Almost all his women have over-large hands; too often the stuffs which drape them seem but half to conceal strange physical imperfections—an arm too short, or a defective shoulder—although the coloring atones for any such negligences in drawing. Rossetti's art as a painter, however, lies—above any such question of technique—in the supreme intensity of expression which he succeeded in giving his figures, yet without recourse to violent gestures or movements. And it is, it seems to me, in this expressiveness that the *artistic* value of his pictures resides, for there can be no doubt as to their poetic value. He realized that in an overwhelmingly intellectual epoch painting itself should conform to the general current, and pursue another ideal than

that of pure form, and that, moreover, this ideal could be none other than that of *expression*. But he saw, further, that the calmest attitude and the slowest gesture were perfectly compatible with a most vivid intensity of inner life, and thus he restored to art qualities which it had lacked since the days of the Renaissance.—FROM THE FRENCH

HARRY QUILTER 'PREFERENCES IN ART'

FOR Rossetti's fame it is probably unfortunate that he did not limit himself to poetry, or that he did not begin painting earlier, study it more rigorously, and confine himself to it more entirely; but for the world at large I doubt whether he could have done, being what he was, better work. He was to all young artists and young writers a tower of strength, a light to encourage them to despise conventions, and to give up their lives to their art. He was, in fact, a standing protest against the idols of the market—an influence that made, as Arnold would say, for artistic righteousness. . . .

What place in the history of art and literature Rossetti's achievements will eventually hold is difficult even to surmise, but one or two points may be confidently asserted. In the future he will stand less as the painter-poet than as the leader of the great artistic movement of England in the nineteenth century; his work will be regarded and prized even more for what it effected than for its intrinsic merit. . . .

In speaking, therefore, of his art, and trying to estimate its worth, we must always bear in mind that, as a set-off against many eccentricities and deficiencies of treatment, and many limitations of thought and feeling, we have this fact: that it was powerful to trouble the artistic Bethesda to the very depths of its sluggish waters, and to set artists upon new tracks of execution and new impulses of thought. Surely no mean praise to a painter that, under his awakening power, other painters did better and more vital work; and that the forward impulse in art which he was mainly instrumental in creating bids fair to widen out into issues of which no one can at present predict the end.

The Works of Rossetti

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI' PLATE I

"THE best of Rossetti's Preraphaelite work during the two years subsequent to 1848," writes Mr. Marillier, "is the 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' ('Behold, the Handmaid of the Lord'), a sequel to his 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin,' and the realization of the last lines of the sonnet written for that picture:

> 'So held she through her girlhood; as it were
> An angel-watered lily, that near God
> Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,

She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed:
Because the fullness of the time was come.'

There is an especial charm in this new conception of the oft-depicted scene—the angel, not gay with peacock wings and trappings as usual, but grave and simply clad; the Virgin, not raised triumphant on a throne, nor impossibly bedecked with jewels, but waked from slumber in the early dawn, and crouching half in fear and awe upon a pallet."

The main tone of the picture is white. The walls of the bare chamber are white, so is the Virgin's sculpture-like drapery, so likewise the coverings of the bed and the long garment of the archangel, who holds a white annunciation lily in his hand. A golden halo surrounds his auburn hair, and about his feet are pale yellow flames. Touches of bright color are given, however, in the red embroidery at the foot of the bed, and in the blue curtain behind the figure of the Virgin, whose long red hair is relieved by a gold aureole. On the wall above is a lamp, its flame dimmed by the flood of early morning light which fills the room, and through the open window, beyond which we see the blue sky and a single green palm-tree, the Holy Spirit enters in the form of a dove.

The picture is now in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London.

'THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY VIRGIN' PLATE II

IN 1848 Rossetti, inspired by the new ideas embodied in the Preraphaelite movement, began work upon his first oil-picture, 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin.' Although it shows in some respects a deficiency in technical training, this work, full of delicate sentiment and replete with symbolism, is a remarkable production for a young man of twenty.

The scene represents a room in the home of the Virgin, who with her mother, St. Anna, is seated at an embroidery-frame engaged in copying the tall white lily, emblem of purity, that is before her. Needle in hand, she pauses in her work, her gaze fixed upon a child-angel with rose-colored wings, invisible save to her, who stands beside the lily. Beneath the pot in which the flower grows are six books, each inscribed with the name of a cardinal virtue, the dominant idea of the picture being that the Virgin advances in purity and virtue until fitted to become the bride and mother of Deity.

Mary's golden hair and gray dress with its touches of green at the wrists, and St. Anna's nun-like garb of dark green and brown with a head-covering of dull red, are relieved against an olive-green curtain, beyond which is seen a garden where St. Joachim, the Virgin's father, is training a symbolically fruitful vine, the young tendrils of which form the figure of a cross. A white dove, symbolizing the Holy Spirit, has alighted on a trellis, and on the floor at Mary's feet lie palm branches and slips of thorn emblematic of the Passion.

The picture, now owned by Mrs. Jekyll, was first exhibited in 1849. It

is painted on a wooden panel, and is signed with the artist's name followed by the initials "P. R. B."

Rossetti painted his mother's face for St. Anna, and, for the Virgin, took for his model, as in the 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' his sister Christina.

'THE BLESSED DAMOZEL' PLATE III

THE version of this subject here reproduced was painted by Rossetti in 1879, and is a replica of the original picture finished some two years earlier. The principal difference between the two versions is that in the background of the first Rossetti introduced countless figures of embracing lovers, and by some critics it is considered the superior work, but the expression of the face of the 'Blessed Damozel' in this second version is more beautiful.

The subject illustrates Rossetti's poem of the same name, written many years before, in which he describes the expectant longing of a young girl in heaven for her lover, whom she had parted from on earth.

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

The figure of 'The Blessed Damozel' is life-size. She is clad in a garment of pale green and her hair is deep gold. Below the bar on which she leans are two angels, with wings of light reddish purple, holding branches of palm; and in the lowest compartment of all the earthly lover is represented.

The picture is now owned by the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien.

'PROSERPINE' PLATE IV

AMONG Rossetti's works none is more celebrated than this picture of 'Proserpine.' There are several replicas of the subject, and some uncertainty exists as to which may be regarded as the original painting. The picture reproduced in plate IV, formerly in the Leyland Collection, and now owned by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, is dated 1874. In one of his letters Rossetti has himself explained the subject. "The figure," he writes, "represents Proserpine as Empress of Hades. After she was conveyed by Pluto to his realm, and became his bride, her mother, Ceres, importuned Jupiter for her return to earth, and he was prevailed on to consent to this, provided only she had not partaken of any of the fruits of Hades. It was found, however, that she had eaten one grain of a pomegranate, and this enchained her to her new empire and destiny. She is represented in a gloomy corridor of her palace, with the fatal fruit in her hand. As she passes a gleam strikes on the wall behind her from some inlet suddenly opened, admitting for the

moment the light of the upper world; and she glances furtively towards it, immersed in thought. The incense-burner stands beside her as the attribute of a goddess. The ivy-branch in the background may be taken as a symbol of clinging memory."

The life-size figure of Proserpine is clad in a steel-blue robe, and the heavy masses of hair that fall over her shoulders are brownish-black. The wonder of the picture is in the pale face with its moody eyes and its expression of tragic despair.

'DANTE'S DREAM' PLATE V

THIS celebrated picture, painted in 1869–71, is the only one of Rossetti's early designs that was executed on a scale commensurate with its importance. Although in technical qualities not equal to some of his other works, the picture is nevertheless so profoundly impressive in its conception that it is held by many to be the artist's masterpiece. The subject is from Dante's 'Vita Nuova,' in which the poet dreams that his loved lady, Beatrice, has been taken from this life, and in imagination he goes to look upon her body.

> "'Then Love said, 'Now shall all things be made clear:
> Come, and behold our lady where she lies.'
> These 'wildering phantasies
> Then carried me to see my lady dead.
> Even as I there was led,
> Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
> And with her was such very humbleness
> That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.' "

The scene represented is, to quote Rossetti's own words, "a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is lying on a couch recessed in the wall, as if just fallen back in death. The winged figure of Love, in red drapery, leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious but absorbed as in sleep; in his other hand Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart; as he reaches the bier Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her, while the two green-clad dream ladies hold the pall full of may-bloom suspended for an instant before it covers her face forever."

On both sides of the picture, through the doorways that open on the streets of Florence, deserted now for grief, birds of scarlet plumage fly in and out, typifying the presence of the spirit of love. The figure of Beatrice is robed in white, and her pale face is framed by the long golden hair that falls over her pillow. Dante is in black with touches of purple—a somber contrast to the flame-colored figure of Love.

The picture measures about seven feet high by ten and a half feet wide. It is now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

'THE SEED OF DAVID' [DETAIL] PLATE VI

IN 1856 Rossetti received a commission to paint an altar-piece in three compartments for the cathedral of Llandaff, Wales, then under process of restoration. The subject selected by the artist for this, his largest work, was 'The Seed of David,' showing in the central portion (reproduced in plate VI) the worship of the infant Christ by a shepherd and a king, and in each of the side divisions a figure of David, in one as a shepherd-boy with crook and sling, and in the other as a king. The work was not finished until 1864, and four or five years later was retouched by Rossetti. The treatment is decorative and the color deep and rich in tone.

In a letter written by Rossetti in 1864 he gives the following description of this important composition: "It is intended," he says, "to show Christ sprung from high and low in the person of David, who was both shepherd and king, and worshiped by high and low—a king and a shepherd—at his nativity. Accordingly in the center-piece an angel is represented leading the shepherd and the king to worship in the stable at the feet of Christ, who is in his mother's arms. She holds his hand for the shepherd, and his foot for the king, to kiss—showing the superiority of poverty over riches in the eyes of Christ. There is an opening all round the stable, through which angels are looking in, whilst other angels are playing on musical instruments in a loft above."

'BEATA BEATRIX' PLATE VII

THIS well-known picture, now in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London, was painted by Rossetti in 1863, not long after the death of his wife, "with portraiture of her so faithfully reminiscent," writes his brother, "that one might almost say she sat, in spirit and to the mind's eye, for the face." Several replicas of the picture were painted by Rossetti, but always reluctantly, and none proved equal in quality to the original version here reproduced.

The following words of the painter himself are perhaps the best description of the work: "The picture illustrates the 'Vita Nuova,' embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice, seated at a balcony overlooking the city of Florence, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven.

"You will remember how Dante dwells on the desolation of the city in connection with the incident of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background, and made the figures of Dante and Love passing through the street and gazing ominously on one another, conscious of the event; while the bird, a messenger of death, drops the poppy between the hands of Beatrice. She, through her shut lids, is conscious of a new world, as expressed in the last words of the 'Vita Nuova'—'That blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance who is blessed throughout all ages.'"

The life-size figure of Beatrice is clothed in a grayish purple robe with overgarment of green. The plumage of the bird bearing in his bill a pale yellow poppy, symbol of death, is crimson, as is also the figure of Love seen in the distance. A sun-dial points to the hour of the death of Beatrice on that fateful ninth of June, 1290.

"Into this picture," writes Mr. Marillier, "Rossetti has put the very best of himself—imagination, feeling, color, beauty, and perfect harmony. Not a flaw, not an ugly touch, mars the repose of that upturned entranced face, the purest of all the images that have made his wife immortal."

'PAOLO AND FRANCESCA' PLATE VIII

THE subject of this picture is a scene from the story of Francesca da Rimini, daughter of Guido di Polenta, who, being married to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta di Rimini, fell in love with her husband's brother, Paolo, and with her lover was put to death by Lanciotto upon his discovery of their guilty passion.

In Rossetti's picture the lovers are seated before a window bearing on its panes the arms of Malatesta. Paolo is clad in red and Francesca in green. Red roses are on the floor at their feet, a rose-bush grows at their right, and a red lute hangs on the wall beside them. In the midst of their reading the lovers have paused to give the fatal kiss that sealed their doom. On the frame of the picture this passage from Canto v of Dante's 'Inferno' is inscribed:

> "One day
> For our delight we read of Launcelot,
> How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
> Suspicion near us. Oft times by that reading
> Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
> Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
> Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
> The wicked smile so rapturously kiss'd
> By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
> From me shall separate, at once my lips
> All trembling kiss'd."

The picture, painted in water-color, is now owned by Mr. W. R. Moss, of Bolton, England. It is a replica, possibly an early study, of one of the compartments of a three-part picture painted by Rossetti in 1855, in which in addition to the subject here shown he represents, in another compartment, the souls of the lovers clasped in each other's arms floating in the flames of hell. Between these two divisions stand the figures of Dante and Virgil.

'THE BELOVED' PLATE IX

THIS picture 'The Beloved,' sometimes called 'The Bride,' considered by many to be Rossetti's finest work, was begun in 1864, and two years later delivered to its purchaser, Mr. Rae, the present owner. In 1873, how-

ever, Rossetti requested that this his "pet among his pictures" should be returned to him for certain changes that he wished to make in the color and in the composition. Most of the published reproductions of the picture, however, are taken from photographs made prior to this revision, and do not represent it as it now appears, and as it is shown in plate IX. In the splendor of its glowing color this work is unsurpassed by any of the artist's productions. "I mean it to be like jewels," he said; and certainly no canvas could be more jewel-like.

The subject represents the bride of the 'Song of Solomon,' attended by her women, advancing to meet her bridegroom. "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine," says the Song. The bride is arrayed in a splendid robe of apple-green silk with flowing sleeves richly embroidered in gold and red. Behind her are four dark-haired maidens, one of whom carries clusters of bright-colored japonica blossoms and another brownish yellow tiger-lilies, while before her, his jet-like skin serving as a foil to her own fair beauty, is a little negro boy with jeweled collar and head-band, bearing a golden vase of roses. With one hand the bride draws aside her veil of silken tissue fastened at either side with ornaments of gold and scarlet. Rossetti considered that he never surpassed in "downright loveliness" the type of womanhood here represented.

"Excepting one or two later works of the master, where sentiment of a more exalted sort, as in the 'Proserpine,' inspired the designs, 'The Beloved,'" writes Mr. F. G. Stephens, "appears to me to be the finest production of Rossetti's genius. It indicates the consummation of his powers in the highest order of modern art, and is in harmony with that poetic inspiration which is found in every one of his more ambitious pictures."

'THE LOVING CUP' PLATE X

THIS subject, of which the original and most beautiful version is here reproduced, Rossetti repeated many times. It represents a young woman in crimson robe, standing against a background of white linen embroidered in blue and crossed by a shelf on which is a row of brass plates. Her eyes are deep blue, and her brown hair, decorated with jewels, is looped about her neck, around which are necklaces of pearls and corals. Over her right shoulder falls a green veil. In one hand she lifts the golden loving cup to her lips, holding the cover in the other.

The picture, formerly in the Leyland Collection, is now owned by Mr. T. H. Ismay.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY ROSSETTI

NOTE: The letter *o.* following the name of a picture denotes that it is in oil; the letter *w.*, that it is in water-color.

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. BIRMINGHAM, CORPORATION ART GALLERY: The Boat of Love, *o.*; La Donna della Finestra, *o.*; Sir Galahad, *w.* — LIVERPOOL, WALKER ART GALLERY: Dante's Dream, *o.* (Plate V) — LONDON NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART: 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' *o.* (Plate I); Beata Beatrix, *o.* (Plate VII); Portrait of Mrs. Wil-

liam Morris, *o.* — OXFORD, TAYLORIAN MUSEUM: Dante Drawing the Angel, *w.* — WALES. LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL: Altar-piece: The Seed of David, *o.* (see Plate VI).

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

CANADA. MONTREAL, OWNED BY MR. J. ROSS: La Ghirlandata, *o.* — ENGLAND. OWNED BY MR. J. AIRD: Giotto Painting Dante's Portrait, *w.* — OWNED BY LORD BATTERSEA: Mnemosyne, *o.* — OWNED BY MRS. BOYCE: The Annunciation, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. T. BROCKLEBANK: The Roman Widow, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. C. BUTLER: Proserpine, *o.*; Fiammetta, *o.*; Pandora, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. F. W. BUXTON: Mariana, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. S. PEPYS COCKERELL: How they met themselves, *w.*; Arthur's Tomb, *w.* — OWNED BY REV. S. A. DONALDSON: My Lady Greensleeves, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. W. DUNLOP: The Bower Meadow, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. L. HACON: Borgia, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. B. HEATON: Dante's Dream, *w.*; St. George and Princess Sabra, *w.*; A Lady in Yellow, *w.*; Joan of Arc, *w.*; Mary in the House of St. John, *w.* — OWNED BY MISS HORNIMAN: Joli Cœur, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. C. IONIDES: The Day-dream, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. T. H. ISMAY: The Loving Cup, *o.* (Plate X) — OWNED BY MRS. JEKYLL: The Girlhood of Mary Virgin, *o.* (Plate II); Fra Pace, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. T. H. LEATHART: The Garden Bower, *w.*; Paolo and Francesca, *w.* — OWNED BY SIR LEONARD LYELL: Portrait of Gabriele Rossetti, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. W. R. MOSS: La Donna della Finestra, *o.*; Paolo and Francesca, *w.* (Plate VIII) — OWNED BY MR. C. F. MURRAY: Bocca Baciata, *o.*; Belcolore, *o.*; The Merciless Lady, *w.*; The Laboratory, *w.*; La Belle Dame Sans Merci, *w.*; A Christmas Carol, *w.*; Dr. Johnson at the Mitre, *w.*; Bonifazio's Mistress, *w.*; Lucrezia Borgia, *w.*; Portrait of Browning, *w.*; Portrait of Swinburne, *w.* — OWNED BY HON. MRS. O'BRIEN: The Blessed Damozel, *o.* (Plate III) — OWNED BY COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE: Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon, *w.* — OWNED BY EXECUTORS OF THE LATE DYSON PERRINS: The Blessed Damozel, *o.*; The Blue Bower, *o.* — OWNED BY SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER: La Bella Mano, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. G. RAE: The Beloved, *o.* (Plate IX); Monna Vanna, *o.*; Sibylla Palmifero, *o.*; A Christmas Carol, *o.*; Venus Verticordia, *w.*; Mariana, *w.*; Fazio's Mistress, *o.*; The Blue Closet, *w.*; Paolo and Francesca, *w.*; Damsel of the Sanc Grael, *w.*; Damsel of the Sanc Grael, *o.*; The Tune of Seven Towers, *w.*; The Chapel before the Lists, *w.*; Wedding of St. George, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. R. REA: La Pia, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. H. ROBERTS: The Gate of Memory, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON: Proserpine, *o.* (Plate IV); Rosa Triplex, *w.* — OWNED BY MR. W. M. ROSSETTI: The Artist's Mother, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. A. SEVERN: Regina Cordium, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. S. E. SPRING-RICE: 'Hist!' said Kate the Queen, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. H. H. TRIST: The Dancing Girl, *o.*; Regina Cordium, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. R. VAILE: Veronica Veronese, *o.* — OWNED BY MR. H. T. WELLS: Beatrice Denying Salutation, *w.*; Portrait of Mrs. D. G. Rossetti, *w.* — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, OWNED BY MRS. J. L. GARDNER: Paolo and Francesca, *w.* — BOSTON, OWNED BY MR. J. M. SEARS: Tristram and Iseult, *w.* — CAMBRIDGE, OWNED BY PROF. C. E. NORTON: Beatrice Denying Salutation, *w.*; Before the Battle, *w.* — CHICAGO, OWNED BY MR. C. L. HUTCHINSON: Beata Beatrix, *o.* — NEW YORK, OWNED BY MR. S. T. PETERS: Joan of Arc, *o.* — ROCKFORD, NEAR WILMINGTON, OWNED BY MR. S. BANCROFT, JR.: Found, *o.*; Lady Lilith, *o.*; Water-willow, *o.*; Mary Magdalene, *o.*

Rossetti Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH ROSSETTI

BATE, P. H. English Pre-Raphaelite Painters. London, 1899 — BELL, N. R. E. Representative Painters of the XIXth Century. London, 1899 — CAINE, T. H. Recollections of Rossetti. London, 1882 — CARR, J. C. Rossetti's Influence in Art (in Pa-

pers on Art). London, 1885 — Cary, E. L. The Rossettis. New York, 1900 — Destrée, O. G. Les Préraphaelites. Paris, 1897 — Fred, W. Die Prae-Raphaeliten, Strassburg, 1900 — Garnett, R. Rossetti (in Dictionary of National Biography). London, 1897 — Hoppin, J. M. Great Epochs in Art History. Boston, 1901 — Hake, G. Memoirs of Eighty Years. London, 1892 — Knight, J. Life of Rossetti. London, 1887 — La Sizeranne, R. de. English Contemporary Art: Trans. by H. M. Poynter. New York [1898] — Layard, G. S. Tennyson and his Pre-Raphaelite Illustrators. London, 1894 — MacColl, D. S. Nineteenth Century Art. Glasgow, 1902 — Marillier, H. C. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1899 — Muther, R. History of Modern Painting. New York, 1896 — Muther, R. Geschichte der englischen Malerei. Berlin, 1903 — Nicholson, P. W. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edinburgh, 1886 — Parkes, K. The Pre-Raphaelite Movement. London [1889] — Quilter, H. Sententiæ Artis. London, 1886 — Quilter, H. Preferences in Art. London, 1892 — Redgrave, S. A Century of Painters of the English School. London [1890] — Rod, É. Études sur le XIXe siècle. Paris, 1888 — Rossetti, D. G. Ballads and Sonnets; Edited, with Memoir, by F. Hueffer. Leipsic, 1882 — Rossetti, D. G. Collected Works. Edited, with Memoir, by W. M. Rossetti. London, 1886 — Rossetti, D. G. Letters to William Allingham. Edited by G. B. Hill. London, 1897 — Rossetti, H. M. M. Life and Works of D. G. Rossetti. London, 1902 — Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti as Designer and Writer. London, 1889 — Rossetti, W. M. Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Memoirs and Letters. London, 1895 — Rossetti, W. M. Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism. London, 1899 — Rossetti, W. M. Preraphaelite Diaries and Letters. London, 1900 — Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti Papers. London, 1903 — Ruskin, J. The Art of England. Orpington, 1884 — Scott, W. B. Autobiographical Notes. London, 1892 — Sharp, W. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1882 — Temple, A. G. Painting in the Queen's Reign. London, 1897 — Tirebuck, W. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. London, 1882 — Watts, T. Rossetti (in Encyclopædia Britannica). Edinburgh, 1883 — Wood, E. Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. London, 1894 — Wyzewa, T. D. Peintres de jadis et d'aujourd'hui. Paris, 1903.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Academy, 1882: T. H. Caine; Obituary. 1883: W. C. Monkhouse; Exhibitions of Rossetti's Pictures — Art Journal, 1883: W. Tirebuck; D. G. Rossetti. 1884: W. M. Rossetti; Notes on Rossetti. 1892: V. Princep; Private Art Collections of London — Athenæum, 1882: T. Watts; D. G. Rossetti — Blackwood's Magazine, 1883: J. Beavington-Atkinson; Contemporary Art, etc. — Burlington Magazine, 1903: W. M. Rossetti; Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddal — Century Magazine, 1882: E. W. Gosse; D. G. Rossetti — Contemporary Review, 1886: W. H. Hunt; The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood — Edinburgh Review, 1900: Morris and Rossetti — Gazette des Beaux-Arts, 1883: T. Duret; Les Expositions de Londres — Harper's Magazine, 1882: M. Robinson; D. G. Rossetti — The Hobby Horse, 1886: F. Shields; Notes on Rossetti — Independent, 1898: W. C. Ward; D. G. Rossetti — Lippincott's Magazine, 1901: H. H. Gilchrist; Recollections of Rossetti — Littell's Living Age, 1897: T. Sulman; A Memorable Art Class — Magazine of Art, 1883: S. Colvin; Rossetti as a Painter. 1889: W. M. Rossetti; Portraits of D. G. Rossetti. 1900: W. M. Rossetti; Marillier's Record of Rossetti — National Review, 1883: D. Hannay; The Paintings of Rossetti — New Englander, 1885: L. J. Swinburne; Rossetti and the Preraphaelites — New Review, 1894: L. H. Caine; A Child's Recollection of Rossetti — Nineteenth Century, 1883: E. J. Barrington; The Painted Poetry of Watts and Rossetti. 1883: T. Watts; The Truth about Rossetti — Portfolio, 1883: F. G. Stephens; Earlier Works of Rossetti. 1894: F. G. Stephens; Dante Gabriel Rossetti — Putnam's Magazine, 1870: W. J. Stillman; Rossetti, Painter and Poet — Quarterly Review, 1896: D. G. Rossetti — Westermann's deutsche Monatshefte, 1899: A. Wilmersdoerffer; Rossetti und sein Einfluss.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF BROOKLINE
3 1712 00247 5930

STACK
759 M42 vol.4 copy 3
MASTERS IN ART
1903

Public Library of Brookline
MAIN LIBRARY
361 Washington Street
Brookline, Mass. 02146
IMPORTANT
Leave cards in Pocket